AMERICAN BROADSIDE VERSE

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AMERICAN BROADSIDE VERSE

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IN MEMORY OF AMASA STONE MATHER

OF THE CLASS OF 1907 YALE COLLEGE

THE AMASA STONE MATHER MEMORIAL PUBLICATION FUND

The present volume is the twelfth work published by the Yale University Press on the Amasa Stone Mather Memorial Publication Fund. This Foundation was established August 25, 1922, by a gift to Yale University from Samuel Mather, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, in pursuance of a pledge made in June, 1922, on the fifteenth anniversary of the graduation of his son, Amasa Stone Mather, who was born in Cleveland on August 20, 1884, and was graduated from Yale College in the Class of 1907. Subsequently, after traveling abroad, he returned to Cleveland, where he soon won a recognized position in the business life of the city and where he actively interested himself also in the work of many organizations devoted to the betterment of the community and to the welfare of the nation. His death from pneumonia on February 9, 1920, was undoubtedly hastened by his characteristic unwillingness ever to spare himself, even when ill, in the discharge of his duties or in his efforts to protect and further the interests committed to his care by his associates.

The Ardent *DESIRE*, and Sincere Cry, of a true Believer in *Jeſus Chriſt*.

PSAL. 38. 9. *Lord, all my Deſire is before Thee.*

OH! that mine Eye might cloſed be,
To what becomes me not to ſee!
That *Deafneſs* might poſſeſs my *Ear*,
To what concerns me not to hear.
That *Truth* my *Tongue* might always tye,
From ever ſpeaking foolishly.
That no vain *Thought* beguile my rest,
Or be conceived in my Breaſt.
That by each *Word*, each *Deed*, each *Thought*,
Glory may to my GOD be brought.
But what are Wiſhes, LORD, mine Eye
On thee is fix'd: To thee I cry;
O purge out all my Droſs, my Tin,
Make me more White than Snow within.
Waſh, Lord, and purify my Heart,
And make it clean in every Part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.

NEWPORT, Rhode-Iſland: Printed by J. FRANKLIN, for *Reuben Packcom*, and ſold by him in *Newport*. 1728.

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AMERICAN BROADSIDE VERSE

From Imprints of the 17th & 18th Centuries

Selected & Edited, with an Introductory Note, by

OLA ELIZABETH WINSLOW

Associate Professor of English, Goucher College

1937

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Mdccccxxx

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To the Memory of My Father

WILLIAM DELOS WINSLOW

PREFACE

ANY student of broadside literature recognizes the appropriateness of the German words for this type of imprint—*Fliegende Blätter*, or the French translation of them, *feuilles volantes*. Flying leaves, indeed! He who would pursue them has set himself a chase.

This is especially true in America, where until recently the value of this fugitive material was but little known. In fact, much of it, now in safe-keeping in libraries or private collections, still remains uncatalogued, and is in part or wholly inaccessible to students. Fortunately, this is not true of all. The larger research libraries and the historical societies, notably the Massachusetts and the New York historical societies, have brought together sizable collections, not only of originals, but also of photostatic reproductions, so that study and evaluation of these early imprints now begin to be possible. Since 1922, new impetus, as well as invaluable guidance, has been given to such studies by Mr. Worthington C. Ford's *Check-List of Massachusetts Broadsides, Etc., 1639–1800*, "Massachusetts Historical Society Collections," Vol. LXXV.

Much of the broadside verse listed by Mr. Ford and other bibliographers of early Americana has been printed at some time or other in the publications of historical societies, in library bulletins, or in collections of early verse, but no considerable body of this material has ever been assembled. The specimens reproduced in this volume illustrate the several kinds of verse printed in broadside in America from about the middle of the seventeenth century, the date of the first extant imprints, to the end of the eighteenth century, when the newspaper had put an end to this type of imprint as a vital response to contemporary life. A few later imprints are included, but only of verses known to have been printed in broadside before the end of the eighteenth century. For convenience of reference and comparison, the broadsides included are grouped according to their general subject matter. The selections chosen represent the earliest available imprint in each of the several groups, and enough later specimens to indicate range and diversity of treatment. There are unfortunate omissions, as some of the rarest

specimens, unique for the details they illustrate, are privately owned and have not been available for reproduction.

As nearly as possible, the arrangement is chronological within each group, the date on the sheet itself determining its place in the list. Usually these dates refer to the events which are the subject of the verses, rarely to the date of printing, and while in general the date of composition and the date of printing lie close together for broadside matter, there are many exceptions. Wherever possible, these have been traced, and an attempt made to determine the approximate date of printing, but unless the sheet has a colophon, such attempts are dangerously conjectural. All dates not appearing on the sheets themselves, are enclosed in square brackets. For convenience, in the Table of Contents and the Index, titles have sometimes been shortened, and punctuation modified. Measurements can be given only approximately, as most of the sheets have either been torn or cut. Many have been backed with cloth or cardboard and the margins trimmed to fit, so that the size of one original rarely corresponds exactly with the size of another original of the same broadside. The measurements given in this volume have reference only to the copy used for reproduction, and represent the extreme margin of the paper rather than merely the printed portion. So far as has been possible, the broadsides included have been reproduced from originals. The exceptions are noted. The location of each imprint reproduced is given, but no attempt is made to locate other copies of the same verses. Bibliographical references throughout are made to Mr. Ford's *Check-List* rather than to the Evans *Bibliography* or to any other of the earlier lists to which Mr. Ford had access. Explanatory notes have been limited to brief identification of authors and events, and occasional extracts from contemporary annals.

For access to the materials used, and for permission to reproduce the imprints selected for inclusion, thanks are due the many custodians of these widely scattered treasures. The list is long and includes many libraries, societies, and individuals not represented in the final selection. Broadsides are reproduced

from the collections of the following libraries and societies, separate acknowledgment being also made in connection with each reproduction: The American Antiquarian Society, The Boston Athenaeum, The Boston Public Library, The Bostonian Society, The Dedham Historical Society, The Essex Institute, The John Carter Brown Library, The John Hay Library, The Library Company of Philadelphia, The Library of Congress, The Massachusetts Historical Society, The Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants, The New York Historical Society, The Rhode Island Historical Society, and the William L. Clements Library. Reproductions are also made from the private collections of Mr. Joseph Grafton Minot and Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach. The kindness and courtesy of the custodians of these collections, and of the many others which have been examined, have made the assembling of these materials a pleasurable task. I wish also to record my appreciation of the many courtesies extended to me by the officials and staff of the Yale University Library during the final preparation of this volume.

Of course it must always be remembered that a study of so perishable a type of literature as broadside verse is necessarily based on mere fragments, and that these may not always be representative. Who knows what may have perished? Or for that matter, what may yet come to light, as the interest in popular literature in America continues to stretch farther back to the beginnings?

New Haven, May, 1930. O. E. W.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

As defined by the *New English Dictionary*, a "broadside" is "a sheet of paper printed on one side only, forming one large page." In early usage, the term "broadsheet" appears to have been identical.

Broadsides, or broadsheets, made their appearance soon after the invention of printing in 1450. In fact, the earliest dated specimen of printing from movable type was a broadside, the "Letter of Indulgence" granted by Pope Nicholas V, in aid of John II against the Turks, April 12, 1451. The sheet was issued, presumably by Gutenberg, at Mainz, in 1454. Records exist for other fifteenth-century imprints of similar character, and various specimens of these early issues are extant.*

English broadsides were slightly later, owing to the fact that Caxton's printing press was not set up at Westminster until 1476. Several imprints are extant from the last two decades of the fifteenth century, and from the first decade of the sixteenth. After the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII in 1509, such issues were more frequent.† Naturally, popular uses were not slow to follow. For England, these date from early in the sixteenth century, when the broadside became a medium for journalistic and even literary material.

Journalistically, its province was that of the lurid and the startling. Accounts of crimes, disasters, monstrosities, and other violations of nature so agreeable to a sixteenth-century taste, were hastily printed and hawked about the streets for a penny. This type of imprint, of which there are numerous survivals, supplies valuable data for the student of social history in sixteenth-century England.

The broadside ballad, which stands nearer to literature, is even better known through its sixteenth-century representatives. Volumes of these ballads have been collected and their relations to Elizabethan and seventeenth-century literature variously traced. Of the treasures that yet remain in this sort, the recent collections* edited by Mr. Hyder E. Rollins give encouraging testimony. Apparently the end of this story has not been reached, even at the present time.

It was of course natural that all these types of English imprint should reappear in colonial America with the introduction of printing. According to colonial records, the very first sheet of printed matter ever to issue from an American press was a broadside. The press was Stephen Daye's, set up at Cambridge in 1638, and the broadside, printed in 1639, was the "Freeman's Oath," an official document, and, in addition, the most poetic beginning on record for the literature of a republic.

Other official documents printed in broadside followed almost at once: colony laws, proclamations civil and religious, Harvard *Quaestiones* and *Theses*, and various other formal declarations. As in England, journal-

* Facsimiles of several interesting specimens of the early broadside are included in *Rariora*, edited by John Eliot Hodgkin (London, 1902), II, 243–250.

† Specimen titles for some of these early documents may be found in Robert Lemon's *Catalogue of a Collection of Printed Broadsides in the Possession of the Society of Antiquaries of London* (London, 1866).

* *Old English Ballads, 1553–1625* (Cambridge: The University Press, 1920).

A Pepysian Garland, Black-Letter Broadside Ballads of the Years 1595–1639 (Cambridge: The University Press, 1922).

Cavalier & Puritan: Ballads and Broadsides Illustrating the Period of the Great Rebellion, 1640–1660 (The New York University Press, 1923).

The Pack of Autolycus, or, Strange and Terrible News of Ghosts, Apparitions, Monstrous Births, Showers of Wheat, Judgments of God, and other Prodigious and Fearful Happenings as told in Broadside Ballads of the Years 1624–1693 (Harvard University Press, 1927).

istic and literary issues also appeared. Among these, verse imprints were relatively infrequent throughout the whole history of the colonial press; for rhyme, in the beginning an inhibited desire in America, found favor but slowly.

After a few generations, however, all the familiar types of broadside imprint made their appearance: news stories, admonitions based upon disaster, marching songs, and, much more sparingly, romantic ballads. By comparison with their English prototypes, these colonial efforts were unoriginal. The same subjects had been treated before, and far less naïvely. Furthermore, an austere religious interpretation of life reduced any subject matter to an illustration of either God's wrath or favor, and the ballad accordingly became a sermon. Workmanship was often ridiculously crude.

But like other elements in a transplanted civilization, these harsh verses very soon came to have a distinctly American flavor. And as time went on, possibly because they were closer to the life of the moment than the more studied kinds of verse, they were less affected by English literary models than the more pretentious issues of the American press. In this fact lies their chief interest and value.

Literary historians have for the most part neglected these broadside imprints, and their neglect is understandable. The crudeness of the folk ballad is one thing; the crudeness of verses written by the descendants of Elizabethans is quite another. Such metrical compositions as came from the seventeenth-century presses of Samuel Green and John Foster would stand at the very nadir of literary creation in any age. And for that matter, by a strictly literary test, very few titles would survive from the eighteenth century, when rhymes had become slightly less obvious, and meters less jagged. For by a curious reversal of the usual order, America's balladry was to be created, not by her colonial patriots, but by cowboys and lumberjacks and forty-niners in a far safer and more sophisticated age. The mood of Massachusetts pioneers and the perils of a new continent were not friendly to ballad making, and no amount of enthusiasm for colonial days can ever make American broadside verse into literature. Judged as meter, to say nothing of poetry, it deserves the neglect into which it has fallen. But viewed as an exhibit of indigenous American material, dating from the first generation of settlers, it has some claim to serious consideration.

For this body of unliterary material not only exposes certain awkward moments in the process of composition, which usually do not get themselves recorded in print, but it illuminates an important chapter in America's spiritual history, namely, the slow development of her national consciousness. Such a process does not lend itself well to analysis. It cannot be documented in any one example or score of examples. But somewhere between 1650 and 1800 America shifted her interest from heaven to the thirteen colonies, and began to regard her own landscape and her own heroes possessively. Until this had been accomplished, American literature could not begin. Pride had to be narrowly local before it could ever be national. It is this process in some of its more obvious stages that the penny sheets record.

Not that the record exists there alone. It can be similarly traced in early writings of various sorts: in descriptions of flora and fauna, in accounts of explorations, even in sermons. Broadside verse merely offers a somewhat more direct and immediate response to the life of the hour. Delayed for a week, or even a day, most of these verses would never have been written. There was a tribute to be paid, a warning to be sounded, and at once. Men spoke with the menace of disaster upon them, and they waited not to polish their words. Because of this directness and immediacy, broadside verses are some-

what more revealing than other colonial writings.

Authorship does not greatly matter. Sometimes the would-be poet signed his name; oftener he did not. Sometimes his name survives nowhere except on his penny verses, and in the records of the town where he died. But since he spoke less as an individual than as a member of the community, reflecting emotion and opinion rather than guiding them, his identity is less important than it might otherwise be.

Broadside verse is, of course, not a literary *genre*. The broadside was merely a medium of circulation, restricted to timely subjects of an urgent nature. Poetry of another sort might be quietly passed to one's friends in manuscript copies or await dignified publication in book form. Not so the message of the hour. It must be printed at once and was doubtless often forgotten as quickly.

The various situations which because of their urgency called forth these broadside issues, suggest a convenient classification by which they may be discussed.

First in point of time came the funeral verses and elegiac tributes, apologetically offered to the departed. Such verses, of course, had had a long history in England,* and their accepted conventions were thoroughly familiar to the early colonists. Moreover, the legitimacy of such a use of verse was unquestioned. Death was considered a safe subject for the exercise of one's powers of rhyming.

> Excuse me, though I Write in Verse,
> It's usual on a Dead mans Hearse,

wrote Nicholas Noyes,† a prolific elegist in his day. What had been done before, might still be done with impunity.

Just how these tributes were offered is a matter of some uncertainty, but they were probably fastened to the pall covering the casket, as had long been the practice in England. There is an allusion in Samuel Sewall's *Diary* to such a custom in America. In recording his own attendance at the funeral of the Rev. Thomas Shephard, June 9, 1685, he wrote, "It seems there were some Verses; but none pinned on the Herse." Since early colonial burials were conducted with rigid simplicity as to ritual, it is probable that no ceremony attended the presentation of these memorials. They merely provided a silent outlet for the expression of grief, and an opportunity to honor the dead. Often one person was thus honored by numerous tributes.

The earliest extant American record of such verses is of the year 1647, nine years after the setting up of Stephen Daye's press at Cambridge. During this year Peter Bulkley and John Cotton lamented in verse the death of Thomas Hooker, and John Norton and Benjamin Wood in turn lamented the death of John Cotton. If these verses circulated in broadside, as is fairly likely, the imprints have not survived, but together with other similar tributes, they were included in Nathaniel Morton's *New-Englands Memoriall*, published in Cambridge in 1669.

The earliest funeral verses, of which a broadside imprint is known to be extant, appear to be those made by Perciful Lowle for John Winthrop, who died in 1649. According to the printer's note, however, these verses were not printed until many years later, and although it is probable that they appeared before the death of the author in 1665, there is no evidence to support such a conjecture. The verses were inclosed in heavy black borders, arched at the top to suggest a tombstone. It is possible that John Wilson's elegy for Joseph Brisco, who died in 1657, was issued before the Winthrop verses, although this sheet also bears no date other than that of the subject's death. These verses were likewise inclosed in black borders, less heavy and without the arch.

* For a representative collection of English broadside elegies, see John W. Draper, *A Century of Broadside Elegies* (London, 1928).

† In his *Poem* on James Bayley. Cf. p. 21, *infra*.

Probably scores of similar tributes were issued during the next decade, but only one appears to be extant, the anonymous verses on Mrs. Lydia Minot, who died in 1667. In the surviving imprint, which may be of later date, this tribute is adorned with the *Memento Mori* woodcut, so frequently in use after 1700, together with a crude representation of an hourglass and spade, which may have belonged to an earlier impression. The verses themselves take their theme from three clumsy anagrams which do little credit to the unknown author's ingenuity. But with or without ingenuity, anagram and acrostic were freely employed as forms of tribute, following a custom long sanctioned in English elegiac verse. Hardly an elegy survives which does not resort to one of these, or to some other form of word manipulation as labor fittingly expended upon such an occasion. Acrostic was usually easier to manage than anagram, but even that obstinate form of composition was less troublesome when the poet, like Mrs. Minot's elegist, scrupled not to misspell words when he found himself in too tight a place. Cross-word puzzlers of more recent years would probably feel superior to such unsportsmanlike liberties as *I di to Al myn', I di, not my Al, Dai in my Lot.* It may perhaps be said, in feeble extenuation, that as a name, *Lydia Minot*, and some others wrestled with by seventeenth-century elegists, offer scant resources for sentence structure.

Elegies appeared more frequently during the last two decades of the seventeenth century, and the first three decades of the eighteenth. These differed little, the one from the other, except in the list of services rendered, and virtues to be extolled. Elegiac sentiment came to be as stereotyped and repetitious as the heavy black borders and the death's head cuts. Occasionally there was a slight innovation in decoration, as in the "Words of Consolation" to the Stetsons in 1718,* in which the printer attempted to illustrate the shipwreck which had caused the Stetson tragedy, but such attempts at realism were infrequent. There appears to have been very little incentive to originality either in decoration or in sentiment. Elegists were apparently satisfied with the accepted formula for both.

During the last half of the eighteenth century, the coffin cut replaced the *Memento Mori* as the usual heading. The mortuary borders were retained. If a disaster had involved more than one victim, there was a coffin for each, with initials for identification. The "Bloody Butchery" elegy of 1775 had forty coffins;* the "Elegiac Poem composed on the Never-to-be-Forgotten . . . Battle . . . on Bunker Hill," sixty coffins; "The Columbian Tragedy" of 1791, thirty-nine;† Jonathan Plummer's "Awful Malignant Fever" of 1796, forty-four. Various elegies issued on the death of Whitefield, in 1770, illustrate a more elaborate use of the coffin cut than was customary.‡ But of course the resources of the printer controlled such matters, many elegies being printed without cuts, and a few without even the mortuary borders.

A fresh contemporary view regarding elegiac composition was supplied by Benjamin Franklin's tart criticisms, printed in the *New-England Courant*, June 25, 1722. Under cover of the "Dogood" name, he reduced to absurdity an elegy on Mrs. Mehitebell Kitel, supposedly written by a Harvard student, whose unfortunate name provided opportunity for a mischievous anagram. Franklin's accompanying observation that the soil of America seldom produces any other sort of poetry than the elegy, was entirely true at that time, and his satiric "Receipt to make a New-England Funeral Elegy" was as appli-

* Cf. p. 33, *infra.*

* Cf. p. 57, *infra.* This sheet also contains a news account of the battle.

† Cf. p. 59, *infra.*

‡ See the two broadsides included, pp. 49 and 51, *infra.*

cable as it was merciless. For the subject, he says,

> Take one of your Neighbours who has lately departed this Life; it is no great matter at what Age the Party dy'd, but it will be best if he went away suddenly, being Kill'd, Drown'd, or Froze to Death.

To the ensuing compound of "*Virtues, Excellencies, Last Words,*" and "*Melancholly Expressions,*" he suggests that a scrap of Latin be added, as such "*will garnish it mightily.*" If a "*Female*" is the subject, a larger quantity of "*Virtues, Excellencies,*" etc., will be necessary. No wonder such words occasioned angry rejoinders. Franklin was doubtless amused at the wrath of the brethren he had offended, but he or any other critic was powerless to change the taste in elegies at that date. Expressed in much the same idiom, they continued to be written in almost unbroken sequence for another fifty years.

Long practice smoothed out the crotchety rhymes somewhat, but as the bumptious Cotton Mather remarked, in his elegy upon Urian Oakes,

> Grief never made good poet.

Wrong as his verdict may be in terms of Dante, Milton, and others, it was true enough for the elegiac verse manufactured in America during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The estimable clergymen who hammered it out lacked all worthy conceptions of poetry, and most of them knew it. Cotton Mather labelled himself "of all men the most unpoetical," and confessed that he essayed to go only

> So far as feet will carry me.

For the whole ministerial brotherhood with him, that was some furlongs short of immortal verse. Agony of composition was never less justified in its results, nor was the English language ever more tortured. Quarles and Sylvester and Herbert, and all the other "fantastic" poets would have had difficulty in recognizing themselves on the pages of their American imitators, for colonial euphuism was an amateur product.

Judged as poetry, hardly a line from all these numerous elegies would survive. But as a record of personal bereavement, and an effort to comfort those that mourned, these tributes were unimpeachably sincere. Occasionally, when the author forgot his models sufficiently to be simple for a line or two, his emotion broke through the stiffly starched conventionalities and pulpit phraseology, but this was not often. Benjamin Tompson's "A Neighbour's Tears" is almost a classic among the elegies of all time for its tenderness and simplicity. But his "Grammarian's Funeral," which is a veritable triumph of labored ingenuity, is nearer the popular tradition of his day for a funeral piece. It might be assumed that the later elegies would be the best, but the reverse is true. By the time meters had been brought under control, and ministerial figures had gone out of fashion, funeral customs had changed, villages had grown into towns, and the elegy, once the shared lament of a whole community, had become a mere formal exercise. There is no better example of this change than any one of the scores of laments for Washington, printed at the close of the century. Such a device as putting a lament in the mouth of Lady Washington, as in the example included in this volume,* was only one of many artificialities. The elegy had become a mere survival.

The journalistic types of broadside verse had a similar history, becoming inevitably repetitious and stereotyped, but in their day they too constituted a vital record of contemporary life.

The earliest surviving narrative verses printed in broadside appear to be those entitled, "Some Meditations Concerning our Honourable Gentlemen and Fellow-Souldiers, in Pursuit of those Barbarous Natives

* P. 61, *infra.*

in the Narragansit-Country, December 28, 1675." These verses are not known through their original, which has not survived, but through a reprint made at New London, Connecticut, in 1721. Had they been printed for the first time in 1721, they would still constitute the earliest extant news ballad, for as yet, the extension of rhyme to subjects other than death had been timid indeed. There had been some secular verse, which may possibly have been printed in broadside, but record of such imprints has not come to light. In these 1675 verses the author recounts the story of one of the decisive battles of King Philip's War. For at least sixteen of the thirty-two stanzas, the poem is a true ballad. The narrative interest is uppermost, and the author tells his story with spirit. The second half is admonitory, the burden of the poet's thought being,

> O *New-England*, I understand,
> With thee God is offended.

The title suggests that the admonition was probably more important than the narrative.

Other ballads of Indian encounters survive from the decade of the 1720's. There is the Tilton ballad of 1722 which is entirely narrative. In his endeavor to tell "nor more nor less than truth," the poet threw parts of his story into dialogue, thereby following, perhaps unconsciously, an authentic ballad tradition. He naïvely states in the last lines that he has made

> No alteration but in some expressions
> Us'd other words; then pardon such digressions,
> Since I us'd such only for sake of verse,
> Which might not less nor more than truth rehearse.

He even retained broken idiom and patches of dialect. Literal transcription of fact was obviously his main intent.

Another broadside ballad having an Indian battle as its subject was advertised for sale in the *New-England Courant*, August 31, 1724. It had as its title, "The Rebels Rewards or, English Courage Displayed. Being a full and true Account of the Victory obtained over the Indians at Norridgiwock, on the Twelfth of August last, by the English Forces under Command of Capt. Johnson Harmon. To the Tune of, All You that love Good Fellows, &c. Boston, Printed and Sold by J. Franklin, in Union Street 1724."* No copy of this imprint is known to be extant.

In the next year came the most famous of all the Indian ballads, spoken of a century later as the most beloved song in all New England. This was the Lovewell ballad of 1725, advertised for sale in the *New-England Courant* of May 31 under the title, "The Voluntier's March."† Contemporary imprints of this ballad have not survived, but the verses so entitled are thought to be those printed by Farmer and Moore‡ in their *Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous; and Monthly Literary Journal*, Concord, New Hampshire, February, 1824. It is easy to understand the popularity of these verses. The balladist had a good story to tell, and he succeeded in telling it with something of breathlessness. His lines have a good swing, which would make them easy to memorize. Best of all, he let the story speak for itself. No one of the later treatments of this exploit possesses the simplicity and vigor of this ballad, and doubtless no one of them would have succeeded in making Captain Love-

* Ford, 515. † Ford, 523.

‡ The relation between the Farmer and Moore version of this ballad and the news account of the battle printed in the *New-England Courant* of May 24, one week before the ballad was advertised for sale, has been minutely traced by Professor Kittredge in "The Battle of Lovewell's Pond," included in *Bibliographical Essays, A Tribute to Wilberforce Eames* (Cambridge, Mass., 1924). Professor Kittredge concludes that the correspondences between the ballad and the news account establish the authenticity of the Farmer and Moore ballad as the original version of this tale. The ballad as preserved by Farmer and Moore has been reprinted numerous times in modern anthologies. Cf. Burton E. Stevenson's *Poems of American History* (1908), pp. 106–108.

well's bravery the nursery tale it has continued to be even unto the present day. The importance of this one ballad in establishing a continuity of tradition, and laying a foundation for a common patriotism is perhaps incalculable. Should the original broadside issue yet come to light, it would be the most coveted treasure of its kind in America.

In the forties and fifties the French and Indian Wars supplied other subjects for tales of valor, among them the Cape Breton victories and the taking of Louisburg, the battle of Lake George, the expedition against Acadia, and finally the Siege of Quebec in 1759. The crusading spirit which animated the New England regiments engaging in the Canadian campaign, was reflected in these narrative accounts of the several battles. Victory became the occasion for appeals to even greater enthusiasm. Patriotism found its best material in the death of General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. His extreme youth, his brilliant military career, the paradox of his flaming spirit encased in so frail a body, the fact that he had engaged himself to be married immediately before setting sail for Quebec, and, above all, his death in the moment of victory, marked him the ideal ballad hero, and he inspired many songs.

As early as 1765, popular balladry began to serve a new cause—"Liberty, Property and No Stamps." In the next ten years more verse was printed in broadside than during any preceding decade in American history, and yet these many issues were representative neither in amount nor in quality of the verse written during the period of the Revolution. The chief reason was that the newspapers, by this time numerous in all the colonies, had greatly limited the broadside market. All of them were hospitable to verse, especially that of a political nature, and with their weekly and biweekly issues, they offered the poet almost as immediate a hearing as the penny sheet. For this reason, the chief balladists, Philip Freneau, Francis Hopkinson, Thomas Paine, and various others, were seldom represented in broadside issues. They had their regular newspaper channels for reaching the public, and apparently preferred them. Sometimes, as was true of "The Battle of the Kegs," the broadside issue was a reprint of verses that had already appeared in a newspaper. Consequently, broadside verse of the Revolution must be considered a very partial record of popular rhyming during that time.

As might be expected, these verses were various in mood as in subject matter. Indignation, fear, flippancy, vituperation, lightheartedness, all were represented, for by 1770, rhymesters had learned that all verse in the service of a good cause need not be sober verse.

Songs were more numerous than narrative verses, since the balladist was no longer responsible for telling the news. He could now make marching songs on the basis of common knowledge of fact. The twentieth-century critic is likely to be impressed only with the crudity, even banality, of these jingles. But why admit the obvious? It is only necessary to recall that not so long ago a large portion of the world thrilled to "Tipperary" and "Over There," two clarion calls that can hardly stand the cool criticism of peace times. The truth is, war songs are not made for the printed page. If they are to be tested at all, it must be with reference to the enthusiasm they can inspire for a common cause when that cause is in jeopardy. Judged by such a standard, whatever may be the formula for a successful battle song, even such foolish doggerel as "Yankee Doodle" appears to meet the requirements.

But not all broadside verse up to the time of the Revolution had concerned fighting. There had been many issues of much slighter moment. Of the verses that survive in this sort, the most interesting are those that occur in sequence, as, for example, the execution

ballads, of all types of penny versifying in America, the most prolific.

The first American criminal whose verses are extant was Richard Wilson, executed in 1732, and the first of a long procession of alleged penitents. The capitalizing of criminal punishment for the purpose of warning youth against evil ways had, like the funeral elegy, already enjoyed a long popularity in England, and the formula was well established. From crime to crime American imitators sounded the same lurid warnings, and put the same pious platitudes in the mouths of offenders. Except for details of the crime, it was always monotonously and inevitably the same ballad. For genius has nothing to do with such a type of composition, and left to the uninspired who can merely repeat, the *genre* changes not in the course of five centuries.

To a modern reader these dying confessions are chiefly interesting as social documents, throwing light as they do on the administration of a system of justice which could condemn a man to the scaffold for petty thievery. They are also interesting for the cuts which adorn them. Indeed, one suspects that the cuts had more to do with making these sheets salable than the pious confessions, for at least the cuts are refreshingly different the one from the other. The printer's ingenuity in adding or subtracting victims, increasing or decreasing the size of the crowd, or readjusting the dead cart, was a naïve piece of economy, suggesting that American illustrative art was still in the kindergarten stage. That these sheets were as popular as the number of imprints indicate, need occasion no surprise to readers of the present day whose memories go back as far as the "Ruth and Judd" extras of recent newspaper files. Last words continue to be salable, without the rhyme and at five times the price.

Another sequence of broadside titles concerned the portentous behaviors of nature, the earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, as well as the disasters by fire and shipwreck. The balladist busied himself with the interpretation of these calamities as visitations of God's wrath, rather than with the narrating of attendant circumstances. Hence such issues, except for their cuts, were little more than rhymed sermons and urgent pleas for repentance. The earliest surviving broadside of this type seems to be that written on the 1744 earthquake, after which similar verses continued the story of disaster throughout the century. Some of the most interesting attempts at illustration appear on verses of this sort.

There is in addition to the verses of disaster a series of titles which concern neighborhood happenings of slighter moment. These are naturally less interesting to a later day than those which record events of significance. The drying up of the Merrimac River, the itinerary of a surveyor, or the symptoms of a suspected witch, are relatively unimportant except as they suggest the increasing extension of rhyme to secular subjects. There are a few stanzas in lighter vein, but it is to be feared that such have gained favor through their rarity rather than through any merits they possess. "Father Abbey's Will," for example, has been reprinted time after time as lonely evidence for the existence of a sense of humor as early as 1731, but this and the few other extant comic specimens are powerless to leaven the whole sober lump of American broadside rhyming prior to the Revolution. The best that can be said for them is that their presence was hopeful.

Admonitory verses, as might be expected, form one of the largest groups, and include injunctions to all ages and conditions. An exhibit of such verses loses its dulness if one examines it for the shifting emphasis in American thought which it reflects, and the changing basis for appeals to righteousness from decade to decade. As heaven lost its hold on the preacher's imagination, new mo-

tivations were found for the guidance of youth. The growth of a political conscience as well as an individual sense of wrong, and the concern for a national as well as a personal integrity are illuminating reflections of the time spirit in admonitory verse of post-Revolution times.

A new challenge to the printer's ingenuity, if not to the poet's imagination, came in the New Year's Greetings of the 1760's and afterward. These are of little interest in the specimens that survive, except for the improvement they show in workmanship from year to year. The printer made an effort to be artistic in his use of designs and cuts, and he sometimes succeeded. As for the verses, they were merely summaries of past events, and hopes for the future, with, of course, always the appeal of the printer's boy for donations, at the close. Presently enterprising servants of the public other than printers adopted the custom, and circulated rhymed appeals for patronage or holiday pennies. Such issues were very numerous. Modern handbills are their natural descendants.

The penny sheet was also an easy method of publicity for individual woes and grievances. Various amusing specimens are extant. There is, for example, a 1795 imprint called "The Virtuous, Faithful and Loving Wife's Garland,"* in which the "injur'd Hannah Sprout" details in rhyme the cruelties of Husband Sprout, and bids a blameless farewell to the world. There are two imprints of about 1800 in which Benjamin Fowler, who lost an eye "In Canada with Montgomery," and who now is about to lose a leg, makes out a good case for immediate relief.† And, most entertaining of all these personal broadsides, there are the twenty-five extant imprints of Jonathan Plummer of Newburyport, a traveling preacher and self-appointed accuser of the unrighteous. Any dereliction or calamity which came in his way was grist for his mill, the more lurid the better. Nor did he stop to verify his accusations always, rumor being sufficient for his purpose. A typical example of his zeal as well as his method, is his attack on Parson Pidgin who was reputed to have kissed a young woman. Before his verses on this salable subject were in type, Jonathan Plummer found out that the parson had not kissed the young woman, but he had the verses printed anyway, possibly lest this parson or some other should be tempted to kiss this young woman or some other in the future.* Broadside history would certainly lose much of its sprightliness without the contributions of this loose-tongued fanatic, but to his fellow citizens in Newburyport, he must have been a supreme nuisance in his day.

After 1800 there were many broadside verses quite as entertaining as Plummer's, particularly the numerous tirades directed against women's fashions, and the other satiric and humorous verse which was concerned with current foibles. There were also a number of romantic ballads, many of them thinly disguised imitations of English issues. "The Babes in the Wood," of which there are ten Massachusetts imprints, is one example; "The Major's Only Son," of which there are also ten, is another. There are numerous other ballads of sailors, with variant titles, lovers' lamentations, maidens' laments, and the like.

But all this is a story by itself. With the close of the Revolution, broadside verse in America no longer had a vital relation to American life. The newspaper had crowded it out. And although all the old types persisted, they no longer had the authenticity of former days. America had broken with her colonial customs at almost every point, and post-Revolution balladry must accordingly be considered in connection with a whole

* Ford, 2765. † Ford, 3114, 3206.

* Ford, 3297. See Ford's Index for other Plummer issues.

new set of conditions and interests. Moreover, it is henceforth distinctly of minor importance.

To students of American culture, there is no detail of the everyday life of the past which is unimportant, and yet there is always a distinction to be made between that which is merely entertaining as a detail of quaintness, and that which is significant. Most of the body of earlier broadside verse possesses significance, in that it recorded beliefs and loyalties which were living gospel when they were uttered. In addition, the fact that these beliefs and loyalties belonged to the first century and a half of America's existence, vastly increases their importance. The corresponding period in the history of most of the nations of the world lies so far back that all records perish. We make conjectures as to the early spiritual history of these nations. But since America has lived her entire life within the era of printing, every decade of her history is documented, not only by official decrees and state records, but by issues of popular poetry. These are fragmentary, and possibly unrepresentative here and there, but they make up an authentic record of how men interpreted the life of which they were a part, in the very hour in which they lived it. For this reason, these "flying leaves," frail waifs from America's provincial days, are not merely curiosities. To the discerning, they bring many hints in answer to that most interesting of all historical questions, how a nation comes to a realization of itself.

FUNERAL VERSES AND MEMORIALS

No. 2

A FUNERAL ELEGIE (WRITTEN MANY YEARS SINCE) ON THE DEATH OF THE MEMORABLE AND TRULY HONOURABLE JOHN WINTHROPE ESQ: . . . WHO DIED MAR. 26, 1649

BY PERCIFUL LOWLE

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8 by 12⅛ inches. Neither the writing nor the printing of these verses can be dated exactly. The "written many years since" of the heading, although ambiguous, probably means "written many years ago," perhaps at the time of Winthrop's death in 1649. If the verses were printed during the lifetime of the author, as is likely, they may have issued from the press of either Samuel Green or Marmaduke Johnson, both of whom were printing in Cambridge before 1665, the date of the author's death. But of course the sheet may have been printed much later. The elegy was reprinted in Robert C. Winthrop's *The Life and Letters of John Winthrop* (Boston, 1869), II, 465–467, and in Delmar R. Lowell's *The Historic Genealogy of the Lowells of America* (Rutland, Vermont, 1899), pp. 4–6.

John Winthrop was born January 12, 1588, in Suffolk County, England. After some years of practical experience as an attorney and magistrate, he joined in the Cambridge Agreement and removed to New England. He came as Governor of the Massachusetts colony, arriving at Salem in March, 1630, and bringing with him a large company of Puritan immigrants. His subsequent life was very closely bound up with the history of the Massachusetts colony, of which he was twelve times elected Governor. He died in office, March 26, 1649. His *Journal*, kept from the time the ship sailed until his death, constitutes an invaluable record of colonial life in Massachusetts during those years.

Percival Lowell (Perciful Lowle), the ancestor of the Lowell family in America, was a merchant of Bristol, England. He came to America in 1639 and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, where he lived until his death, January 8, 1665. He was older than John Winthrop, having been born in 1571. No other verses of his appear to be extant.

who died in the 63d. Year of his Age.

It was rather his 62d. Winthrop was 61 years, 2 months, and 14 days old at the time of his death.

Conservator

One who preserves from injury. The term is well applied. Winthrop had repeatedly defended the colony from Parliamentary interference and coercion.

What goods he had he did not spare,

Cotton Mather's account of Winthrop in the *Magnalia* includes various instances of his generosity (Hartford ed., 1855), I, 121–122.

A

FUNERAL ELEGIE

(Written many years since)

On the Death of the Memorable and truly Honourable

John Winthrope Esq:

Governour *of the* Massachusets Colony in *N-England.*

For the space of 19 years, who died in the 63*d.* Year of his Age, *March* 26. 1649

YOu English *Massachusians* all
For bear sometime from sleeping,
Let every one both great and small
Prepare themselves for weeping.
For he is gone that was our freind,
This Tyrant Death hath wrought his end.
Who was the very Chief among
The chiefest of our Peers
Who hath in peace maintain'd us long
The space of nineteen years,
And now hee's breathless, lifeless, dead,
Cold earth is now become his bed.
The Jews did for their *Moses* weep
Who was their Gubernator,
Let us for *Winthrope* do the like,
Who was our Conservator
With Lines of gold in Marble stone
With pens of steel engrave his name
O let this, Moses every one
In prose and Verse extol his Fame,
Exceeding far those ancient Sages
That ruled *Greeks* in former Ages.
O spightfull Death and also cruel
Thou hast quite slain *New-Englands* Jewel:
Shew us vile *Tyran* if thou can
Tel where to find out such a man-t)
Methinks I hear a spirit breathe
Nonest inventus here beneath.
He was (we surely may say this)
Rara avis in terris,
Therefore let us give him his due,
To him is due this stile,
He was an *Israelite* full true
Without all fraud or guile.
Let *Winthrops* name still famous be,
With us and our Posterity.
What goods he had he did not spare,
The Church and Commonwealth
Had of his Goods the greatest share,
Kept nothing for himself.
My tongue, my pen, my rustick art
Cannot express his true desert.
The nature of the Pelican
Read fforyes what they say,
To her I would compare this man
If lawfully I may.
To *Moses* meek, to *Abraham*,
To *Joseph* and to *Jonathan*.
He was *New-Englands* Pelican
New-Englands Gubernator

He was *New-Englands Solomon*
New-Englands Conservator.
Time and Experience the best tryal,
These two admit of no denial.
Let nineteen yeares then witness be
Of *Wintrops* true sincerity.
Such gifts of grace from God had he,
That more than man he seem'd to be.
But now hee's gone and clad in clay,
Grim Death hath taken him away.
Death like a murth'ring Jesuite
Hath rob'd us of our hearts delight.
Let's shew our love to him by weeping
That cal'd for us when we lay sleeping.
O that our dry eyes fountains were,
Our heads a living spring,
O that our sighs the clouds could rear,
And make an eccho ring:
Let us fit down in sorrow sel,
And now with tears ring out his knel.
Bright shining *Phœbus* hide thy face
Let misty clouds make dark thy sky,
Fair *Cynthia* count it no disgrace
To aid us with thy weeping eye.
O weep with us for *Joshua*
The Loadstone of *America*.
My fences they are all too weak
His praises due to write or speak
Now I must leave it to their skill
Who can endite and write at will.
New-England thou hast cause to mourn,
For that thy special friend is gone,
Yet see you mourn with moderation,
No cause you have of Desparation,
They yet survive who may renew
Decay'd and dying hopes in you
With honour due let us respect them,
No cause we have for to reject them,
They are to us as true Directors
And under God our chief Protectors.

Here you have *Lowells* loyalty,
Pen'd with his slender skill
And with it no good poetry,
Yet certainly good will.
Read these few verses willingly,
And view them not with *Momus* eye,
Friendly correct what is amiss,
Accept his love that did write this.

Perciful Lowle.

He was New-Englands Pelican

An allusion to the fable of the pelican nourishing her offspring with her own blood.

Death like a murth'ring Jesuite

No epithet was too harsh for the *Jesuite*, who, according to the *General Lawes of the Massachusetts Colony*, was forbidden to enter the jurisdiction of the colony upon penalty of banishment, and for a second offense, of death. (*General Lawes of the Massachusetts Colony, Revised and Published by Order of the General Court in October, 1658* [Boston, 1889], p. 158.)

The Loadstone of America.

Magnet; that which attracts. A comparison frequently applied to human beings in seventeenth-century writings.

Momus eye

In Greek mythology Momus was the evil spirit of mockery.

No. 3

A COPY OF VERSES MADE ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. JOSEPH BRISCO, JAN. 1, 1657

BY JOHN WILSON

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7½ by 12 inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown, but in all likelihood, the sheet was issued by Samuel Green of Cambridge, soon after Joseph Brisco's death. Evidence for this early date is strengthened by an observation of Samuel Abbott Green, who includes this broadside in his *Ten Fac-simile Reproductions Relating to New England* (Boston, 1902), pp. 30 ff. He notes that the paper on which the verses are printed very closely resembles that used by Stephen Daye for the *Harvard College Theses* which he printed in 1643 and 1647. Green was the immediate successor to Stephen Daye, and the only printer in Cambridge in 1657.

Little is known of Joseph Brisco. Presumably he was a native of England. Of his life in America, the *Boston Town and Church Records* supply the following items (Document 130, 1883, pp. 34, 61, 65):

1651. Joseph Brisco was married to Abigail Compton dau. of John Compton 30th—11th mo. by William Hibbins.

1657[/8]. Joseph Briscoe was drowned 1st Jan.

1658. Joseph of Joseph and Abigail Brisco born August 21st.

The baptism of his child and the remarriage of his widow are also recorded (pp. 67, 71).

John Wilson, his elegist, was a noted divine in early New England history. He is listed in Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* among "Our First Good Men," a term by which Mather set apart for special honor, those divines who had been "in the *actual exercise* of their ministry when they left England." Wilson came to America in 1630, and first preached under a great tree in Charlestown. He

A COPY OF VERSES

Made by that Reverend Man of God Mr. John Wilſon, *Paſtor to the* firſt Church in *Boſton*; On the ſudden Death of

Mr. Joſeph Briſco,

Who was tranſlated from Earth to Heaven *Jan.* 1. 1657.

Not by a Fiery Chariot as Eliſha *was,*
But by the Water, which was the outward cauſe:
And now at Reſt with Chriſt *his Saviour dear,*
Though he hath left his dear Relations here.

Joſeph Briſcoe } Anagram.
Job cries hopes. }

THere is no *Job* but cries to God and hopes,
And God his ear in Chriſt; to cries he opes,
Out of the deeps to him I cry'd and hop'd,
And unto me his gracious ear is op'd:
Doubt not of this ye that my death bewail,
What if it did ſo ſtrangely me aſſail:
What if I was ſo ſoon in Waters drown'd,
And when I cry'd to men, no help I found:
There was a God in Heaven that heard my cry,
And lookt upon me with a gracious eye:
He that did pity *Joſeph* in his grief,
Sent from above unto my ſoul relief:
He ſent his Angels who did it conveigh
Into his Boſom, where poor *Lazarus* lay:
Let none preſume to cenſure my eſtate,
As *Job* his Friends did ſtumble at his Fate.
All things on Earth do fall alike to all,
To good Diſciples, which on God that call;
To thoſe that do Blaſpheme his Holy Name,
And unto thoſe that reverence the ſame:
He that from nature drew me unto Grace,
And look'd upon me with a Fathers face:
When in my blood upheld me to the laſt,
And now I do of joyes eternal taſt.
Remember how *Job's* precious children Dy'd,
As alſo what the Prophet *did* betide: *Jonah*
What was the end of good *Joſiah's* liſe,
And how it fared with *Ezekiels* Wiſe:
Remember what a Death it was that Chriſt
(Suffered for me) the Darling of the higheſt;
His Death of Deaths hath quite remov'd the ſting,
No matter how or where the Lord doth bring
Us to our end; in Chriſt who live and die
And ſure to live with Chriſt eternally.

took the "Freeman's Oath" in 1632, and in that same year became the first pastor of the Boston Church, a ministry which he continued until his death in 1667. He often wrote funeral and moralizing verses, and by them gained for himself some reputation as a poet. He was considered matchless in anagram. An account of his life is included in Mather's *Magnalia*, I, 302–321.

so soon in Waters drown'd,

Apparently Joseph Brisco was a young man at the time of his death.

how Job's precious children Dy'd,

They were killed by a great wind which caused the house to fall upon them. Job 1.19.

the end of good Josiah's life,

He went to battle in disguise, and was killed by the archers. II Chron. 35.20–24.

how it fared with Ezekiels Wife;

She died by the stroke of the Lord, and Ezekiel was forbidden to mourn for her. Ezek. 24.15–18.

No. 4
UPON THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS AND RELIGIOUS MRS LYDIA MINOT, JAN. 27, 1667

[Reproduced through the kind permission of Mr. Joseph Grafton Minot]

SIZE, 8¼ by 13½ inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown. If the verses were printed at the time of Mrs. Minot's death, as is likely, they were presumably issued by Samuel Green of Cambridge, but it is not likely that the original issue bore the *Memento Mori* heading used on the present imprint. This cut does not appear again on any broadside issue thus far reported, until 1708, when it was used on the "Carmen Miserabile" for Jonathan Marsh. (See p. 23, *infra.*) After 1708 this heading appears more frequently than any other mortuary decoration on verses of this sort. It is possible that the present sheet is a reissue of the Minot verses, with only the *Memento Mori* heading added. The cruder hourglass and spade cuts probably belonged to the original issue. This broadside was reproduced by Mr. Joseph Grafton Minot in *A Genealogical Record of the Minot Family in America and England* (Boston, 1897).

Lydia Minot was the daughter of Nicholas Butler of Dorchester. She married Captain John Minot, also of Dorchester, May 19, 1647, and as the elegy records, was the mother of five children. She died January 24, 1667, at the birth of her sixth child.

Each Branch, be't [Mercy or the Rod] when so it needs.
'Cause [now to God] and Christ I ever live.

Upon the DEATH *of the Virtuous and Religious*

Mrs. Lydia Minot,

(The wife of Mr. *John Minot* of *Dorcheſter*;)

The Mother of Five Children, who Died in CHILD-BED of the Sixth; and together therewith was Interred *January* 27. 1667.

HEre lyes the Mother, & the Child, Interr'd in one;
Both waiting for the ſame Bleſs'd Reſurrection.
She firſt to it was Life; Then tó't became a Grave,
Dead in her Womb: To fetch it thence, Death to her gave.
The Life and Death of both, his Sov'raignty Makes known,
Who gives and takes at will, and no Controll can own.
The Fruit and Tree together here lyes pluck't, yet ſure
That Root whence a Saint's All doth ſpring, muſt firm endure,
Eternal Love, *in which the Sap's the ſame, that feeds*
Each Branch, be't Morn - - - Bud when ſó it needs.

ANAGRAMS.

LYDIA MINOT.

1. *I di to Al myn'.*

TO *All mine* Earthly Joys and Friends *I dy*,
To whatſoe're below the Sun doth ly;
To *All* that ſhadow caſt, and haſtes to change;
To *All* that is purſu'd within the Range
Of Sublunary Vain's, toſs'd to and fro
Of ſons of men that ſeek to th'Pit to go.
I dy to Husband, Children, Parents dear:
Mine they were once, I theirs; ('twixt hope and fear
No unmix'd Sweet I found) But now no more
Theſe mine can be, as they were heretofore.
My Intereſt's tranſlated up on High,
To things now mine, to which I ne're can dy.
Then happy Death, my welcome I'le theo give,
'Cauſe now to God and Chriſt I ever live.

2. *I di, not my Al.*

I *Dy*, 'tis true, but yet it's *not* my *All*,
That with this duſt into the Grave doth fall.
Life hath my Better part; which ſoon did poſt
By Angels Conduct, to the Heav'nly Hoſt.
Life unto Life is gone, through th'Living way;
But that which Mortal was, makes yet ſome ſtay.
When Breath expir'd, my Life came flowing in;
My Soul reviv'd, made free from th'death of Sin.
New Light, new Love, new Joy me now do fill,
New Robes I have, new Company, new Skill
To ſing th'new Song: Sure this is Life indeed;
My All's alive in dying thus to ſpeed.
Naked o'th'Body, my Soul in Bliſs is ſheath'd
My Garland of ne're-dying Flow'rs is wreath'd.
Then nought but Duſt is dead; at Life's Return
This alſo ſhall be quickned from its Urn:
My Death, my Grave, ſhall then for ever dy,
And Life ſhall Triumph in the Victory.

3. *Dai in my Lot.*

L ight ſown is for the Righteous; its full Crop
Y ields Glory's Harveſt, Souls fill'd up to th'top.
D *ay in my Lot* is now, ſtill calm, ſtill bright.
I n leaving your dark World, I left all Night;
A ſcended where, nor Sun, nor Moon, we crave:
M y God, & th'Lamb's the light that here we have.
I n his Light we ſee light, and light'ned ſtay;
N o light to that of th'Everlaſting Day!
O pleaſant Lines that thus are fall'n to me!
T o make that *Day my Lot* which aye ſhall be.

We'le wait (Bleſt Saint) till this Day break, and th'ſhadows flee:
So ſhall our wiſh be crown'd, to have One Lot with thee.

No. 5

A FUNERAL ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF THAT EXCELLENT AND MOST WORTHY GENTLEMAN JOHN WINTHROP ESQ., APRIL, 1676

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8 by 12 inches. The margins have been considerably trimmed. The sheet was probably issued by John Foster, the first Boston printer. It is included among the titles probably printed by him, in Samuel Abbott Green's *John Foster* (Boston, 1909), pp. 125–126. It is possible that Stephen Chester, by whom the present copy is inscribed, was the author. There are extant two of Stephen Chester's letters, written in the following year, mentioning the inclosure of lines on Governor Winthrop. These may be the lines to which reference is made. The letters are printed in the "Massachusetts Historical Society Collections" (6th series), V, 7–8. Benjamin Tompson was the author of another broadside elegy on John Winthrop. (Cf. Ford, 59.) This elegy was included by Tompson in his *New England's Tears for her Present Miseries* (1676). It is reprinted in the Appendix to *A Sketch of the Life of John Winthrop the Younger*, by Thomas Franklin Waters. ("Publications of the Ipswich Historical Society" [1899], VII.)

John Winthrop the Younger, son of the more famous John Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay, was born at Groton, England, February 12, 1606. He followed his father to America in 1631, and shortly after his arrival became one of the Assistants of the Massachusetts colony. He remained in Massachusetts for some years, dividing his time between civil duties and scientific pursuits. He later moved to Connecticut colony, of which he became governor in 1657. With the exception of one year, he continued in this office until his death in 1676. Major Fitz-John Winthrop, to whom these verses are inscribed in the present copy, was his son.

fatal year

This was the second year of King Philip's War, so costly in New England lives and property.

Extract

His descent from John Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay.

Whose travail's far into out-landish places,

The author may have in mind Winthrop's search for curious specimens of natural history. He was one of the early members of the Royal Society, and had brought together a considerable collection of rarities. Various communications from him relative to these are included in the early volumes of the "Philosophical Transactions and Collections of the Royal Society."

His Powders, Cordials and his [*golden*] *Pills,*

Winthrop gave free medical advice, and was much consulted. Cotton Mather spoke of his being furnished with "noble medicines, which he most charitably and generously gave

A

FUNERAL ELEGY

Upon the Death of that Excellent and most worthy Gentleman

John Winthrop Esq.

Late Governour of his Majestyes Colony of Conecticot.

who deceased April 1 6 7 6.

Anagr. *John Winthrop,*
Oh Print Wo-nih:

LEt woe be printed nigh unto our Land,
Since that Jehovahs formidable hand
Hath been bereaving us this fatal year,
Of such a Star within our Hemisphere.
A Star of such resplendent glorious Light,
Whose Fellow never yet approacht our sight
Nor ever are we like his Peer to see
In all his comprehensive rarity.
A pretious Pillar in his earthly station,
A pious servant to his Generation,
Although his Extract was sublime and high,
Yet was he cloathed with humility.
His place of bearing Rule it was so sweet,
That Justice did with mercy in him meet.
His Learning was so grand that all may ghess
Our *Winthrop*'s Master of the Languages,
Whose travail's far into out-landish places,
They did augment his other worthy graces.
And lest his Gallantry should seem to fall,
Behold his worth in matters Physical;
My Pen can never fully it rehearse,
Whose Fame did overrun the Universe. *Galen*
His Powders, Cordials, and his [illegible] Pills,
O're flew the Mountains, and the lasting Hills.
So pregnant was his skill, none can discry,
And lofty Judgement into Chimistry.
Incomparable was the depth he had
In rare Inventions, sons of men to glad.
When *Hartfords* Charter was in some suspence
This worthy *Hero* must away from hence.
Our Jurisdiction rightly to maintain,
And mediate before his Sovereign:
For which great Service who so fit as He,
One of th' Imperial Society.
A man of wisdome, Patience, Love, and Peace,
To Rich and poor his virtues did encrease,
His labour and his dealings were so free,
That none did more abound in Charity,
His Remedyes they did not only tend
Unto mens bodies, but a better end.
When Subdivisions in the Church did rise,
He had great skill to heal their Maladies.
Surcease my mournful Muse, further to add
Of this great Patriot, unless I had
Briarius hands to set his virtues forth,
And *Argus* Eyes to weep his golden worth.

ACCROSTICON.

INvironed with grief well be we may,
On every side in such a cloudy day,
He being gone who was our Countryes glory,
Not to return which make our hearts so sorry.

Woe and alass unto our Colonyes,
In middest of our other miseryes,
No mortal can express what dolour 'tis,
To be bereav'd of such a Gem as this.
Himself could only let us understand,
Rightly to value such a heavy hand;
Oh may this dismal loss ne'r be forgot,
Per Plimouth, Boston, and *Conecticot.*

EPITAPH.

HEre lyes a None-such for all virtuous things,
Fittest to be discoursed of by Kings.

Mors omnibus communis.

FINIS

away upon all occasions; insomuch that where-ever he came, still the diseased flocked about him, as if the healing angel of Bethesda had appeared in the place." *Magnalia*, I, 159. For a modern physician's estimate of John Winthrop's skill in such matters, see Walter R. Steiner, "Governor John Winthrop, Jr., of Connecticut; as a Physician," *Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin*, Vol. XIV, No. 152, November, 1903.

In rare Inventions

Winthrop's practical interests ranged from the refining of gold and the building of American ships to the brewing of beer from Indian maize, and the inventing of a self-feeding lamp.

When Hartfords Charter was in some suspence

In 1661 Winthrop drew up a charter for Connecticut. His draft was accepted by the General Court, and Winthrop was appointed Agent for the colony in procuring the charter. He did so, completing his mission in the following year. His achievement was celebrated in a long narrative poem written by Roger Wolcott in 1725, entitled, *A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honourable John Winthrop.* ("Massachusetts Historical Society Collections" [1st series], IV, 262–298.)

th' Imperial Society

The Royal Society was organized in 1660. Winthrop became a member in 1661, on his third visit to England.

Surcease

Cease.

Briarius

Or *Aegaeon*, one of the three sons of Uranus and Gaea, known as the Uranidae. They were monsters, having a hundred arms and fifty heads.

Argus

The hundred-eyed son of Agenor, appointed by Juno to guard Io.

No. 6

LAMENTATIONS UPON THE NEVER ENOUGH BEWAILED DEATH OF THE REVEREND MR. JOHN REINER, DEC. 21, 1676

[*The Boston Athenaeum*]

SIZE, 9½ by 11¾ inches. Probably an imprint of John Foster. (Cf. Green, *John Foster*, pp. 128–129.) At least two lines are missing in the first column, and at least four in the second. No other copy is known, by which they may be supplied.

John Reiner (variously spelled) was a native of England. He was a graduate of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and according to Cotton Mather's list in the *Magnalia* had been engaged in the ministry before coming to America. He succeeded John Norton of Plymouth, and served the church there until 1654 when he moved to Dover, New Hampshire. He was minister at Dover until his death in 1676. For a contemporary estimate of his character, see *Plymouth Church Records*, I, 107–108 ("Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts," XXII).

LAMENTATIONS

Upon the never enough bewailed Death of the Reverend

Mr. John Reiner,

Paſtor of the Church of Chriſt at Dover *who was gathered to his Fathers*

DECEMBER, 21. 1676.

WHen *Heathen* firſt aſſail'd our peaceful Land
My Comfort was, ours is *Immanuels* Land.
When *Robbers* us impoveriſht thought I then
We may be poorer and not worſer men.
I hope't when our young men i'th' field fell down
God brake our Arm of fleſh to bare his own.
When treach'rous Foes did with ſucceſs out-brave us
I ſaid God meant to humble us, then ſave us.
But when that doleful word *REINER is dead*,
I heard, Lips quiver'd, Belly trembled,
My Spirits fail'd, Corruption ſeiz'd my Bones,
My Face grew pale, my heart as cold as Stones.
Mee thought I ſaw engraven on this Rod
Plain to be read that fatal *Ichabod*.
This ſingle Death I count more wrath diſcovers
Then the removal of ſome hundred others.
Here's Anger great, Diſpleaſure boiled up,
And that's the Gall and Wormwood in our Cup.
By former blaſts our Leaves and Boughs did fall,
This terrible guſt hath blown up Roots and all.
Some ſmarting Wounds we had receiv'd before,
This lays us welt'ring in our Blood and Gore,
Under the fifth Rib ſtruck; you that paſs by
Stand ſtill and ſee, and ſigh to ſee us dye.
Some of us ſaw of late our Houſes burning,
Gods Houſe lies waſte now, Hagar-way thither mourning,
Sanct'ary-doors ſhut up, a Famine not
of Bread, but Bread of Life's our threatned Lot.
How many hath this Right'ous Mans Lips fed,
Who now muſt pine, 'cauſe no man breaks them Bread?
So much as Heav'n exceeds the Earth, ſo far
As Souls than Bodies more excelling are,
So much is this more then our former wo,
Theſe Iron Bands our Souls have pierc't into.
What ever other ailes upon us were
Had God been pleaſed but to ſpare us here
Our Bread and Water of affliction would
Been leſs afflictive far, Oh that we could
Our Teacher ſee! but that ſight of our eyes
Is gone, and He cloſe in a corner lies,
Sure God a way for further Anger makes
When ſuch a Man out of the way he takes.
In's lateſt Text too true a Prophet found, (*Jer.*
(Not one of *Samuels* Words fell to the ground
Now'd againſt us are

A precious Soul he was, not old but ſage,
Grave, wiſe and prudent far above his age,
Chearful but ſerious, merry too but wise
(Sour Leven pleaſes not for Sacrifice)
His Courteſie obliged moſt and beſt,
His Innocence did ſtop the Mouths o'th'reſt.
In Supplications mighty, fervent, bold
Like *Jacob* he with confidence took hold
Of God in Prayer, wreſtling with him till
He wreſtling got the name of *Iſrael*.
(Ah ſuch a *Moſes* we ſhall dearly miſs
I'th Mount, when *Amalek* a fighting is)
His Sermons were Experiences, for't wrought
On his own Heart, then lived what he taught.
He blameleſs was, unleſs you blame him ſhall
Becauſe he was well ſpoken of by all.
His Life deſir'd, his Death bewail'd you ſee
(Lord let our laſt end like the Righteous's be)
A faithful Friend, plain-open-hearted he,
His words and heart in one did well agree.
Study what ſhould or we would wiſh to be,
And ſay 'twas here, fear no Hyperbole.
Such pregnant young ones are but ſeldom ſeen
Such pregnant young ones ſeldome ſtay with
Not the Worlds field but Heavens Barn is fit
For forward Souls, ſo early ripe in Grace.
Though green in years, yet he was gather'd in
Like ſhock of Corn that fully rip'ned been.
My Brother *John*, I am diſtreſs'd for thee,
Thou very lovely, pleaſant wert to me:
I thus bewail thee, but great ſorrows will
Not drein themſelves dry at a little quill.
Heart full, eyes full, too full themſelves to vent
By words, a little taſte is only meant.
I'le not attempt his worth, our loſs to write,
Unleſs I had ſome Angels to indite,
To him that gav't the former's only known,
By ſad effects the latter may be ſhown,
And beſt by him that's yet unborn be told,
But Lord while we thus weep our Foes grow bold
We ſigh, they ſing, we mourn, Blaſphe-
of Vengeance and ther-

Samuel Sewall records John Reiner's death as follows ("Massachusetts Historical Society Collections" [5th series], *Sewall's Diary*, I, 31, 32, 34):

Dec. 21 [1676] being Thorsday, Worthy Mr. Reyner fell asleep: was taken with a violent vomiting the Friday before, Lightheaded by Saturday, Lay speechless 24 hours, and then died on Thorsday even. We heard not that he was sick till Friday about 9 at night: on the Sabbath morn, comes William Furbur and brings the newes of Death. . . .

Dec. 28. Mr. Willard preaches. N.B. I got but just to hear the text. This day pleasant and smiling were it not the day of Mr. Reyner's funeral.

January 30. Sent a letter to Cousin Quinsey, which enclosed a piece of Gold that cost me 23s. Gave the letter to Mr. Josson. . . . Sent him a copy of verses made on Mr. Reyner.

This reference may be to the present verses. If Sewall had made verses of his own, he would probably have said so. The *Diary of John Hull* also records Reiner's death. ("Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society" [1857], III, 245.)

Dec. 21st. Mr. John Reynor, minister of Dover, died of a cold and fever that he took in the field among the soldiers.

I hope't when our young men i' th' field fell down

An allusion to King Philip's War, which had ended only the preceding August. Over 600 young men had been killed, and there had been widespread ruin in the colonies, especially in Massachusetts.

Ichabod

"The glory is departed from Israel," I Sam. 4.21.

Some of us saw of late our Houses burning,

This fire is mentioned in Hull's *Diary*, p. 242: "Nov. 27th. 1676. A fire brake out two hours before day, and consumed about fifty dwelling-houses and the North Meeting-house. The Lord sent much rain, moderated the spreading of it."

Allusion to this fire suggests that the elegist was probably a resident of Boston, and *of late* suggests that the elegy was probably written soon after Reiner's death.

ailes

Afflictions. The substantive use of *ail* was common at this time.

Not one of Samuels Words fell to the g[*round.*]

Amalek

An enemy of the Israelites. Exod. 17.8–16.

Such pregnant young ones seldome stay when [*found.*]

Not the Worlds field but Heavens Barn is t[*he Place*]

But Lord while we thus weep our Foes grow [*bold,*]

A

Small Teſtimony of that great HONOUR due to that Honourable Servant of GOD and his Generation

John Alden *Eſq;*

Who changed this life for a better, *Sept.* 12*th. Anno Domini* 1687.

Annoq; Ætatis 89.

The memory of the juſt is bleſſed.

The juſt ſhall be had in everlaſting remembrance.

GOD brought a *choice Vine* to this deſart land:
And *here* did *plant* it with his own *right hand*,
And from the heathen's rage did it defend.
The which its root, from eaſt to weſt did ſend.
This precious Saint who now is gone to reſt,
And lie in Jeſus boſom to be bleſt,
A branch was of this vine, God did remove,
Protect, defend, and water from above.
A man to God's commands that had reſpect,
And by His word he did his courſe direct.
A lover of God's Habitation.
A ſervant of his Generation.
He was according to the Will of God,
While in this lower world he had abode.
Sincere & faithful unto God was he,
True Vertue's friend, to Vice an enemy.
Holy and humble, full of Faith, & Love
To Saints on earth, to God & Chriſt above.
He many years did ſerve this Colony,
Adminiſtring Juſtice impartially.
He in this deſart many changes ſaw,
Yet cloſely kept unto Jehovah's Law.
He Served God betimes, even from his youth,
And conſtantly did cleave unto his Truth.
On *Piſgah*'s mount he ſtood, and *Canaan* view'd
Which in his heart and life he moſt purſu'd.
On *Tabor*'s mount he ſaw transfigured
Bleſt Jeſus, which within his boſom bred
That *love* that made him ſay, *'Tis good being here*,
Its good, yea *better* than to be elſe-where.
He lov'd on earth, to be with Chriſt on high:
He did on wings of Contemplation fly.
To God in heaven he ſent up many a dart,
Which iſſued from a truly broken heart;
Which reach'd the ear of *God*, and ſuch Return
From heaven brought which made his heart to burn.
With *Enoch* he with God *on earth* did *walk*(
With *Abram* he did with JEHOVAH talk.
With *Moſes* he did on the mount aſcend,
And to receieve God's mind himſelf did bend
That he ſuch meditations had divine,
Which in Saints eyes did cauſe his face to ſhine.
With *length of days* God did him ſatisfy,
He liv'd ſo long, that he deſir'd to die.
He with old *Simeon* had of Chriſt a ſight,
Who was prepar'd to be the Gentiles *Light*:
Which made him willing hence for to depart,
To be with Him that gained had his heart.
He with good *Jacob* in his aged ſtate
Did earneſtly for God's Salvation wait.
He with *Barzillai*, being near his end,
His thoughts 'bove *earthly* comforts did aſcend.
He with St. *Paul*, his *courſe* now *finiſhed*,
Unclothed, is quietly put to bed.
His Family and Chriſtian friends he bleſt
Before he did betake himſelf to reſt.
He to Religion was a real friend
And Juſtice, till death brought him to his end.
A man for God, and for his Countries Good,
In all Relations wherein he ſtood.

Let *ALDEN*'s all their Father imitate,
And follow him till they come to death's ſtate:
And he will them moſt heartily embrace,
When he ſhall meet them in that bleſſed place.
And let *New-England* never want a Race
Of ſuch as may be fill'd with *Alden*'s Grace.

Printed in the year, MDCLXXXVII.

No. 7

A SMALL TESTIMONY OF THAT GREAT HONOUR DUE TO THAT HONOURABLE SERVANT OF GOD AND HIS GENERATION JOHN ALDEN ESQ; SEPT. 12, 1687

[*The Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants*]

Size, 8 by 13⅜ inches. Printed in 1687, probably from the press of Samuel Green, in Cambridge. This sheet was reproduced in *The Mayflower Descendant*, Vol. IX, July, 1907, by Mr. George Ernest Bowman, who very kindly supplied another print from the same negative for the present reproduction. There is extant another broadside elegy on John Alden, entitled "Upon the Death of that Aged, Pious, Sincere-hearted Christian, John Alden Esq." A copy, owned by the Boston Athenaeum, was reproduced in *The Mayflower Descendant*, Vol. IX, October, 1907.

John Alden, at the time of his death, was the last male survivor of those who had signed the *Mayflower* compact. In 1620, when he embarked for America, he was the youngest of the Pilgrims. He was not of the Leyden Church, but according to William Bradford, had joined the company at Southampton. Bradford's entry concerning him, included in the Appendix to his *History of Plymouth Plantation* (1912 ed., II, 400), is as follows:

> John Alden was hired for a cooper, at South-Hampton, wher the ship victuled; and being a hopefull yong man, was much desired, but left to his owne liking to go or stay when he came here; but he stayed and maryed here.

Bradford made two further entries concerning John Alden's marriage to Priscilla Mullins. (Pp. 406, 411.) The traditions surrounding this marriage have done more to make John Alden's name a household word than his very numerous and valuable services to the Plymouth colony. After 1633 he was almost constantly in the employ of the government, often to the very serious neglect of his own affairs. From 1633 to 1640 and from 1650 to 1686, he was Assistant to the Governor of the colony, and he was twice Deputy Governor. He was at various times Agent for the colony, Deputy to the General Court, and Member of the Council of War. In 1667 the sacrificial character of his services was recognized, and he was henceforth given a small gratuity. He died September 12, 1687, in Duxbury, of which he had been one of the founders.

with Barzillai

A very aged man, a friend of David when he fled from Absalom. II Sam. 19.32.

UPON THE

DEATH of that Reverend and Aged Man of GOD,

Mr. SAMUEL ARNOLD,

Paſtor of the CHURCH at *Marſhfield*, who deceaſed in the 71ſt Year of his Age, and of his Miniſtry the 36th, *September* 1. 1693.

I.

WHEN Lights go out, Darkneſs succeeds;
Is this ſad *Marſhfield's* Caſe?
A little, little, little know
We who ſucceeds in Place.

II.

Arnold dead. This Star is fix'd;
But where the next will riſe
Th' Amplitude, how long his Courſe,
Can't *Aſtrophil* deviſe.

III.

Glory, *Marſhfield*, is eclips'd,
Thy Sun hath run his Race:
Nonesuch may traced be
For Tears on every Face.

IV.

Has Heaven frown'd upon thy Glory?
Trine of Glory late,
Earthquake, &c. thy Inhabitants.
Great *Winſlow* thou didſt rate

V.

Peerleſs, once: But he's retriev'd
Thy *Bourn* is late drawn dry;
Brim'th Tears now ſtain thy Face
Arnold's mourning high.

VI.

Trine in thee did lately ſhine;
Beams borrow'd from above
To gild their *Viſibilia*,
Retied from th' God of Love.

VII.

Centrick were there Motions all,
Tho' fix'd in divers Spheres;
Each had both Head and Hands engag'd,
And *Sion's* Walls up rears.

VIII.

The three tho' here a while depoſit,
The Magnets ſtill did bend
Them, *Sion's* City, which
Remains when Time ſhall end.

IX.

There are plac'd on Thrones moſt bright,
All in due Time return,
Ately Quirage to judge
Than the Goſpel ſpurn.

X.

And the laſt, but not the leaſt
Of theſe Three now aſcends,
Crown'd with Robes of Righteouſneſs,
Where Glory never ends.

XI.

Faith, ſtrong Love in him did ſhine,
Text-Man large and ready,
Sharp Eye, ſtrong Hand did ſteer his Courſe
In Piety moſt ſteady.

XII.

Strong Love to Chriſt, and to his Flock
Did waſte this Shepherd's Life;
Zealous for Truth he did appear,
Yet was no Man of Strife,

XIII.

Except with Sin and Errors foul,
Which felt his Heat and Flame;
A Flame Divine, which Lightning like;
Sin's Bones could pierce and Tame.

XIV.

The proud aſpiring callous Brows
Of bold Enthuſiaſts,
Religiouſly Sarcaſtical,
The *Quakers* he oft blaſts

And ſtops their Mouths with Scripture Gag,
Makes them as mute as Sheep,
If in their ranging Circuit,
Into his Fold they peep.

XVI.

Peter and *John* were Fiſhermen;
Arnold was of that Trade;
Each had his Hooks and Nets, but at
Chriſt's Call aſide them laid.

XVII.

All Three much Fiſh did catch and kill,
But Men did catch and ſave;
Hence Crowns beſet with Gems do wait
Their Exit from the Grave.

XVIII.

Amos, an Herdman once, was call'd
To fill a Prophet's Place;
And he that ſate on *Iſrael's* Throne,
Was firſt old *Jeſſe's* Race.

XIX.

Arnold once hewing ſenſeleſs Blocks,
Wild Olives here did poliſh,
And fix'd them in *Jehovah's* Houſe,
Which Time ſhall ne'er abolish.

XX.

Arnold, a Man of heavenly Words;
An heavenly Man in Deeds,
In Heaven it ſelf full Chriſt enjoys,
No earthly Thing he needs.

XXI.

God grant this Candleſtick may hold
Another Star as bright,
Whoſe Riſing made our Midnight Noon,
Whoſe Setting brought our Night.

XXII.

Grant, Lord, the Widow his Relict
May not ſink down in Grief
Leſt her and hers from thee receive
Each Days Joys and Relief.

Samuel Arnold.
Anagram,
Lavde old Arm's.

OLD *Arm's leave, and now take up,*
For thou haſt drunk Death's bitter ſt Cup.
Death hath thee ſlung, Chriſt hath it ſlain,
And thou ſhalt ſurely riſe again.
In Robes all white, waſh'd in Chriſt's Blood,
[illegible]

HOW ſolitary ſeems that Place
Which *Arnold's* Preſence late did grace?
What Echo from that Pulpit ſounds, (Wounds?
Whence *Arnold* preach'd Chriſt's bleeding
The Sov'reign Balm for Sinners great,
The Rout of *Abaddon's* Seat.
Methinks I ſee, methinks I hear
That Perſon groan and drop a Tear
At *Arnold's* Exit, fearing, vext,
And with ſad Sorrows much perplext,
Who ſhall ſucceed; and of what Hair
The Man ſhall be that takes his Chair;
Whether a Text-man or a Drone,
Whether Subſtantive alone,
Or one that is an Adjective,
Who doth by others Labours Thrive.
Grant, Lord, theſe Sheep may now unite
To beg of thee ſuch Beams of Light
Wherein they may unite, agree
To chuſe for them, and chuſe with Thee;
To chuſe a Man that can ſup ly
The Place of *Arnold* mounted high.
Pour down thy Spirit on thy Fold,
And let that Candleſtick ſoon hold
A Star of the firſt Magnitude,
Endow'd with Grace's Plenitude:
Thy Throne, O God, do thou build up;
Soon take from them this bitter Cup,
Which they now drink. Let them rejoyce
To hear their Shepherd's Voice.

Ichabod Wiſwell.

Mr.

Samuel Arnold,

The late faithful Preacher of the GOSPEL at *Marſhfield*,

Who left Earth for Heaven, *September* 1. 1693.
His laſt FAREWELL to the World.
Written by himſelf not long before his Death.

VAIN World wherein I for a Time did dwell,
I heartily unto thee bid Farewell.
My Time in thee draws near unto an End;
Jehovah to Thy Self O do Thou bend
My Soul, that it may ſoar and mount aloft,
With Eagle's wings, on high to thee as oft,
As with Nature's Sinkings am attended,
My Strong Deſire to Thee let be extended.
Thou art my Hope, my Help, my Joy, my Reſt,
My Sanctuary when with Grief oppreſt.
In all my Pilgrimage I have thee found
In Loving Kindneſs to me to abound.
In *England* old I firſt did draw my Breath,
And there I might have been a Man of Death;
But God me brought over the roaring Seas,
Into this Wilderneſs, where he did pleaſe
Me to allure, and to him draw my Heart
By Special Grace, to chuſe him for my Part;
And my Changes he with me
Hath [illegible] ſtill unchangeably go be.
I paſſed Salvation had upon the Sea,
While by his Providence call'd there to be;
And in his Time appointed he did call
Me for to leave the Ship, and Nets, and all
Employments ſecular, to ſerve his Name,
In catching Men, by lifting up the Fame
Of bleſſed JESUS, our *Immanuel*,
To draw poor Sinners with him for to dwell:
In which high Service he hath me ſuſtain'd;
His Power and Mercy have with me remain'd
Years Thirty Five, tho' Fleſh and Heart have fail'd
Oft Times, and Weakneſs hath on me prevail'd.
O Lord!
Let all my Sins by thee forgotten be;
Impute [illegible] in me O do not ſee.
Let my poor Labours alſo accepted be,
Which with my Heart I offer'd have to thee?
Let them not be forgot, but let them ſpring,
When I tranſlated am with thee to ſing.
Let my dear Family in thy Sight find Grace;
Move them that fear thee let them find a Place.
And let my Flock ſupplyed be by thee,
When I ſhall ceaſe them for to overſee.
Let God's *Jeruſalem* exalted be;
A Praiſe in th' Earth, O let them be to thee!
Let *Babel* fall, and all thine Enemies
Incurr the Deſtruction them ſurprize.
When thou ſhalt call me hence, O let my Soul
Leaſhed be it ſelf on thee to roll:
And ſo launch into Eternity,
That I thy Self in Chriſt may eye enjoy.

FINIS

No. 8

UPON THE DEATH OF THAT REVEREND AND AGED MAN OF GOD, MR. SAMUEL ARNOLD, SEPT. 1, 1693

BY ICHABOD WISWELL

[*The Library of Congress*]

SIZE, 11½ by 15¼ inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown.

Samuel Arnold was the third minister in Marshfield. He had been admitted to be a freeman of the colony of New Plymouth in 1653, and had assumed the Marshfield pastorate in 1657. He is listed in the *Magnalia* as of the "Second Class," a term by which Mather designated those "young scholars" whose education was not complete when they arrived in America, and who had been obliged to perfect themselves without the aid of the college. Arnold not only had not been formally educated, but, if the statement in the elegy can be trusted, he had been a fisherman before he became a minister.

His elegist, the Rev. Ichabod Wiswall (spelled also Wiswell), was a resident of Duxbury, where he had been ordained minister in 1676, and where, in addition to his ministerial duties, he was a schoolmaster for many years. He had previously taught the school in Dorchester, which is thought to have been the town of his birth. According to the inscription on his Duxbury tombstone, he must have been born about 1637. He attended Harvard College for three years, but left without taking a degree. In colonial annals, his name figures chiefly in connection with his services as Town Agent for Duxbury, and in 1689, as Agent for Plymouth colony in the securing of a new charter. On his return to America after this mission, he resumed his pastorate, and died in Duxbury, July 23, 1700.

who succeeds in Place

Arnold was succeeded by Edward Tompson in 1696.

Astrophil

Probably in the very loose sense of one who knows the stars. Wiswall had some local reputation as an astrologist, and made various predictions. A poem of his, written on the comet of 1680, is preserved.

Melpomene

The muse of tragedy.

Trine

A group of three.

Like Garland fair, thy Head d[id wear,]

Great Winslow

Josiah Winslow, general in chief of the colonial forces in King Philip's War, and first native governor of Plymouth colony. He had died December 18, 1680.

Thy Bourn

Thomas Bourne, one of the earliest settlers of Marshfield. He had died May 11, 1664.

To Salem, Sion's City

Salem was a frequent abbreviation for Jerusalem.

Text-man

One learned in scriptural texts, and apt at quoting them; also, an advocate of literal interpretation of the Bible. Obs. *NED.*

The Quakers he oft blasts;

Quaker persecutions in Massachusetts were most severe from 1656 to 1660, when they were ended by order of the king, but Quakers were the target of ministerial scorn for some time afterward.

In Robes [m]ost white, wash'd in Christ's Blood,
Which [is our choice] and chiefest Good.

Abaddon's Seat

The bottomless pit, of which Abaddon is the angel. Rev. 9.11.

of what Hair,

Of what kind, or nature.

W[herein] in all my Changes he with me
Let [my poor Labours eke accepted] be,

No. 9

THRENODIA, OR A MOURNFULL REMEMBRANCE, OF THE MUCH TO BE LAMENTED DEATH OF THE WORTHY & PIOUS CAPT. ANTHONY COLLAMORE, DEC. 1693

BY DEODATE LAWSON

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society* (Photograph)]

SIZE, about 10⅜ by 13¼ inches. According to the colophon, printed in Boston, by Bartholomew Green, in 1694. The cut, which represents an interesting arrangement of mortuary symbols for this early date, reappears on "Poor Julleyoun's Warnings To Children and Servants" (Boston, 1732). The broadside was reproduced and reprinted in *The Mayflower Descendant*, XI (April, 1909), 65–69. The editor's note states that the original was at that time owned by Mrs. Bailey Hall Hitchcock, a member of the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Anthony Collamore's story is more fully told in this elegy than in any other surviving record. He was a nephew and heir of Peter Collamore, an early resident of Scituate. His name also appears in connection with his marriage in 1666, and with an assignment of land in 1673. According to Samuel Deane, in *The History of Scituate* (Boston, 1831), the reef on which Collamore's ship was wrecked was henceforth known as Collamore's Ledge, in mournful memory of this tragedy. His daughter Mary lived to lament another tragedy of the sea, for she became the wife of Robert Stetson and the mother of Isaac Stetson, drowned off the cliffs of Scituate in 1718. (Cf. p. 33, *infra.*) Samuel Sewall's *Diary* (I, 387) contains brief mention of the earlier tragedy, as follows:

Dec. 20. . . . Capt. Cullimer and 5 others drown'd coming from Scituat last Satterday in a Boat. . . .

Deodate Lawson was minister of the Second Church of Scituate, from about 1693 to 1698, when his ministry was terminated by vote of the church. He had been absent a long time, and, according to the record, the members wished "a Pastor more spiritually and more fixedly disposed." (Deane's *History of Scituate*, p. 196.)

[Who together with Five] Persons more were Cast-away [in a] SLOOP going from [Scituate Harbour towards Boston,]
Some [*Loaden Boats*] *to Boston bound away,*
Some [*Boats with Sailes*] *Expanded led the way,*
None [*did since that*] *alive on Shore appear;*
Yet could not know [*him for a*] *Certainty,*
By any thing, but [*by*] *the Cloaths he wore.*
Prepare his Funeral to Sol[*em*]*nize;*
His Soldiers also at the [*mou*]*rnfull call,*
Gemebundus Composuit . . .
The sighing Deodate Lawson composed it.

No. 10

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. JAMES BAYLEY, MAY 28, 1706

BY NICHOLAS NOYES

[*The Boston Public Library*]

Size, 8¼ by 13¾ inches. These verses were apparently printed before July 29, 1707, as Sewall mentions having left a copy of them with Mrs. Champney on that date. John L. Sibley, in his *Biographical Sketches of Graduates of Harvard University* ([Cambridge, 1881], II, 245, 298), states that they were published July 30, 1707. He is probably thinking of the Sewall entry. The printer is not recorded.

The friendship which called forth this poem had doubtless been lifelong, as both James Bayley and Nicholas Noyes were natives of Newbury, Massachusetts. They had been born within three years of each other, and had attended Harvard at the same time. James Bayley, born September 12, 1650, and a graduate of Harvard in 1669, was the first minister at Salem village (now Danvers). While there he was the center of a prolonged and bitter controversy over his retention. Although by order of the General Court the matter was finally settled in his favor, Bayley moved, in 1680, to Killingworth, Connecticut, and thence to Roxbury, Massachusetts. At the time of his death, he had been a physician in Roxbury for some years. He was still living at the time this tribute was written, his death occurring January 18, 1706/7. Samuel Sewall delivered these verses to him and recorded his appreciation of them (*Diary*, II, 162; 171–172):

May 27, 1706.

. . . Got to Brother's in the night after nine a clock, Mr. Noyes had left his Verses for Mr. Bayley, which I carried with me next morning.

THRENODIA,

Or a Mournfull Remembrance, of the much to be Lamented Death of the Worthy & Pious

Capt. ANTHONY COLLAMORE,

Wherein Persons more were Cast away in a SLOOP going from Scituate Harbour ...
On the 16. Day of December 1699

THE Great Jehovah is the *Lord* and *King*,
Both in the *Heavens* & on the *Earth* & *Sea*;
What things Pleas Him in each to pass doth
Nor can He in His Will resisted be. (bring
He in His *Fist* restrines the Boist'rous *Winds*
And Raging *Waters* in a *Garment* binds.

'Tis but to Loose His Little *Finger* then,
And the most Furious blasts do Rise, thence;
Enough to Terrify the stoutest Man,
Nor can they find against it a Defense.
'Tis but to Slack the binding of the Seas,
And they will soon accomplish what He pleas.

December, last upon the *Sixteenth* day,
Within the Harbour lay at *Scituate*;
Some Lighter *Boats* to *Sea*ward bound away,
Which for Fair *Wind* and *Weather* there did wait.
Amongst the Rest was *Captain* **Collamore**,
Whose sad disaster, we must now Deplore.

Those *Boats* with *Sailes* Expanded led the way,
Out of the Harbour; and did fairly glide;
Thus one by one stood out into the Bay,
With *Wind* at *East North East* and Flowing *Tide*.
The *Captain* in the Rere did Hoise up Saile,
And hasted after with a steddy Gale.

He had his best with speed to quit the Shore,
And seemed in his way to Prosper well;
He *Lofft up* to the Wind and *Northward* bore,
For near an Hour as Spectators tell
That so he might be gaining of the Wind,
And to his *Port* the fairer Passage find.

But Dangers great did quickly him Surprize,
The *Clouds* did gather and obscure the *Sun*;
Winds Whistled, *Snow* came thick and *Seas* did rise;
And He was at a loss which way to run
As did appear to some that were before,
Who quickly after, Lost the *Boat* no more.

With him five *Persons* more *Embarqued* were,
Two *Men*, one *Woman*, and two *Lads* beside:
None dies together, Alive on Shore appear;
But were all Drowned in the *Ocean* wide.
No more but two are yet to this day found,
Which doth the Hearts of their Relations wound.

Whether some hidden *Rock* with fatal stroke,
At once gave Final Stop unto their Course;
By which their *Keel* was *Founder'd*, and *Boughs* were
Not able to withstand the great Sea's force. (*Broke*,
This some conceive who saw and view'd the *Rack*
Which quickly, to the Shore was hurled back.

Or whether *Leaks* were deep with *Wood*,
The Swelling *Waves* did fill her by degrees;
When their Frozen *Pump* would do no good,
They soon became a Prey unto the *Seas*:
Which Violently over them did go,
And bore them down, into the deeps below.

What happ'ned to them we can only guess,
Because none of them do Survive to tell;
Nor can we think what *Anguish* did Possess,
Their SOULS, when they Disaster them befell.
We humbly must *Adore GOD'S* Providence,
Who in the *Deeps*, His Judgments doth dispense.

One *Ephraim Turner* near the Fatal place,
Was cast upon the Shore and next day found;
Most sorely batter'd on his *Head* and *Face*,
Who decently was Laid into the ground.
Relations of the Rest did search the Shore,
For *thirteen* dayes but they could find no more.

But on the *Fourteenth* day one did espie,
A Corps he judg'd was *Captain* **Collamore**;
Yet could not know 'm for a Certainty,
By any thing, but the Cloaths he wore.
His *Forme* and *Visage* utterly was lost,
Having by *Waves* on *Rocks* been so long tost'd.

His *Friends*, his *Neighbours* and *Relations* all,
Prepare his Funeral to Solemnize;
His *Souldiers* also are the to unto call,
Appear with *Drooping* hearts and *Dripping* eyes.
With many Tears they laid him in the dust,
To wait the Resurrection of the Just.

And now although *Relations* of the Rest,
Know their own Sorrows and Distress of mind;
While for the quieting their troubled Brest,
They in the Creature no relief can find.
Our *Duty* binds us all to Sympathize,
With such as *Mourn* in their Adversities.

But *Publick* Persons are a *Publick* loss,
Because more usefull, and more Eminent;
They in their places weep the greater cross,
And the more sad Occasion to Lament.
The Death of **Collamore** we must bewaile,
Our Glory's going when the Faithfull faile.

What *Offices* he bore of any kind,
He did adorn with Carriage full of Grace;
His *Modest*, *Humble*, *Condescending* mind,
Could freely yield to any in their Place.
To all Degrees above him and below,
His rightly Order'd Courtesy did flow.

Unto this *Province* and the *Government*,
He was a *Faithfull* and a *Constant* Friend;
In all the troubles which they under-went,
And what he had, was willing to Expend?
For the Promotion of the Publick good,
At any time in what he understood.

In *Scituate* 1st each Inhabitant,
Greatly Lament this worthy Person's fall;
Both *Rich* and *Poor* his Courtesy will want,
Who still was ready to oblige them all.
It was to many by Experience known,
He valu'd others good before his own.

He was the *Captain* of the Warlike traine,
Love was his Banner, *Love* was his defence;
Their Chearfull *Service* was return'd again,
His *Acceptation* was their Recompence.
In that Great Company Commanded Lord,
Where Mustered two hundred arm and more.

In *Judgment* sound, in *Life* Upright was he,
A *Zealous Member* of the Church was he;
His *Studies* and *Endeavours* were not small,
That so *CHRIST'S Kingdom* might Enlarged be.
A *Deacon* also Faithfull to his trust,
To do that only which was Holy and Just.

The *North Society* in *Scituate*,
Hath lost a *Leading* Man, and *Loving* Friend
Who ready was with *Wisdom* and *Advice*
On every good Occasion help to lend.
His *Care* and *Counsels* plainly did appear
To settle and maintain *GOD'S* Worship there.

A Faithfull constant *Husband* to his Wife,
He also Tender was and Provident;
True Peace they Cherished, and Humble Strife,
Enjoying what they had, with good Content.
GOD'S Blessing on their care and Industry,
Did yield them Comfort and Prosperity.

A *Father* carefull of his Children too,
Whose Love to Souls and Bodies did Exceed;
He spared not the best that he could do,
In Warning them to mind their latter end.
He did his just Commands meekly Dispense,
And they did humbly yield Obedience.

He was a *Master* full of Gentleness,
Whose care it was, things honest to Provide;
Obliging thus his *Servants* Faithfullness,
As he did in their diligence Confide.
So that to Serve him we may well Conclude
Was rather Freedom than a Servitude.

But *GOD* hath by his Sovraign Providence,
Of such an *Usefull Man* this place bereft;
A deep *Affecting* and *Afflicting* sense,
Is well becoming each one that is left.
We all in his remove a loss sustain,
Which sure *GOD* only can make up again.

Since therefore *All things come alike to all*,
This *Comfort* in our *Mourning* doth remain
Though *Duty* binds us to lament his fall,
Yet in our *Loss*, He hath the greater Gain.
For Dying in the LORD, *His Labours cease*,
And of such *Upright Men*, *The end is Peace*.

To *Old* and *Young* this Awfull Sudden Stroke,
Doth Testify with loudest Vehemence;
God uses by others DEATH us to Provoke,
While it is Day to work with diligence.
Let then both *High* and *Low* the *Rich* and *Poor*,
Lament the DEATH of *Captain* Collamore.

Printed at BOSTON *by* Bartholomew Green, 1699.

Gaudet Lawson.

Nov. 8, 1706.

I visited Mr. Bayley; find his sister Cheyny with him. He was very low at first; but after awhile revived and Spake freely; has been very ill this Moneth; especially last Satterday and Sabbath day night. Desired his service to Bro^r, Sister, Mr. Noyes, with much thanks for his verses which had been a great Comfort to him: . . .

Nicholas Noyes was born December 22, 1647. After his graduation from Harvard in 1667, he was for thirteen years minister at Haddam, Connecticut, but is chiefly known through his later ministry in Salem, which began in 1682 and continued until his death in 1717. During the Salem witch trials he was ardent in prosecution, and was in part responsible for the deaths which resulted, a fact which he later regretted bitterly. In addition to his ministerial services, he established for himself a reputation for learning, and found time to bring together the largest library of his day in Salem. As a composer of ingenious epitaphs and elegies he was, in the judgment of his day, unrivalled. Of these, in addition to the present specimen, the verses upon the Rev. Mr. John Higginson, and the Rev. Joseph Green, were the most celebrated. (Cf. also his verses on Mary Gerrish, p. 29, *infra.*)

And Elegies made of thine own.

None appear to have survived.

[*Groan,*] *Laugh, Sigh, Smile,* [*Cry,*] *Versifie?*

Well! if this Stone should do its worst,

The elegist's agile puns on the unfortunate disease of his friend call to mind another notorious exhibition of elegiac punning, Edward Bulkley's "Threnodia" on the Rev. Samuel Stone. (Included in Nathaniel Morton's *New-Englands Memoriall,* [1669].)

That rowl the Sisypean stone,

Sisyphus, in Greek mythology, was punished by being made to roll a stone uphill in Hades.

Thy dust be s[*af*]*e; for Christ shall find it,*

And leave th[*is*] *cruel Stone behind it.*

Simeon's song

When Jesus was presented in the temple. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." Luke 2.29.

May 28th. 1706.

To my Worthy Friend,

Mr. James Bayley,

Living (if Living) in *Roxbury*. A POEM.

MY Old Companion! and my Friend!
I cannot Come, and therefore ſend.
Some pity ſhould be ſhown to One
That's heavy laden with the Stone;
That's wearied out with fits of pain
Returning like Clouds after Rain.
Alas! my Brother, what can I
Do for thee, more than Pray and Cry,
To Counſel, and to comfort try,
And bear a part by Sympathy?
Excuſe me, though I Write in Verſe,
It's uſual on a Dead mans Hearſe:
Thou many a Death haſt under-gone,
And Elegies made of thine own.
Our Saviours Funeral Obſequies,
One Celebrates before His eyes;
And He the Oyntment kindly takes,
That for His Burial ſhe makes.
Two Saints array'd in glorious dreſs,
Appear'd, and talk of His Deceaſe;
Whoſe Death from thine did take the Sting,
And wholſome make that Poyſon thing.
And I have ſeen thine hand, and Pen
Play on that Cockatrices den
In meaſur'd Lines, as if inſpir'd,
And *Paroxiſms* had only fir'd
An holy Soul with flaming zeal,
That fleſh-pains it could ſcarcely feel.
What, in one breath, both Live and Dye,
Groan, Laugh, Sigh, Smile, Cry, Verſifie?
Is this the Stone? are theſe the pains
Of that Diſeaſe that plagues the Reins?
That ſlyly ſteals into the bladder?
Then bites, and ſtings like to the Adder.
Is this the Scourge of Studious men?
That leaves unwhipt ſcarce five of ten
And Whips them once, and over again.
In Chriſts School there's ſmart Diſcipline,
To make His Scholars more divine;
Bleſt they who do not take offence,
Whoſe joy lyes in the Future Tenſe;
Who when they are in moſt diſtreſs,
Love Chriſt the more, and not the leſs.
His Yoke is eaſy, burthen light,
To them that underſtand things right;
And none will afterward complain,
Who Hell eſcape, and Heaven obtain.
Well! if this Stone ſhould do its worſt,
It cannot make thee be accurſt:
For if thou ſhouldſt be Ston'd to Death,
And this way Pelted out of Breath,
Thou wilt like *Stephen* fall aſleep,
And free from pain for ever keep.
Great Pains, with as great Patience, may
Fall little ſhort of *Martyrs* Pay:
For Chriſts Rewards are all of Grace,
No Merit but His, in either caſe.
Our Lord thee good Example offer'd,
Who learn'd Obedience while He ſuffer'd,
Who for the joy was ſet before Him,
Endur'd the Croſs He bore, and bore Him,
Who though He Pray'd it might be gone,
Yet alſo ſaid, Thy will be done.
That Stone which Builders did refuſe,
For thy Foundation chooſe, and uſe.
Think alſo when thine Agonies
Are moſt intenſe, and force loud cryes,
They are not worthy to compare
With thoſe that Chriſt for thee did bear:
Yea, think what Chriſt for thee hath done,
Who took an harder, heavyer Stone
Out of thine *Heart* and it is gone.
Who did thy Wounded *Spirit* cure
Of Soul-pains, that none can endure,
And this is eaſyer to be borne,
For in the *Fleſh* abides this thorne:
And if Chriſt do not it remove,
Sufficient is His Grace, and Love,
To give thee comfort, and Support,
Becauſe this pain is light, and ſhort;
And works for thee the Glory great,
That doth exceed in length, and weight.
Beſides, theſe Torments cant compare,
With Torments that *Eternal* are:
For they are utterly undone,
That rowl the *Siſyphean* Stone;
Not they whoſe pains are limited,
And are releas'd, as ſoon as dead.
Add one thought more; that this diſtreſs
Makes thee partake of *Holineſs*:
The more the fleſh is hack'd, and hew'd,
The more Corruption is ſubdu'd.
Life is to thee the leſs endear'd,
And *Death* by thee is the leſs fear'd:
For it's but once thou haſt to dye,
And then Live to Eternity.
Thy weary Body ſhall have Reſt,
Thy Soul from thence forth ſhall be bleſt;
Thy duſt be ſafe; for Chriſt ſhall find it,
And leave this cruel Stone behind it.
One Stone Gold's truth doth bring to light;
Another makes Iron ſharp, and bright:
A third our grain doth Pulverize,
And Separate the chaff likewiſe.
Thine, all theſe profits bring to thee,
In nobler ſenſe than th' other three.
Thins proves thy Grace to be Sincere;
Of ruſt, and dulneſs, doth thee clear.
And makes thee Watch, and Pray, and long
To change thy groans, for *Simeon's* Song.
Though grinding pains thy nature bruiſe,
They fit thee for thy Maſters uſe:
And when thy duſt ſhall be refin'd;
Thou ſhalt be neither pain'd, nor pin'd;
Nor full of petrifying juice,
Hard Studies, Heats, and Colds produce.
Then ſhall hid Manna be thy fare,
In which no gritt, nor gravel are;
Yea, Chriſt will give thee a *White Stone*,
With a *New Name* engrav'd thereon,
To the Enjoyer only Known.

Lord, once thou ſaidſt, Ariſe and Walk;
Thy Words were Works; Mine are but Talk;
Be pleas'd to bid thy ſon, Good chear!
And ſay, Thy Sins forgiven are!
Then, Sink, or Swim; or Live, or Die,
He will thee greatly Glorifie.
Say ſo to me too, ſo will I.
A Man of Sorrow once Thou waſt,
And ſtill a fellow-feeling haſt,
So to Thy Pity, I commend
My ſelf, and my afflicted Friend.

Nicholas Noyes.

No. 11

CARMEN MISERABILE, A SOLEMN LACRYMATORY FOR THE GRAVE OF JONATHAN MARSH, JUNE 10, 1708

[*The Boston Athenaeum*]

SIZE, 8 by 12½ inches, with edges considerably trimmed. No other copy is known by which the missing portion in column two may be supplied. The sheet may have contained both signature and imprint. These verses present a curious specimen of elegiac language so tortured that clear elucidation of the author's thought is well-nigh impossible. The unwonted liberties which he takes with words would hardly seem to merit serious attention. He appears to be his own authority for his extraordinary usage.

Little is known of Jonathan Marsh aside from the facts recorded in the elegy. He was the son of Thomas Marsh of Hingham, and was born August 10, 1689.

hood-vail

To cover with a veil. The compound is not in *NED*.

The prest Elastick Heat cou'd not resay,

Meaning that the warmth of the body did not return.

Irall fire

The meaning is not clear. *Iral*, a rare word, means a precious stone.

rupt

To break. The author has wrongly used the word as a participle.

extillate

There is no such word.

The vast Eclipticks Oval

A reference to the ecliptic circle. *NED* cites Hobbes, 1662, "Does not the earth move in the ecliptic circle once a year?" In other words, Jonathan Marsh had attended Harvard almost two years.

since clouds Eclips'd our Light,

Probably a reference to the eclipse of May 1, 1706. Sewall has an entry concerning an eclipse on that date (*Diary*, II, 160): "Eclipse of the Sun, not seen by reason of the cloudy wether."

The staying Angel ne'r before

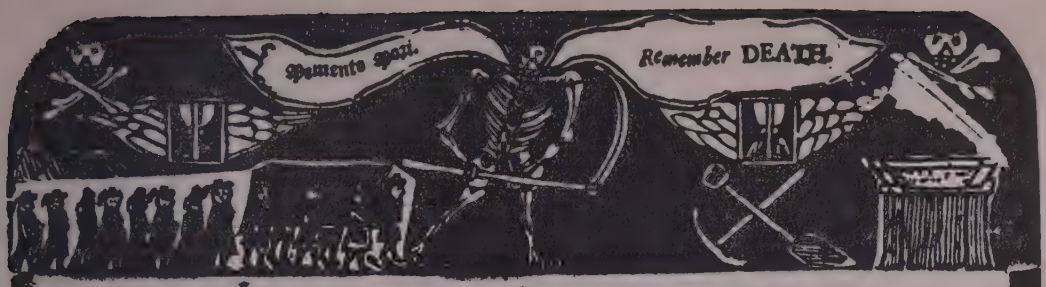
Possibly *ne'r before* in the author's memory. Harvard had been in existence since 1636, and there are records of other student deaths.

Qualis populea . . .

These lines, in which the present elegist found the title for his elegy, are taken from the Virgilian passage describing the mourning of Orpheus for Eurydice.

"Just as sorrowing Philomel, under the poplar shade, bemoans her lost young, which the clown, hard-hearted has stolen unfledged from the nest: but she throughout the night, seated upon a bough, renews her doleful lament, and fills all the place around with piteous wailings."

This quotation may have been continued in column two, and yet if so, why should the printer include the reference in column one?



CARMEN MISERABILE.

A Solemn Lacrymatory for the Grave of

Jonathan Marſh,

Junior-ſophiſter : Who Deceas'd at *Harvard College* in *Cambridge* : *June* the 10*th*. 1708.
Born at *Hingham* : Aged Eighteen Years and Ten Months.

A Groaning Eccho tolleth in mine Ear,
A Ghaſtly Viſage fill'd with *Panick* Fear
Draws nigh; deſiſt th' approach, hood-vail your (Eyes
And wave but the faint accent of your Cries.
I ſeel the ſwifter Fate: forbear to tell,
Or copious tides of Grief will proudly ſwell
Beyond their ſtated Bounds, vie the command;
Recoil, nor dare tranſgreſs the ſacred ſtand.
T'was known when firſt my vital Fumes were (bound,
Amazed Blood forgot to roll a-round,
Shrunk up for fear, congeal'd the *Springs* of Breath;
The true Effect declar'd the cauſe was Death:
The preſt *Elaſtick* Heat cou'd not reſay,
But the confining cold forc'd to obey,
Call'd in its Native power for ſupport;
The hurrying Spirits to the midſt reſort.
Vacate the trembling Nerves to guide the Pen,
That elſe the raging Flouds of Tears wou'd ſpend,
Which now are Agonizing in the Fount
To fill the Deeps and burſt th' Oppoſing Mount.
Ah! when regardleſs Death tears off the Branch,
It drives the flowing goar back with a ſtanch!
The venal courſe is ſtopt with furious Pain,
That elſe with liberal eaſe wou'd run a-main!
Humours and Words uſurp'd by Paſſions will,
Leave empty ſtrokes to exerciſe the quill!
Both Tears and Tones lick't up by Irall fire,
Lend dry rupt Sobs to extillate the Cryer!
The Gold-ray'd Nail near twice revolved round
The vaſt *Eclipticks* Oval, once had crown'd
The Candidates of Art with Diadems,
Textur'd with Laurels, while the plenteous Beams
Shone dazling joys, ſince clouds Eclips'd our Light,
But central Labours aggravate our Night.
The ſlaying Angel ne'r before did ſnatch
An Offspring while in the Maternal reach.
The Lion couchant Rampant now becomes,
Grown bold wreſts from the *goddeſs ſwadling arms.*
Is it to ſcourge our paſt profuſive ſpirit,
Or let us dearly know we do not merit
A double Jubilee to gain relief,
That Heaven ſucceeds the Inſtruments of grief?
Leaſt we ſhould ſurfeit with *Ambroſia* juice,
To learn us how to prize and how to uſe
Each grateful Worthy while his ſtar allows:
Or by the Object of an humble thought,
As thro' a mournful *Optick* we are taught,
That high-bred Sons of men conſiſt of clay;
Fevers may ſolve the bonds, then muſt they *crumb*
Extended feet, I haſte to read his Grave; (away.
Too eager ſteps no curious Kank can ſave.

Acroſtick-Epitaphium.

JONATHAN MARSH.
A man in Arts

I-N this void *Cenot-*
O-ne that Inger
N-or leſs Ingeni-
A Man in A-
T-H-A-

M-C
R-or
S-e
P

Dolores.

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela ſub umbra
Amiſſos queritur Fœtus, quos Durus arator
Obſervans, nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens Miſerabile Carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.

Virg. Lib. 4. Georg. Lin. 511.

No. 12

THE GRAMMARIANS FUNERAL, AN ELEGY PUBLISHED UPON THE DEATH OF THE VENERABLE MR. EZEKIEL CHEVERS, AUG. 21, 1708

BY BENJAMIN TOMPSON

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8½ by 12 inches. As is stated in the heading, this is a reissue. Printer and date of printing are not known for either issue. The broadside was included in Green's *Ten Fac-simile Reproductions* (pp. 30 ff.).

Of John Woodmancy, for whom the verses were first penned, little is known. There is record of a John Woodmancy, who died in Boston in 1684, but the record does not state that he was a schoolmaster. Robert Woodmancy, a schoolmaster, had died in 1667. It is barely possible that the two names were confused by the printer.

Ezekiel Cheever, for whom the elegy was reissued in 1708, was the most famous of New England schoolmasters during colonial days. He died in his ninety-fourth year, having taught continuously for seventy years. During the last thirty-eight of these he had been headmaster of the Boston Latin School. He was the author of several books, of which the most famous was his *Latin Accidence, An Elementary Grammar*. This text passed through more than twenty editions, and was used for more than a century wherever Latin was taught in New England. A summary of Cheever's life is appended to Sewall's entry concerning his death, as follows (*Diary*, II, 231):

> Aug^{t}. 21. Mr. Edward Oakes tells me Mr. Chiever died this last night.
>
> Note. He was born January, 25, 1614. Came over to N-E. 1637. to Boston: To New-Haven 1638. Married in the Fall and began to teach School; which Work he was constant in till now. First, at New-Haven, then at Ipswich; then at Charlestown; then at Boston, whether he came 1670. So that he has Labour'd in that Calling Skillfully, diligently, constantly, Religiously, Seventy years. A rare Instance of Piety, Health, Strength, Serviceableness. The Wellfare of the Province was much upon his Spirit. He abominated Perriwigs.

In view of such a life story, the appropriateness of Sewall's next entry calls for no comment.

> Aug^{t}. 23, 1708. Mr. Chiever was buried from the School-house. . . .

To Benjamin Tompson, his elegist, belongs the distinction of being the first native American poet. He was born July 14, 1642, in Braintree. He attended Harvard and, after his graduation in 1662, became schoolmaster and physician as well as poet. The *Records of the Town of Braintree* (Randolph, Massachusetts, 1886, p. 693), under entry of his death, state that he was "Practitioner of Physick for above thirty years during which time hee kept a Gram. School in Boston, Charlestowne and Brantry." He had immediately preceded

The Grammarians Funeral,

OR,

An ELEGY compoſed upon the Death of Mr. *John Woodmancy*, formerly a School-Maſter in *Boſton*: But now Publiſhed upon the DEATH of the Venerable

Mr. Ezekiel Chevers,

The late and famous School-Maſter of *Boſton* in *New-England*; Who Departed this Life the *Twenty-firſt* of *Auguſt* 1708. Early in the Morning. In the Ninety-fourth Year of his Age.

EIght Parts of *Speech* this Day wear *Mourning Gowns*
Declin'd *Verbs*, *Pronouns*, *Participles*, *Nouns*.
And not declined, *Adverbs* and *Conjunctions*,
In *Lillies* Porch they ſtand to do their functions.
With *Prepoſition*; but the moſt affection
Was ſtill obſerved in the *Interjection*.
The *Subſtantive* ſeeming the limbed beſt,
Would ſet an hand to bear him to his Reſt.
The *Adjective* with very grief did ſay,
Hold me by ſtrength, or I ſhall faint away.
The Clouds of Tears did over-caſt their faces,
Yea all were in moſt lamentable *Caſes*.
The five *Declenſions* did the Work decline,
And *Told* the *Pronoun Tu*, The work is thine;
But in this caſe thoſe have no call to go
That want the *Vocative*, and can't ſay O!
The *Pronouns* ſaid that if the *Nouns* were there,
There was no need of them, they might them ſpare:
But for the ſake of *Emphaſis* they would,
In their Diſcretion do what ere they could.
Great honour was confer'd on *Conjugations*,
They were to follow next to the *Relations*.
Amo did love him beſt, and *Doceo* might
Alledge he was his Glory and Delight.
But *Lego* ſaid by me he got his skill,
And therefore next the *Herſe* I follow will.
Audio ſaid little, hearing them ſo hot,
Yet knew by him much Learning he had got.
O Verbs the *Active* were, Or *Paſſive* ſure,
Sum to be *Neuter* could not well endure.
But this was common to them all to Moan
Their load of grief they could not ſoon *Depone*.
A doleful Day for *Verbs*, they look ſo *moody*,
They drove Spectators to a Mournful Study.
The *Verbs* irregular, 'twas thought by ſome,
Would break no rule, if they were pleas'd to come.
Gaudeo could not be found; fearing diſgrace
He had with-drawn, ſent *Mæreo* in his Place.
Poſſum did to the utmoſt he was able,
And bore as Stout as if he'd been A *Table*.
Volo was willing, *Nolo* ſome-what ſtout,
But *Malo* rather choſe, not to ſtand out.
Poſſum and *Volo* wiſh'd all might afford
Their help, but had not an *Imperative Word*.
Edo from Service would by no means Swerve,
Rather than fail, he thought the *Cakes* to Serve.
Fio was taken in a fit, and ſaid,
By him a Mournful *POEM* ſhould be made.
Fero was willing for to bear a part,
Altho' he did it with an aking heart.
Feror excus'd, with grief he was ſo Torn,
He could not bear, he needed to be born.
Such *Nouns* and *Verbs* as we defective find,
No *Grammar* Rule did their attendance bind:
They were excepted, and exempted hence,
But *Supines*, all did blame for negligence.
Verbs Offſpring, *Participles* hand-in-hand,
Follow, and by the ſame direction ſtand:
The reſt Promiſcuouſly did croud and cumber,
Such Multitudes of each, they wanted Number.
Next to the Corps to make th' attendance even,
Jove, *Mercury*, *Apollo* came from heaven.
And *Virgil*, *Cato*, gods, men, Rivers, Winds,
With *Elegies*, Tears, Sighs, came in their kinds.
Ovid from *Pontus* haſt's Apparrell'd thus,
In Exile-weeds bringing *De Triſtibus*:
And *Homer* ſure had been among the Rout,
But that the Stories ſay his Eyes were out.
Queens, *Cities*, *Countries*, *Iſlands*, Come
All Trees, Birds, Fiſhes, and each Word in *Um*.
What *Syntax* here can you expect to find?
Where each one bears ſuch diſcompoſed mind.
Figures of Diction and Conſtruction,
Do little: Yet ſtand ſadly looking on.
That ſuch a Train may in their motion *chord*,
Proſodia gives the meaſure Word for Word.

Sic Mæſtus Cecinit,

Benj. Tompſon.

Ezekiel Cheever at the Boston Latin School. He died April 13, 1714, and as the record continues, "left behind him a weary world, eight Children 28 grand children." His tomb in Roxbury recognizes his threefold calling as follows:

. . . Herse of Mr. Benj. Thomson
Learned Schoolmaster,
& Physician and y^e^
Renouned poet of N. Engl.

In addition to elegies and occasional pieces, Tompson was the author of *New England's Tears for her Present Miseries*, and *New England's Crisis* (1676). His poems were recently edited by Howard Judson Hall (Boston, 1924).

In Lillies Porch
William Lilly (1468?–1522). English grammarian and author of a more famous *Latin Grammar* than Cheever's.

Sic Maestus Cecinit
So sings the afflicted one.

No. 13

A NEIGHBOUR'S TEARS SPRINKLED ON THE DUST OF THE AMIABLE VIRGIN, MRS. REBEKAH SEWALL, AUG. 3, 1710

BY BENJAMIN TOMPSON

[*The Boston Public Library*]

Size, 8½ by 13 inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown. The Massachusetts Historical Society possesses a manuscript sheet containing two other Tompson elegies on Rebekah Sewall, although neither of them is written in his handwriting. The first is entitled, "A Neighbours Tears dropt on y^e^ grave of an Amiable Virgin a pleasant plant cut downe in the blooming of her Spring Viz. m^rs^ Rebekah Sewal. Anno Aetatis 6. August y^e^ 4^th^ 1710. [Ben: Thompson.]" (Printed in "Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings" [2d series], VIII, 388–389). The second of the two elegies very closely resembles the printed broadside here reproduced, and was obviously an earlier draft of the same verses. It is entitled, "A Clowde of Tears, sprinkled on the Dust of the Amiable Virgin m^rs^ Rebecka Sewel who Suddenly died August. 3 1710. Aetatis suae [B:T]." The present broadside was reproduced by Mr. Samuel Abbott Green in his *Ten Fac-simile Reproductions*, pp. 30 ff.

Rebekah Sewall was the eldest daughter of Samuel and Rebekah Sewall, and a granddaughter of Judge Sewall, whose *Diary* (II, 285) contains the following entry, written on the day of her death.

Our little Grand-Daughter Rebekah Sewall, born xr. 30. 1704. at Brooklin, died about Eight or Nine this morn. We knew not of her being Sick, till Dr. Noyes, as he returned, told us she was dead. The Lord effectually awaken us by these awfull Surprising Providences. My son

Ch.

** 490. 107.

A Neighbour's TEARS

Sprinkled on the Duſt of the Amiable Virgin,

Mrs. Rebekah Sewall,

Who was born December 30. 1704. and dyed ſuddenly, Auguſt 3. 1710. Ætatis 6.

HEav'ns only, in dark hours, can Succour ſend ;
And ſhew a Fountain, where the ciſterns end.
I ſaw this little One but t'other day
With a ſmall flock of Doves, juſt in my way :
What New-made Creature's this ſo bright ? thought I
Ah ! Pity 'tis ſuch Prettineſs ſhould die.
Madam, behold the Lamb of GOD ; for there's
Your Pretty Lamb, while you diſſolve in Tears ;
She lies infolded in her Shepherd's Arms,
Whoſe Boſom's always full of gracious Charms.
Great JESUS claim'd his own ; never begrutch
Your Jewels rare into the Hands of Such.
He, with His Righteouſneſs, has better dreſs'd
Your Babe, than e're you did, when at your breaſt.
'Tis not your caſe alone ; for thouſands have
Follow'd their ſweeteſt Comforts to the Grave.
Seeking the Plat of Immortality,
I ſaw no Place Secure ; but all muſt dy.
Death, that ſtern Officer, takes no denial ;
I'm griev'd he found your door, to make a trial.
Thus, be it on the Land, or Swelling Seas,
His Sov'raignty doth what His Wiſdom pleaſe.
Muſt then the Rulers of this World's affairs,
By Providence be brought thus into Tears ?
It is a Leſſon hard, I muſt confeſs,
For our Proud Wills with Heav'ns to acquieſce.
But when Death goes before ; Unſeen, behind,
There's ſuch a One, as may compoſe the Mind.
Pray, *Madam*, wipe the tears off your fair eyes ;
With your tranſlated Damſel Sympathiſe :
Could She, from her New School, obtain the leave,
She'd tell you Things would make you ceaſe to grieve.

B. T.

and daughter got thither before their Child dyed, and had Mr. Walter to pray with her. She was sensible to the last, catching her breath till she quite lost it.

The next entry reads:

Sixth-day, Aug^{t} 4th. Rebekah Sewall is buried in at Roxbury in the Governour's Tomb. . . .

Sewall's account of the procession suggests that even infant funerals were not without pomp.

For an account of Benjamin Tompson, see pp. 24–26, *supra*. He had himself lost a little girl, Mary, aged seven, March 28, 1700. There is a touching reference to her in the first of the manuscript elegies mentioned above. The lines, which end the piece, are as follows:

> Pleasant Rebecka, heres to thee a Tear
> Hugg my sweet Mary if you chance to see her
> Had you giv'n warning ere you pleasd to Die,
> You might have had a neater Elegy.

Mrs. Rebekah Sewall

By calling her *Mrs.* the author was paying a delicate tribute to this six-year-old child, since *Mrs.* was a title not usually applied to girls before they were in their teens. In colonial America, the title carried with it, in addition, a suggestion of such distinction as belonged to aristocratic birth or high office. Men and women in colonial records were more commonly referred to as *Goodman* and *Goodwife*.

I saw this little One . . .

In the first manuscript elegy, this line reads,

I saw this pretty Lamb . . .

The next three lines are identical.

No. 14

UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH, OF THAT PIOUS AND HOPEFUL YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN, MRS. MARY GERRISH, NOV. 17, 1710

BY NICHOLAS NOYES

[*The Boston Public Library*]

Size, 8¼ by 13 inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown.

Mary Gerrish, born October 29, 1691, was the tenth child of Samuel and Hannah Sewall. She had given birth to a daughter (Hannah) on November 10. There are various details concerning her illness and death in Sewall's *Diary*, from November 10 to 18, 1710.

For an account of Nicholas Noyes, her elegist, see p. 20, *supra*. These verses show him in a different light than those written on James Bayley.

Relates

Relatives.

As sad, and Lonesome as the Pelican.

The alleged solitariness of the pelican in English tradition had no relation to the observa-

Upon the Much Lamented DEATH,
Of that Pious and Hopeful Young Gentlewoman,

Mrs. Mary Gerriſh,

Wife of Mr. *Samuel Gerriſh*, the Daughter of the Honourable *Samuel Sewall* Eſqr. Who Departed this Life *November* 17*th*. 1710.
Being the Night after Publick Thanksgiving.

FAIR Ladies ſee, (if you can ſee for Teares)
How Death regards not either Sex, or Years;
Nor yet the beauty of the Mind, or Face,
Nor Pious Relates, Nor yet Perſ'nal Grace.
That bare-bones Scithe Cuts with Impartial Stroke
The Tender Lily, and the Sturdy Oake;
Parts Child, and Parents Mutually fond,
And Snaps in two the Matrimonial Bond;
Quite Wifeleſs, and half Lifeleſs leaves the Man;
As ſad, and Loneſome as the Pelican.
And rends the New-born Infant from the breaſt,
And Boſome, where it ſhould have Milk, and Reſt.
It breaks in pieces by a ſad Remove,
Brothers, and Siſters Bundled up in Love.
Don't it move Paſſion, and Compaſſion too?
And yet alas! we know not what to doe!
If we our Selves ſhould of their Council make,
Its eaſier to give Counſel, then to take.
Comforts, and Cordials won't be Reliſhed;
Rachel Refuſed to be Comforted,
Unleſs they could have brought again her Dead.
Should we with Tears Commiſerating Come,
Already there's too much of them at home:
And Breaſtleſs Babes that are left Motherleſs,
By Sympathy partake in this Diſtreſs;
And with their Uptight Tears, and Sincere Cries
Condole the little *Hannah's* Miſeries.
If at the King of Terrors we ſhould rail,
'Twere Sin and Folſy, and would not avail.
Such Courſe is void of all Religious ſenſe,
And faults the Wiſe and Holy Providence,
Which all things Wiſely doth, and well, and will
The Gracious Promiſe faithfully fulfill.
GOD's Works are Myſteries not underſtood,
And yet His Truth will make them work for good.
Then let us Wait, and Pray, and all Combine
To Bend, and Bow *Our* Wills to the *DIVINE*.
Silence becomes us, and Submiſſion;
For we ſhould come to this; *Thy Will be Done*!
Relates, Reſign to GOD your *Mary Gerriſh*;
Believers tho' they Die, yet do not Periſh.
The Daughter, Siſter, Wife of Youth, and Mother
From one Thanksgiving went unto another;
And left her Living Image ſtill behind
With ſuch as will to both in one be kind.

Poſuit, NICHOLAS NOYES.

tions of natural historians. It resulted from the Vulgate allusion, *pelicano solitudinis*, rendered in the King James version, Ps. 102.6, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness."

Condole the little Hannah's Miseries.

The child died the following April. Samuel Sewall speaks tenderly of her in the entries which record her illness, death, and burial. *Diary*, II, 307, entries of April 21, 22, 23, 24, 1711.

No. 15

GREATNESS & GOODNESS ELEGIZED, IN A POEM, UPON THE MUCH LAMENTED DECEASE OF THE HONOURABLE & VERTUOUS MADAM HANNAH SEWALL, OCT. 19, 1717

BY JOHN DANFORTH

[*The Boston Public Library*]

Size, 8 by 12½ inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown.

Hannah Sewall was the daughter of John Hull, mint-master in the colonies. She was born February 14, 1657/8, and became the wife of Samuel Sewall, February 28, 1675/6.

John Danforth, her elegist, was minister at Dorchester and the author of numerous elegies. He was born at Roxbury, November 8, 1660, was a graduate of Harvard in 1677, and minister at Dorchester from 1681 until his death May 26, 1730. James Blake's *Annals of the Town of Dorchester* (1750, p. 47) contains this mention of his poetizing.

> . . . He took much pains to Eternize y^e^ Names of many of y^e^ good Christians of his own Flock; and yet y^e^ World is so ungratefull, that he has not a Line Written to preserue his memory, no not so much as upon his Tomb; he being buried in Lt. Govr. Stoughton's Tomb that was covered with writing before. And there also lyeth his Consort Mrs. Elizabeth Danforth.

Of John Danforth's seven elegies extant in broadside form, five were written to honor women. (In addition to the present specimen, cf. Ford, 326, 358, 368, 503.)

The PATRIOT

Samuel Sewall.

Lucina's Dust

In Roman mythology, Lucina was the goddess who presided over childbirth. The author may be confusing her with Juno or Diana, with whom she is sometimes identified.

Wilson Pronounc'd the Promis'd Blessing then;

John Wilson, pastor of the First Church in Boston, observing that John Hull, as a young man, was extraordinarily dutiful toward his aged mother, declared that God would bless him, and make him to grow rich. (Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, I, 314.) The prophecy was abundantly fulfilled.

Quitting New-England's Coasts

John Hull died October 1, 1683.

Greatneſs & Goodneſs ELEGIZED,

In a POEM, Upon the much Lamented Deceaſe of the Honourable & Vertuous

Madam Hannah Sewall,

Late Conſort of the Honourable Judge SEWALL, in **Boſton**, in **New-England**.

She Exchanged *this* Life for a *Better*, *October*, 19th. *Anno Dom.* 1717. *Ætatis Suæ.* 60.

A Mind *Serene* is only *fit* for Verſe,
Deſerved by this *Honourable Herſe* :
Our *Ruffled Mind* can ſcarcely Think, *for Tears* ;
Trembling Our Pen, at This Great Death, appears.
The PATRIOT, now in Sorrow almoſt Drown'd,
Merits *Condoleance* from the Country round.
Shall We adventure theſe Unpoliſh'd Lines ?
Lucina's Duſt deſerves far Richer Shrines.

To Name Her *Father* firſt We'll not think much ;
We knew Him well, & Wiſh there were *More Such*.
Choice HULL the fifth Command obſerv'd ſo well
His Carriage to His Parent did Excell ;
Wilſon Pronounc'd the *Promis'd Bleſſing* then ;
The LORD of Providence too ſaid *AMEN.*
The *Hull*, ſoon *Built* upon, became an *Argo* ;
Deep fraighted with Terrene & Heav'nly *Cargo* :
Immortal *Vertue* gave Immortal *Name* ;
Long Life, *Power*, *Honour*, Added to His *Fame.*
Stretching his Courſe, Refreſh'd with Proſperous Gales,
Quitting *New-England*'s Coaſts, to *Heav'n* He Sails.

This Precious Fragant *Flower* was, when he went,
Heir of's Vertues, Left in's Heavenly Tent :
A *Paragon*, upon *New-England*'s Stage ;
Her *Piety* advancing with her *Age.*
Her Radiant *Graces*, of ſo Rich a *Worth*,
Pencils of *Angels* ſcarce can Paint 'em forth.

She was too Sparkling for *Plebeian* Eyes,
Heaven Bleſs'd SEWALL with this *Noble Prize* ;
Plac'd in the Chryſtal Sphere of Chaſteſt Love,
She Flow'r'd a *Race*, Devote to *Heav'n* above.
Full of *Contentment* and *Devoid* of Strife,
In Golden Characters She wrote her Life.
Her Mind, *Bright* & *Serene* : A Charming Sight :
No Saphire or Rich Ruby Shone ſo Bright.

Such was her *Courſe*, & *Choice*, & *Diſpoſition* ;
The Greateſt *Queens* may Envy her Condition.
Obſerving-*Ladys* muſt keep down their Vail,
'Till They're as *Full* of Grace, & *Free* from Gall,
As *Void* of Pride, as *High* in Vertue Rare,
As *much* in Reading, and as *much* in Prayer.
Wiſdom, with an *Inheritance*, She had :
Her *Charities* did make her Neighbours Glad.
When Darkned with Afflictions, in her Day,
Th' *Bright Cloudy Pillar* Guided ſtill her Way :
The Skie O'recaſt ; Yet in her *Cittadel*
The COMFORTER Vouchſaf'd to Shine, & Dwell.
Her Faith, Hope, Patience, Holineſs, and Love
(*Thank Heav'ns Free Grace*,) did All, moſt-ſted-faſt prove.
Up to the *Bleſſed-Seats*, Kind *Angels* bear
Her '*Parted-Soul* ; With *Hallelujahs* there :
To CHRIST, in Youth, drawn by His Saving charms,
Is now Incircled with His *Bleſſed Arms.*

The *Cares* of *State* & *Courts* are *Burdens* Great ;
Grief for *her Death* is a more *Preſſing Weight.*
Behold ! Our *Samuel* to the Utmoſt Try'd :
CHRIST's Alſufficient Grace, Ne're yet Deny'd.
Poor Borrowed Greatneſs dares not to Demur ;
Th' ALMIGHTY well Accepts your Offerings, SIR.
Whole *Hecatombs* you offer now in ONE ;
JESUS Remains ; You cannot be Undone ;
Exceſſive Grief, Saints well may Bluſh to own.
Long may You Stay, to Bleſs the Church & State !
Kind Heav'n, We Hope, will large Years longer Wait.
Strong Conſolations from th' OMNIPOTENT,
Let *Fill your Heart*, in your thus *Emptied* Tent !
And may your *Progeny*, ſtill Left you, Stand
Sacred to GOD, and *Bleſſings* in the Land !

Ita humillime Precatur
JOHN DANFORTH, *V. D. M. Dorceſtriæ.*

Her Charities did make her Neighbours Glad.

Hannah Sewall was possessed of great wealth. The pleasant legend that at the time of her marriage, she had brought as a dowry her own weight in pine-tree shillings, does not do her fortune justice, even at that time. She was her father's only surviving child, and at his death, in 1683, inherited his large estate, subject to the widow's dower. Her mother died in 1695.

The Cares of State & Courts are Burdens Great;

At this time Sewall was a member of the Executive Council for the colony, and Judge of the Probate Court of the County of Suffolk. He was made Justice of the Superior Court in the following year, 1718.

Whole Hecatombs

Hundreds. Strictly, among the Greeks and Romans, a great public sacrifice (properly of a hundred oxen). *NED.*

And may your Progeny

Hannah had borne him fourteen children, of whom only five survived infancy. Four were living at the time of her death.

No. 16

WORDS OF CONSOLATION TO MR. ROBERT STETSON & MRS. MARY STETSON, HIS WIFE, ON THE DEATH OF THEIR SON ISAAC STETSON, NOV. 7, 1718

BY NATHANIEL PITCHER

[*The Essex Institute*]

SIZE, 7¾ by 10 inches. The margins have been trimmed. Printer and date of printing are unknown. The cut, which is interesting as an attempt to portray the disaster realistically, does not reappear on any imprint which has yet come to light. Mr. Ford suggests that it was probably copied from some English illustration. (Cf. Ford, 438.)

Isaac Stetson, as the title states, was the son of Robert Stetson. He was the great-grandson of Cornet Robert Stetson, one of the earliest settlers of Scituate and founder of the Stetson family in America. Isaac was born March 15, 1696, and died unmarried. He was drowned by the fourth cliff in Scituate. His grandfather, Anthony Collamore, had died in a shipwreck off the Scituate coast in 1693, and had been lamented in a broadside elegy. (Cf. p. 19, *supra.*)

Nathaniel Pitcher, the author of these verses, was minister in Scituate from 1707 until his death in 1723. He was born in 1685, and was a graduate of Harvard. He is credited with other occasional pieces, among them an elegy for Mrs. Hannah Robinson and her daughter, who, like the subject of the present elegy, "perished in the Mighty Deeps." This second elegy is preserved in Samuel Deane's *History of Scituate*, pp. 398–399.

Belov'd [*as*] *Life, and to his Heart most Near;*
Bright [*Fa*]*ith, and Love, Obedience to prove*
By a Friend

There is no clue to the authorship of the second tribute.

Words of Conſolation to

Mr. *Robert Stetſon* & Mrs. *Mary Stetſon*, his Wife,

On the DEATH of their SON **Iſaac Stetſon**, Who Periſhed in the Mighty Waters, *November 7th. 1718. Aged 22.*

Iſaac Stetſon, Anagram.

'Tis Caſt on Sea : --- A ! Son it's Ceaſt.

On Sea being Caſt, his Life is Caſt away;
A ! Son it's Ceaſt, Thou finiſh'd haſt thy day.

WHEN th' Famous Patriarch, *Abram* of Old
Was Call'd by GOD (who oft to him foretold,
Of Wondrous things, ſhould be in future Times
And bleſſings, that ſhould Spring out of his Loines.)
To Sacrifice his Only *Iſaac* Dear,
Belov'd Life, and to his Heart moſt Near;
Bright Faith, and Love, Obedience to prove
Unto his GOD the GOD of Heaven Above,
Reſigningly he parts with his dear Son,
With Bright Devotion, LORD, *Thy Will be done.*

Hath GOD Remov'd from you your *Iſaac* Dear ?
Your Joy and Laughter, [*] turn'd into a Tear ?
Weeping in Floods, Orewhelm'd with Griefs, are got
Bewailing thus, *Ah!* *Iſaac he is not* !
Yet offer him, with Spiritual Sacrifice
Such GOD Delights in, ſuch He'l not deſpiſe.
What though he's Dead ; T'was but a Mortal Son
That you beget ; Life's Thread is Quickly Spun.
What though he die i' th' Seas, and ne'er be found
To have a decent Burial in the Ground ;
Yet in the ORACLES Divine 'tis ſaid
The Mighty Sea ſhall *Give up all her Dead.*
What though his Mortal Body Serve as Diſhes
Inſtead of Feeding Worms, to feed the Fiſhes :
And all his duſt be Scattered up and down,
As if the Windy Tempeſt Swiftly blown ;
Yet GOD Theſe Scatter'd, Shatter'd *Atoms* all,
Into one Body, Eaſily will call ;
And Re-unite them into Form Compleat,
When Soul and Body at the laſt ſhall Meet.

By Faith and Prayer, Submit ; Yea and Reſign
Your dying *Iſaac* to the Will Divine.
Altho' you've loſt a Son out of your Band
Yet bleſs the Giving, and the Taking Hand :
Then ſhall that Sacred Word be Underſtood,
That All ſhall work Together for your Good.
So Prays your Friend,

Nathaniel Pitcher.

[*] Mane, Signifies Laughter, or Joy.

A Sorrowful POEM upon that Deſirable Youth ISAAC STETSON *of* Scituate, *who was Caſt-away in a Sloop near the Mouth of the North-River, in* Scituate, *the 7th day of* November 1718. Anno Ætatis Suæ 22.

YOU Mourful Poets once more Dip your Quill
And Wrack your Muſes to the height of Skill,
With peircing Lines reach every Generous Soul,
And Paint the Breaſts that with Compaſſion Rowl
Relate the Story of a Tender Youth,
And Trace your Paper with the Lines of Truth.
One Buried in the Brackiſh Region where,
His Body Toil'd with anxious Grief and Care :
His Tender Father treads the fatal Shore,
Begging each Wave to Caſt his Son aſhore.
But cruel Waves diſdain his Pitious Cries,
And Thundring Billows Drown the Weeping Eyes.
He wrings his hands, he weeps and Rends his Hair,
In all the Agonies of wild Deſpair.
O Cruel Fate ! my Dolorous Groans ſhall Drown
The Noiſe of Billows Rowling O're the Ground.
My Drooping Soul with ſorrows ſore oppreſt,
Grow's Unacquainted with the Joys of Reſt,
He now Returns unto his Mournful Wife ;
Where he in Tears will weary out his Life :
And Pray to GOD, That when He ſee's it Beſt,
He'd take him to His Everlaſting Reſt.

By a Friend.

No. 17

AN ELEGY UPON HIS EXCELLENCY WILLIAM BURNET, ESQ; WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE SEPT. 7, 1729

[*The New York Public Library*]

SIZE, 8 by 13½ inches. Printed by Thomas Fleet of Boston, who at this time was doing a large business in ballads, pamphlets, and the like. The woodcuts which adorned these publications were made by a negro in his employ. This cut is probably his work.

William Burnet was born in Holland in 1688. He first came to America in 1720 as Governor of New York and New Jersey, but becoming unpopular, was transferred to Massachusetts and New Hampshire. On the occasion of his arrival in Boston, July, 1728, he was given a pompous welcome. Verses issued in his honor at that time are extant. (Cf. Ford, 554.) During his short term of office thereafter, enthusiasm cooled as the result of a controversy over his salary. The refusal of the colony to meet his demands had been upheld shortly before his death.

Burnet the Learn'd

The *Boston Weekly News-Letter* of September 11, 1729, in the article written on the occasion of Governor Burnet's death, mentions his library as his "chief Delight & Pride" and as "one of the noblest and richest *Collections* that *America* has seen."

With Manly Eloquence his Words were a[*rm'd.*]

Like Reverend Sarum

Governor Burnet's father, Gilbert Burnet, was Bishop of Salisbury. *Sarum* was the ecclesiastical name for Salisbury, as in *Sarum* missal, etc. The word had developed from a misunderstood abbreviation. *NED.*

AN

ELEGY

Upon His EXCELLENCY

William Burnet, Esq;

Who departed this Life *Sept.* 7th. 1729. *Ætat.* 42.

IN mournful Lays let *Melpomene* ſing,
And griev'd & penſive touch the ſolemn String:
While all the Nine their guſhing Sorrows ſhed,
To Mourn in decent ſort the Mighty Dead.
BURNET the Great no more muſt bleſs our Eyes,
BURNET the Learn'd, the Gen'rous and the Wiſe;
Gone, gone for ever, that capacious Mind,
The vital Breath all ſcatter'd in the Wind.
His Eyes Majeſtick now no more muſt roll,
All mortal Thoughts are vaniſh'd from his Soul.

Ye Scholars who in Lib'ral Arts excel,
In correſpondent Strains your Paſſions tell. (prov'd
Weep the bright Scholars who your Minds im-
Careſs'd your Perſons and your Converſe lov'd.
Say in what Raptures fled the Hours away,
When his ſweet Words beguil'd the live-long (Day.
Say how he charm'd you with his fine Addreſs,
While ſofteſt Airs the Gentleman confeſs:
But now no more you'l hear his charming Tongue
In flowing Eloquence glide ſmooth along.
No more expecting to his Houſe you'l come,
Nor fraught with Treaſures go exulting home.
In the cold Grave lies that capacious Head
Where bright Ideas like the Sands were ſpread.
The Memory has loſt its various Store,
And the Invention ſhall inſtruct no more.

Ye who in high Authority are ſet
Lament of High Degrees the certain Fate.
To Death ev'n Kings and Princes are accurſt,
Scepters and Crowns muſt mingle with the Duſt.
Even BURNET dies, who ſo few Months before
Was hail'd Triumphant to the joyful Shore.
What Millions pour'd around his ratling Wheels,
While riſing Duſt ſmok'd o'er the diſtant Hills!
What Pomp, what Splendour glitter'd thro' the Gates!
What Shouts aroſe in all the ecchoing Streets!
While Drums & Trumpets far were heard around,
And the arch'd Skies beat back the rolling Sound.
But Ah! No Greatneſs could ſecure his Breath,
BURNET the Great muſt yield to mightier Death.
From the chief Chair be carried to the Tomb,
And damp the Glory in the diſmal Gloom.

Ye fairer Souls whom the gay Nine inſpire,
Mourn him who tun'd your Tongues and fed (your Fire.
Well may the Muſes hang their drooping Wing,
For him who ſweetly like themſelves could ſing:
For him they rais'd the Voice & touch'd the Lyre,
Wound up the Strings, and bent the vocal Wyre
In alter'd Notes and ſolemn Sounds deplore,
The florid Fancy that muſt ſmile no more:
The Breath harmonious now for ever fled,
And the pale Lips ſilent among the Dead.

But chief in Anguiſh your ſad Boſoms rend
To whom he gave the tender Name of *Friend*:
How kind, how free, how gen'rous and how juſt
He kept inviolate the ſacred Truſt.
Warm to defend, and eager ſtill to praiſe,
His friendly Soul flow'd out ten thouſand ways
But now no more his Friends ſhall hear his Voice,
Nor in his Converſation e're Rejoice.
His Wit no more ſhall charm, or Rhet'rick move,
Nor his free open Air enkindle Love.

Farewel great Soul, tho' thou away doſt fly,
The faithful Muſe ſhall raiſe thy Honours high;
In her juſt Lines thy Character be read,
And o'er thy Tomb this Epitaph be laid.

Beneath the ſacred Honours of this Urn,
Round which the Muſes and the Graces mourn,
Lies once the Owner of a Judgment clear,
A flowing Fancy and a tuneful Ear:
A Rich Invention fruitful as the Sea,
A Memory Capacious as the Sky.
With Manly Eloquence his Words were ar
And the fine Author every Reader charm'd
His Policy was deep, his Reaſon ſtrong,
Like Reverend *Saxum* from whoſe Loins he ſprung.

FINIS.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *T. Fleet* in *Pudding-Lane*, near the Town-Houſe, where may be had His Excellency's Character.

No. 18

AN ELEGY OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN AND AWFUL DEATH OF MR. NATHANAEL BAKER OF DEDHAM, MAY 7, 1733

[*The Dedham Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8¼ by 11½ inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown.

Nathanael Baker was the son of John Baker of Dedham. He was born April 4, 1706. An account of his death is included in the *Boston Weekly News-Letter*, May 10, 1733, as follows:

> We hear from *Dedham*, That on Monday last one Mr. *Baker*, (Son of Mr *John Baker* Cornet of a Troop,) as he was riding home fell from off his Horse, and as 'tis tho't crack'd his Skull; he was soon after taken up, and dyed on Tuesday Night, not having spoke a Word after his Fall: He was a young Man, and just upon the point of being married.

This last detail may have supplied a hint to the elegist.

Come Melpomene, sing thou Tragi[c Muse,]
But [I] your mournful Subject now will [chuse]
In [doteful]! doleful Lays! [tu]ne up your [Lyre,]
O this our Son, in all his Strength and Pr[ime,]
When Youth and Beauty in their Lustre s[hine,]
How broken is the House, and desolate the [Wood,]
The Fields shall miss him, & the Herds that [rove,]
The Grass seems humble where he us'd to m[ove.]
But chiefly all his Friends with Anguish m[ourn,]
And have their Hearts with Grief and Sorrow [torn.]
Where are they now? where is he gone? ah [me,]
He feeds the Worms that can't be brib'd t[o flee.]
Young Marg'ret Fisher

If this be Margaret Fisher, the daughter of John Fisher of Dedham, as is likely, the prophecy of the elegist was fulfilled, for she died February 2, 1736/7, aged 25.

AN

ELEGY

Occaſioned by the ſudden and awful Death

OF

Mr. *Nathanael Baker*

Dedham:

A Young Man juſt upon the point of Marriage:

And Son to Lieutenant *JOHN BAKER*.

He fell from his Horſe on Monday Night the 7th of **May**, 1733: and Died the Wedneſday following, Ætat. 27.

COme *Melpomene*, ſing thou Tragi
Bu your mournful Subject now will
In ſad and doleful Lays! tune up your
And raiſe in us a melancholy Fire.
Say, fainting Muſe, how dreadful does it ſeem
That youthful, lovely, *Baker* is your Theme.
Aſſiſt ye NINE, or elſe I cant relate,
In Strains of Woe, that ſhall be adequate;
To the ſurprizing awful Accident.
Oh! boundleſs Grief, Oh! Tears that cant be ſtopt
I tremble tho' I only mourn a Friend,
That came to a moſt unexpected End;
It ſeems to me, my Song would give relief,
If I could imitate his Parents Grief.
But that I know is far beyond the Pen,
Or Rhet'ric of the Sons of mortal Men;
We can't expreſs by Words, they can't reveal
The Floods of Grief, the Agonies they feel.
O this our Son, in all his Strength and Pri e
When Youth and Beauty in their Luſtre ſ
Is hurl'd away to Shades of Death, and Glo
How melancholy is the mournful Room?
How broken is the Houſe, and deſolate the
And all the Places, where he frequented.
The Fields ſhall miſs him, & the Herds that
The Graſs ſeems humble where he uſ'd to
But chiefly all his Friends with Anguiſh m
And have their Hearts with Grief and Sorrow
All his Acquaintance bathe his Urn with
A ſprightly Youth, in midſt of blooming
A winning Aier, a manly Innocence,
A Converſation void of all Offence;
Nay comely too, and decent in his Mein,
A thouſand winning Graces in him ſeen.
Where are they now? where is he gone? ah
He feeds the Worms that can't be brib'd t

O ye his Brethren and Siſters ſay,
How kind a Brother now is mov'd away,
Into the Grave, from whence he cannot Riſe,
His Face ſhall bleſs no more your lo ing Eyes,
I fail I fail or elſe I would relate,
The boundleſs Grief of the unfortunate
Young *Marg'ret Fiſher* his deſigned Mate.
In doleful Strains the mourning Damſel Crys,
But Death is deaf to all her Agonies;
This Night he left me, but I little thought,
To ſee him die, I ſhould ſo ſoon be brought;
Oh! cruel Death your conquer'd Victim ſpare,
And let him once but beat the yielding Air,
To ſpeak one Word to me before he go,
And tell me ſomething that I want to know.
But Oh farewel! He's dying now e'en,
His Life and Breath is ſcatter'd in the Wind;
Farewell my Friend, my kind Aſſociate,
I thought that Heaven deſign'd you for my Mate,
My Heart is yours, only my backward Hand,
Was not ſtretch'd forth to tye the Nuptial Band.
You can't return, but I ſhall go to you,
Farewell ſweet Soul, Adieu, Adieu, Adieu.
But ceaſe to Mourn, your boundleſs Paſſions ſway,
God ſays be mute, therefore you muſt obey;
He governs all in Wiſdom by his Power,
And orders out your Lot from Hour to Hour.
And though by you, his Ways ben't Underſtood,
They always end in the Eternal Good,
Of thoſe that have an intereſt in his Love,
I wiſh you all this Bleſſing from above,
Dry up your Tears, and now like Chriſtians ſay,
Bleſſed be God, who gives and takes away.

FINIS.

No. 19

AN ELEGY ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF NATHAN STARR, B.A., JUNE 9, 1752

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

Size, 10½ by 16 inches. Probably a Connecticut imprint. If so, and if it were issued in 1752, it must have come from the press of Timothy Green of New London, since at that time he owned the only printing press in the colony.

Almost all the known facts concerning Nathan Starr, except the date of his birth, are recorded in the heading to this elegy. He was born September 6, 1732, in Danbury, where he died. He was a graduate of Yale College, of the class of 1750. His father, Comfort Starr, was one of the influential men of Danbury, and a notable benefactor in the town.

[*S*]*miling he sees the God-Head Face to* [*Face,*]
[*T*]*ells in sweet Songs the Wonders of his* [*Grace,*]
[*A*]*nd in it shall the STAR for ever move,*

This epitaph is cut on Nathan Starr's tombstone in Wooster Street Cemetery, in Danbury. For a photograph of his grave and his father's, see James Montgomery Bailey's *History of Danbury* (New York, 1896, opposite p. 506).

An Elegy

On the much Lamented Death of

Nathan Starr, B. A.

Who departed this Life, *June* 9th *Anno Domini*, 1752. Aged *Nineteen Years, Nine Months & three Days*; having been a worthy Member of *Yale-College*, near *Six Years*.— Not only the only Son, but the only Child of his Father, Mr. **Comfort Starr**, Merchant in *Danbury*, in *Connecticut*, and Grandſon to the Reverend Mr. SETH SHOVE, late Paſtor of the Church there.

AH! Blaſted Hopes of Parents, withering Joys!
Built on meer Air, and centering in Toys.
A Friend, a Child, is but an empty Name,
A gliding Shadow, or a pleaſing Dream.
Our Fancies riſe upon a waxen Wing,
When we our Hopes build on ſome mortal Thing;
The young and ſprightly, generous and brave,
Submit to Death, and lye down in the Grave.
Yet with their Offspring, Parents pleaſe their Eyes,
And let their tow'ring Hopes out-ſoar the Skies;
Their Children ſicken, then yield up their Breath,
And unexpected fall a Prey to **Death**:
Down drop the Parents Hopes below Relief,
And plunge their ſinking Hearts in hopeleſs Grief.—
Here's your own Caſe, dear Parents, now who mourn,
And with your Tears bedew your NATHAN's Urn.
How were your flatter'd Souls prepar'd to ſee
By this one Son, a num'rous Progeny:
Your new riſen STAR fill'd all your Hearts with Joy,
Your Joys and Hopes grew up as grew the Boy.—
In him you tho't to ſee your Hopes complete,
And in his Life find each deſired Sweet;
Him to enjoy you hop'd while num'rous Years
Revolve their various Seaſons round the Spheres,
That each new Year ſhould ſtill confirm his Strength,
And draw his Life to an uncommon Length.
But when your Hopes had labour'd up this Height,
The airy Baſis cann't ſupport the Weight:
The cruel Death clips off the vital Thread,
Shuts up the Scene, and your dear NATHAN's dead!
Your look'd-for Pleaſures flee purſuing Sight,
Veil'd with Death's Shade, and wrap'd in ſable Night.
'Tis pleaſant now t'indulge your painful Grief,
Whilſt Sympathy of Friends yields no Relief;
Could this but eaſe you, every gen'rous Heart,
Would ſhare your Grief, nay bear a double Part.
Alas! a gen'ral Grief would all be Vain,
Encreaſe of Mourners, but encreaſes Pain.
I'd rather draw paſt Scenes of your Delight,
Bring up your late ſet STAR once more to Sight,
Invite your throbbing Souls juſt to reflect,
On his ſhort Life, and only recollect,
His well-ſpent Morning, and the Path he trod,
Of early Piety towards his GOD.
To calm your ſurging Griefs, t'aſſwage your Pain,
In Knowledge view your Son's uncommon Gain:
While in the Sphere of *Yale* he ſhin'd, how bright,
How dazling, how refulgent was his Light?
Quick he imbib'd thoſe Arts, which form the Mind,
To all that's uſeful, generous, good and kind;
And as he learn'd, he liv'd, to GOD and You,
A Life complete, altho' his Years were few.

Surely the Youth was ſome Ætherial Mind,
By Heaven decreed in Fleſh to be confin'd:
From you to ſpring, and of you to be born,
Your Houſe to grace, and Kindred to adorn.
His happy Soul was of angelic Frame,
It's Nature and it's Tendency the ſame.
Whilſt here he liv'd he ſoar'd on flamy Wings,
His raptur'd Mind convers'd with heavenly Things.

Well, mournful Pair, drop all your doleful Notes,
Caſt up your Eyes, aſſume your Joys again:
Your STAR's not ſet, but ſhines divinely bright,
In the bleſs'd Realms of Day, and Robes of Light.
Your only Son, now both a King and Prieſt,
Doth at JEHOVAH's Table richly Feaſt;
On Beauties all divine, with ſtedfaſt Eyes,
Whilſt in his Breaſt new Joys do ever riſe,
Full Joys, unknown beneath theſe circling Skies.
His Paſſions all expreſs'd divinely Sweet,
His Love full-fed makes all his Bliſs complete.
Your STAR ſtill ſhines in the bright Realms of Day;
Your Son ſtill lives, then put your Griefs away.
Leave his dear Soul to take it's perfect Reſt,
Till you from Bands of Clay too be releas'd:
Wing ſwiftly upward thro' th' Ætherial Road,
With him your JESUS ſing, with him enjoy your GOD.

An Acroſtick.

NEar the bright Morning-Star our STAR doth ſhine,
And blaze in brighteſt Luſtre all divine;
The fav'rite Youth has gain'd the Victory,
High now he reigns above our ſtarry Sky,
Amongſt whole crowned Nations of the Bleſt,
Now is he crown'd, and in full Glory dreſs'd.

Miling he ſees the God-Man face to [illegible]
Tells in ſweet Songs the Wonders of his [illegible]
And joins in Chorus the angelic Throng,
Round Heav'n's high Arches ſounds th' eternal Song.

EPITAPH.

THE Orb is ſet in Duſt,
The STAR doth ever ſhine,
The Orb this Tomb ſhall burſt,
In Beauty all divine.
And in it ſhall the STAR for ever move,
In one eternal Round of flaming Love.

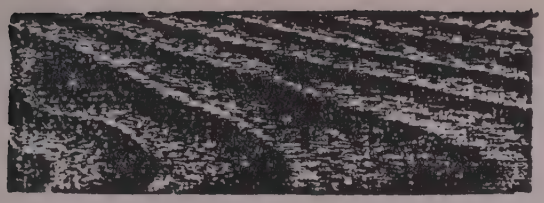
No. 20

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MISS MARY HEDGES, FEB. 17, 1768

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 9¾ by 15 inches, with margins trimmed. This may be a New York imprint, as the verses record a tragedy of East Hampton, Long Island. To judge from the cut, it was a sea tragedy.

Mary Hedges, the victim, was presumably the daughter of Stephen Hedges of East Hampton, since he had a daughter Mary, whose baptism, recorded of 1749, would check with the age of the Mary in this poem. The title states that she was in her nineteenth year. The author's concern for wayward youth, and his ministerial admonitions, suggest that the elegy may possibly have been written by Samuel Buel, pastor of the East Hampton church at this time. There is no record, however, to support this conjecture, except the fact that in 1770 one named Samuel Buell wrote verses on four other victims of drowning, and in 1775 published a poem entitled "Youth's Triumph." Both of these issues were New London imprints. They are recorded in Oscar Wegelin's *Early American Poetry* ([New York, 1903], I, 14), and may, of course, refer to another Samuel Buell. Discrepancies in the spelling of proper names are so frequent as to be of little significance.



THE FOLLOWING LINES

Were occaſioned by the Death of Miſs MARY HEDGES,

who departed this Life February 17*th*, 1768, *in the* 19*th Year of her Age.*

AWAKE my muſe, and ſtrike the mournful lyre;
Virtue and grief demand poetick fire:
Juſtice and love forbid thee to refuſe,
The humble tribute of the grateful muſe.
A lovely ſpirit from our world is fled,
A charming youth is number'd with the dead:
Death flung his ſhaft before mid-noon,
For us, alas! but not for her too ſoon.
Could fondeſt wiſhes kept her ſpirit here,
Parental love, or friendſhip firm and dear,
Fair piety, youth's rare, but high applauſe;
Or true religion's vaſtly weighty cauſe:
She ſtill had dwelt with us below the ſkies,
And ſav'd from anxious griefs that now ariſe.
Nature averſe to grief, would fain explore,
Why ſhe ſo ſoon muſt quit the mortal ſhore.
Had ſhe a longer date of life poſſeſs'd,
And we a longer ſpace with her been bleſs'd,
An empty manſion in the heavenly ſphere
Had been ſecure, had we enjoy'd her here.
But ſtop; advent'rous muſe! 'tis not for thee
To ken the wiſdom of the DEITY.
The grace that did her youthful life adorn;
Form'd her for bliſs above, in early morn;
Death flew, commiſſion'd by eternal love,
To waft her ſoul from earth, to joys above.
Doom'd to an early, not untimely grave,
The fear of death, by faith ſhe did out-brave.
Her ſoul, while here on earth, confin'd from home;
Panted in view of endleſs life to come.
" My father GOD, ſhe cry'd, with weeping eyes,
" I thirſt, I thirſt for thee, in cloudleſs ſkies!
He heard, he ſpake, " Go Angels wing away,
" This child bring ſafe to realms of endleſs day."
There now in everlaſting bloom of youth,
She knows each promiſe an eternal truth.
" That now no cloud ſhall veil, nor pow'r deſtroy,
" The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy."
Heark from on high, methinks ſhe ſpeaks, we hear,
" Drop not for me, my friends, the fun'ral tear.
" 'Twas right, 'twas kind, that thus the great decree
" Fix'd early death, and early bliſs for me.
" True happineſs attends my Father's call:
" If happineſs for one, why not for all?
" If abſolute perfection was amiſs,
" Then the celeſtial realms were void of bliſs.
" My bliſs, the more than balance of your rod,
" Your own yet more, if you ſubmit to GOD.
" Thus heaven's grand deſign will end in love
" To you below, to me, to all above."

No more my muſe, paint her ſeraphick lays,
Immortaliz'd in love, in joy, and praiſe.
Turn, and addreſs the pious young in years,
Who did lament her flight with flowing Tears.
And thoſe with whom the marble heart is found,
Who in their vice and folly ſtill abound.
Ye happy youth, who piety purſue,
Who have a Chriſt-like aim, and heaven in view;
Mark well the bright example of your friend,
Her faith triumphant, and her peaceful end.
By pattern, and by precept, taught to tread
The pleaſing path your happy friend has led.
Learn where your bliſs and vaſt advantage lies;
To know and ſerve the LORD, is to be wiſe.
Boldly purſue religion's glor'ous cauſe,
Believe each promiſe, and obſerve her laws.
In life, in death, joy in belief of this,
True virtue will be crown'd with endleſs bliſs.
Ye wanton youth, bound for Eternity,
Unfit to live, and unprepar'd to die,
Warm in the chace of falſe felicities,
Bold to contemn the glories of the ſkies;
Fond to embrace, and luſting to poſſeſs,
The helliſh-painted ſhreds of happineſs.
What leaden ſlumbers bind the captive ſoul?
Or pow'rs infernal act without control?
That you can exile Death, and Judgment too,
Forget eternal weal, eternal woe?
How can you meet thoſe awful ſcenes before?
When all your mirth and time ſhall be no more?
Stung with remorſe, rack'd by cold Death's embrace,
And the eternal vault now face to face?
When heav'n's thunders rock the world below,
And flaming wrath deſcends on ev'ry foe;
Where will you hide or ſcreen the guilty ſoul,
From the dread Ire that flies from pole to pole?
By life, by death, by all the force that ſprings,
From the full weight of everlaſting things,
Reſign the heart to CHRIST, who makes demand;
Believe, obey, or be forever damn'd!
Now ſeek, now chuſe the prize, and ſhare a part
In bliſs ſublime, that fills the boundleſs heart:
Angels will join with you, in deep amaze,
And ſtrike the lyre to everlaſting praiſe!

The EPITAPH *upon her* GRAVE-STONE.

This happy youth reſign'd her breath,
Prepar'd to live, and ripe for death.
Ye blooming youth, who ſee this ſtone,
Learn, early death may be your own.

Eaſt-Hampton, ex meo muſæo, March 1ſt, 1768.

Lot

No. 21

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN FLESH AND SPIRIT: COMPOSED UPON THE DECEASE OF MR. ABIJAH ABBOT, 1768

BY PETER ST. JOHN

[*The New York Public Library*]

SIZE, 7¾ by 10 inches. This American version of the Body and Soul Debate is interesting as an attempt on the part of the elegist to break away from the conventional tribute eulogizing the departed.

Further record of Abijah Abbot, whose death occasioned these reflections, appears to be lacking. He may, like his elegist, have belonged to Norwalk, where the Abbot family was numerous at this time.

Peter St. John, a native of Norwalk, was a schoolmaster. He was born January 11, 1726, and died January 4, 1811. He was a man of intelligence, and is said to have written many pieces. Among these is one of the best known of Revolutionary ballads, "American Taxation, Or the Spirit of Seventy-six exemplified in a song written in the golden days which tried men's souls." He is credited with various other pieces, several of which are extant.

A DIALOGUE between FLESH and SPIRIT: Compoſed upon the Deceaſe of Mr. ABIJAH ABBOT, who was kill'd at the raiſing of a Building in New-York, in the Year [illegible]; in the Name of the bereaved Widow.

FLESH.

WHAT diſmal Scenes of unexampled Woe,
I'm doom'd by Providence to undergo!
Few Minutes paſt I thought my Mountain ſtrong,
And fleeting Minutes ſmoothly paſt along.
No ill preſaging Fears oppreſs'd my Mind,
But now, alas! what ſtrows do I find.
I look'd around, and ſaw on every Side,
Both Peace and Plenty like a flowing Tide;
But now, alas! how awful is my Grief,
Too much to bear——admitting no Relief.
The doleful Object fills me with Surpriſe;
My Huſband's Corpſe lies pale before my Eyes!
How is ma Soul oppreſs'd with trembling Pain?
I ſeek Relief, but ſeek alas! in vain.
His awful Wound would not admit a Cure,
Nor can my Soul theſe ſorrows long endure.
Why did the Lord in this amazing Day,
Take all my ſublunary Joys away.
As in a Moment all my earthly Joys,
This fatal ſeparating Stroke Deſtroys.

SPIRIT.

Ceaſe thy Complaining, O, impatient Tongue!
It was the Lord, who cannot do the Wrong.
Had perfect Judgment to the Line been laid,
And Righteouſneſs been for the Plummet made,
Where, O, repining Fleſh! where hadſt thou been
Hadſt thou the juſt Demerit of thy Sin;
Conſider how unnumber'd Times,
Thou haſt provok'd the Almighty by thy Crimes?
Does not indulgent Heaven always ſhine,
And ſhower down Bleſſings with a Hand divine?
Haſt thou a Right, thy Maker to arraign;
Or of unerring Wiſdom to complain?
The Time, the Means, and Manner of his Death,
Were ordered by the Author of his Breath.
Twas not a blind, fortuitous Event,
That came by Chance, without a wiſe Intent.
The great Eternal, who preſides Above,
And to his Children manifeſts his Love,
Took but the Breath, which his own Spirit gave,
And hides the Caſket in the ſilent Grave.
He ſaw 'twas beſt in this ſurpriſing Way,
To take the Spirit from the Lump of Clay.

FLESH.

But O this fatal, ſeparating Stroke,
By which the matrimonial Tie is broke,
To take my Guide and Counſellor away;
My better Half, O, this amazing Day!
I look around, through Teleſcopes of Tears,
And every Thing a gloomy Aſpect wears——
My Infant Train, while weeping round the Clay,
Augment the Sorrows of this bitter Day.
O, how they wring their little Hands and Cry,
Dear Mamma, muſt our loving Father die?
Alas, alas! pray whither ſhall we go?
You muſt be Father and be Mother too.
Affecting Truth! diſtreſſing Weight of Care!
Too much for my poor broken Heart to bear!
Ill boding Thoughts, oppreſs my tortur'd Mind;
On every Side, a Weight of Grief I find.
The Time as well as Manner of his Death,
That awful Hour when he reſign'd his Breath,
Was circumſtanc'd to aggravate my Smart,
And all conſpire to break my wounded Heart.
His honoured Parents from their rural Seat,
We every Hour expecting were to meet
In a kind Viſit; but alas! my Woe,
No Mortal knows what 'tis I undergo!
How chang'd my State, on this diſtreſſing Day,
I with my Spouſe, give all my Joys away.

SPIRIT.

Ceaſe O repining Fleſh, forbear thy Tongue,
It was the Lord, who cannot do the wrong;
The Lord is won't his Children to chaſtiſe,
To wean them from theſe ſublunary Joys.
This World by Providence was not deſign'd
To be our Home, but we ſhould bear in Mind,
That we are mortal, and muſt ſhortly go,
To endleſs Joys, or everlaſting Woe.
'Tis true, the Frown of Providence is great,
To be bereaved of ſo dear a Mate.
And many Circumſtances ſeem to join,
To aggravate, and break this Heart of mine.
A Weight of Cares will conſequently flow,
Being a Father and a Mother too.
But Thanks to Heaven, I am not bereft
Of every Thing but many Comforts left.
How many deſtitute of daily Bread,
At every Door, petition to be fed.
Whoſe Cloathing in no Meaſure would ſuffice,
To warm their Bodies, ſhould a Tempeſt riſe.
No Houſe or Home, nor Habitation where,
They might be ſafe from the inclement Air,
While gracious Heaven bounteouſly beſtows
My Table crowns, my Cup it overflows.
Sufficient Clothes to keep our Bodies warm,
An Houſe to ſhelter from the raging Storm,
The ſacred Pages ever at my Side,
I may peruſe and take them for my Guide.
That ſacred Fountain, unexhauſted Treaſure,
O, may I read with Profit and with Pleaſure!
O, thou Eternal Conditor of Heaven!
Who haſt this Rule of Faith and Practice given.
Teach me to read thy Word both Night and Day,
And grant thy Spirit to direct my Way.
Lord guard my Feet from every fatal Snare,
And may my Houſe be thy peculiar Care.
Protect my Orphans in their Infant State,
And teach me Lord, my Houſe to regulate.
May they be early taught in Wiſdom's Way,
And be their Guide until their dying Day.
Lord thou haſt promiſ'd in thy Word to be,
A God and Father to my Babes and me.
I plead thy Promiſe Lord, do not deny,
It is the Word of him who cannot lie.
That Promiſe which Eternal Goodneſs ſpoke,
Sure everlaſting Truth will not revoke.
Thy awful Frown has brought me very low;
I'm ſcarcely able to endure the Blow;
Yet thy chaſtiſing Hand I would adore,
And humbly thy ſupporting Arm implore.
Shew Pity Lord, and lend a gracious Ear
To my Requeſt, and my Petition hear.

By PETER ST. JOHN, of Norwalk.

No. 22

ON THE DEATH OF FIVE YOUNG MEN WHO WAS MURTHERED, MAR. 5, 1770

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society* (Photostat)]

SIZE, 5½ by 12½ inches. This broadside was reproduced in the "Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings," LVI (1923), opposite p. 268. At the time of this reproduction, the original was owned by Mr. Frank E. Heald of Manchester, New Hampshire. The sheet was probably printed by Edes and Gill, publishers of the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal*. They had used four of the coffin cuts (said to have been made by Paul Revere) in the *Gazette* of March 12, and the fifth in the issue of March 19.

The elegy honors the five victims of the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770, an event which aroused all America, and especially Boston. Their names, indicated by the initials on the five coffins, were Samuel Gray, Samuel Maverick, James Caldwell, Crispus Attucks, and Patrick Carr. The hourglass on the coffin of Samuel Maverick was intended as a reminder of his extreme youth. He was seventeen years old. Patrick Carr lived until March 14. This broadside was probably issued soon after his funeral, which took place on March 17. A detailed account of the funeral ceremonies for the first four victims is included in the *Gazette* account of March 12, which states:

> It is supposed that there must have been a greater Number of People from Town and Country at the Funeral of those who were massacred by the Soldiers, than were ever together on this Continent on any Occasion.

John Rowe is more specific. He wrote in his *Diary*,

> . . . Such a Concourse of People I never saw before—I believe Ten or Twelve thousand. One Corps with their Relations followed the other then the Select Men Inhabitants. . . . *Letters and Diary of John Rowe, Boston Merchant* (Boston, 1903), p. 199.

By the 29th Regiment

In command of Thomas Preston. He was judged "Not Guilty" at the conclusion of his trial in October of the same year. For a complete account of the proceedings, see *A Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston*, published by the town, 1770. It is included in Frederic Kidder's *History of the Boston Massacre* (Albany, 1870).

King-street

Where the riot occurred. The funeral procession also started in King Street.

And let successive Years augment your PRAISE.

This Anniversary was kept annually until 1784, when it was supplanted by the Fourth of July celebration.

On the Death of Five young Men who was Murthered, *March* 5th 1770. By the 29th Regiment.

MOURN O my Friends, let ſolemn numbers flow,
From thy ſad thoughts, fit for the ſcenes of Woe;
For in *King-ſtreet* their breathleſs Bodies lay;
For Dead, ah! Dead for ever Dead are they.

By cruel Soldiers, five Men were ſlain,
Their everlaſting happineſs to gain;
And when fierce Troops urg'd thick on ev'ry Side,
They ſpurn'd their Fate, and ſpread Deſtruction wide.

Till in their Bodies log'd the fatal Lead,
Beat low the Force of Life, and left them dead;
They have made their Dreſs with ſcarlet Flame:
Like the deep red which ſpeaks a modeſt Shame.

My ſtreaming Eyes guſh plenteous o'er their hearſe;
While thus I ſtrove, the fading honours of my Verſe;
For who unmov'd can ſee their lovely Limbs,
Stretch'd on the Ground, and dy'd with purple Streams.

But now, O! dreadful thoughts, eternal Night,
Has cloſ'd their Eyes, and veil'd them out of ſight;
Shall then the Murd'rers eternal live:
And all the waſte of envious time ſurvive.

While their ſad Fate employs a ſilent woe,
And Death ſhall ſeize their Name and Body too:
Now live dear Youth's, green with immortal Baize,
And let ſucceſſive Years augment your PRAISE.

FINIS.

No. 23

A FEW THOUGHTS COMPOS'D ON THE SUDDEN & AWFUL DEATH OF MRS. FESSENDEN, MAY 30, 1770

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8 by 14 inches. The Milk Street address does not identify the printer with certainty, but the sheet may have been printed by Seth Adams and John Kneeland, who had a printing office in Milk Street about this time. The piece is of interest chiefly as a specimen of the funeral elegy turning into a ballad. It is less a tribute to Mrs. Fessenden than a tale of parted lovers for which her tragedy supplies details.

Mrs. Fessenden's death resulted from an accident, an account of which is given in the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal* of June 4, 1770. The elegist did not see fit to use all the details, which are as follows:

> Boston, June 4. We hear from Cambridge, That last Wednesday Afternoon Mrs. Fessenden, Wife of Mr. Nathaniel Fessenden of that Town, was unhappily killed by the following Accident, viz. A Number of Persons had been shooting at Marks, and after they had done, went to the House of Mr. Philip Beamis, Father to the unfortunate deceas'd, and put their Guns against the House, when a Lad of about 13 Years old, took one of the Guns not knowing it to be loaded, and snap'd it at a Girl in order to frighten her, when the Gun went off; but it missing the Girl, the Ball went in Mrs. Fessenden's eye, lodg'd in her Head, and killed her instantly. Mrs. Fessenden had her Infant about Nine Months old in her Lap, which providentially was unhurt. She was the only Daughter of Mr. Beamis; and it is remarkable the Gun by which she was kill'd belong'd to her Husband. Mrs. Fessenden was a Woman of unblemish'd Virtue, and her chief Ornament was *Modesty*—Her untimely Death is lamented by all her Acquaintance, and her Husband in particular, *refuses to be comforted.*

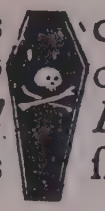
Election Day

The day provided by the Royal Charter for the election of Counselors for the province. On this day the General Court administered oaths to the members of the House of Representatives. There was a procession to the meeting-house, and an election-day sermon.

He kissed her Clay Lips so sweet,

It is unusual to find traditional ballad conventions of this sort in American funeral elegies. But by 1770, the elegist no longer spoke the language of the pulpit.

A few Thoughts compos'd on the ſudden & awful *Death* of Mrs. *Feſſenden*, wife of Mr. *Nathanael Feſſenden*, of *Cambridge*, who was ſhot May 30. 1770.



I.

I Pray all People lend an Ear,
To theſe few Lines which you may hear;
A ſtranger Thing you never knew,
Although it is moſt certain true.

II.

In Cambridge liv'd a loving Pair,
A tender Wife and Huſband dear;
Whoſe kind Behaviour was ſo free,
That in all Things they did agree.

III.

They always bore a conſtant Mind,
A truer Love we ne'er can find;
When very young they did agree,
As by the Sequel you may ſee.

IV.

For when in Love they did engage,
She was but eleven Years of Age;
But yet ſhe conſtant was and true,
This I affirm, for well I knew.

V.

A true Contraction there was made,
Betwixt this Gentleman and Maid;
And when to Age they did appear,
They married were, as we do hear.

VI.

They liv'd a very happy Life,
For this young Man ador'd his Wife;
And ev'ry one that lived by,
Did much admire her Modeſty.

VII.

She was a hopeful modeſt Youth,
And in all things ſhe lov'd the Truth;
A ſoberer one you'll ſeldom ſee,
But yet ſhe was both kind and free.

VIII.

She lov'd her Huſband tenderly,
And in her Heart he was quite nigh;
Their kind Affection was ſo ſweet,
A happier Pair did never meet.

IX.

But cruel Death hath her beguil'd,
She's left her Huſband and dear Child;
And ev'ry one that did her know,
For to lament her Overthrow.

X.

On Election Day we well do know,
She to her Father's Houſe did go,
For to reſpect her Parents dear;
But Oh! how dreadful 'tis to hear.

XI.

That ſhe away from home muſt go,
To meet this awful fatal Blow!
She had been there ſcarce half a Day,
Before that ſhe was ſnatch'd away.

XII.

This harmleſs Creature there did ſit,
Embracing of her Infant ſweet,
When Death did ſend this fatal Ball,
Which prov'd her ſad and diſmal Fall.

XIII.

Oh! how diſtreſſing 'twas to ſee,
Her ſent into Eternity!
Without one Moment for to know,
Where then that ſhe was bound to go.

XIV.

'Twas 'nough to make one's Heart to ake,
To ſee this awful turn of Fate;
And ſee her in her Blood to lie,
And in a Moment forc'd to die!

XV.

Her pretty Babe was in her Arms,
Not knowing or fearing any Harm!
And hanging on it's Mother's Breaſt,
When ſhe was ſnatch'd away by Death.

XVI.

Oh! how affecting it muſt be,
Unto all them that did it ſee!
This harmleſs Babe lay in the Blood,
That ran from it's Mother like a Flood.

XVII.

How diſtreſſing it was to hear,
Her kind and tender Huſband dear
A weeping over his ſweet Wife,
The Joy and Comfort of his Life.

XVIII.

He kiſſed her Clay Lips ſo ſweet,
When they were almoſt cold with Death!
Oh! this would melt a ſtony Heart,
That theſe two Lovers ſo muſt part.

XIX.

The tender Parents of the Dead,
Refuſed to be comforted!
And all the People every where,
In Floods of Tears they did appear.

XX.

And in the Year when ſhe did die,
Was Seventeen Hundred and Seventy;
She was not nineteen Years of Age,
When ſhe did leave this earthly Stage.

XXI.

And now to you her Huſband dear,
Be pleas'd with theſe few Lines to hear
Oh! now refrain your flowing Tears,
Your Wife is gone beyond your Cares.

XXII.

We truſt that ſhe in Heav'n is lodg'd,
With Chriſt th' eternal Son of God;
And in due Time I hope you'll be,
With her to all Eternity.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold in MILK-STREET, 1770.

No. 24

AN ELEGIAC POEM, ON THE DEATH OF THAT CELEBRATED DIVINE, AND EMINENT SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST, THE LATE REVEREND, AND PIOUS GEORGE WHITEFIELD, SEPT. 30, 1770

BY PHILLIS

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 9½ by 15 inches. Advertised for sale, October 15, 1770, in the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal*, as "Sold by Ezekiel Russell in Queen-Street, and John Boyles, in Marlboro-Street." The advertisement was repeated in other newspapers of the same month. For other broadside imprints which survive, see Ford, 1546–1560, 3388.

George Whitefield was one of the sensations of his day, both in England and America. He was born December 16, 1714, in Gloucester, England, and educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. While there, he came under the influence of John Wesley, and although he subsequently took orders in the Church of England, his unorthodox views and methods closed many pulpits to him, and he became an itinerant preacher, speaking in the fields as often as in the churches. He first embarked for America in 1737 on a mission to Georgia, and subsequently spent much of his time in the colonies. He made in all seven visits, most of them of several years' duration. His name was widely known, and his revivals the occasion for much opposition and controversy, particularly in New England, where his preaching did much to break up the old order. He died September 30, 1770, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and was buried before the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, in which he was to have preached on the day of his death. He was the subject of numerous elegies and tributes.

Phillis, his present elegist, was a negro servant, belonging to Mr. John Wheatley of Boston. She attracted some attention for a time, because of a volume of poetry, attested to be hers, which was published in London in 1773. It was entitled *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral.* Phillis was taken to London in that year and introduced to various persons of prominence, but her vogue was short-lived, and had more to do with her race and condition than with the merit of her verse. She died in 1784.

the Countess of Huntington

She was also the friend and benefactress of Phillis, whose volume was dedicated to her. She was chiefly known for her religious interests, having founded a sect of Calvinistic Methodists, popularly called "Lady Huntington's Connection."

the Orphan Children in Georgia

The occasion of Whitefield's first visit to America had been the establishing of an "orphan-house" in Georgia. It was built in 1740, at Bethesda, and was thereafter one of his dearest concerns. At his death, the management was left to the Countess of Huntington.

An ELEGIAC

POEM,

On the DEATH of that celebrated Divine, and eminent Servant of JESUS CHRIST, the late Reverend, and pious

GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of HUNTINGDON, &c &c.

Who made his Exit from this transitory State, to dwell in the celestial Realms of Bliss, on LORD's-Day, 30th of September, 1770, when he was seiz'd with a Fit of the Asthma, at NEWBURY-PORT, near BOSTON, in NEW-ENGLAND. In which is a Condolatory Address to His truly noble Benefactress the worthy and pious Lady HUNTINGDON,---and the Orphan-Children in GEORGIA; who, with many Thousands, are left, by the Death of this great Man, to lament the Loss of a Father, Friend, and Benefactor.

By PHILLIS, a Servant Girl of 17 Years of Age, belonging to Mr. J. WHEATLEY, of BOSTON :--And has been but 9 Years in this Country from Africa.

HAIL happy Saint on thy immortal throne!
To thee complaints of grievance are unknown;
We hear no more the music of thy tongue,
Thy wonted auditories cease to throng.
Thy lessons in unequal'd accents flow'd!
While emulation in each bosom glow'd;
Thou didst, in strains of eloquence refin'd,
Inflame the soul, and captivate the mind.
Unhappy we, the setting Sun deplore!
Which once was splendid, but it shines no more;
He leaves this earth for Heaven's unmeasur'd height:
And worlds unknown, receive him from our sight;
There WHITEFIELD wings, with rapid course his way,
And sails to Zion, through vast seas of day.

When his AMERICANS were burden'd sore,
When streets were crimson'd with their guiltless gore!
Unrival'd friendship in his breast now strove:
The fruit thereof was charity and love
Towards *America*-----couldst thou do more
Than leave thy native home, the *British* shore,
To cross the great Atlantic's wat'ry road,
To see *America*'s distress'd abode?
Thy prayers, great Saint, and thy incessant cries,
Have pierc'd the bosom of thy native skies!
Thou moon hast seen, and ye bright stars of light
Have witness been of his requests by night!
He pray'd that grace in every heart might dwell:
He long'd to see *America* excell;
He charg'd its youth to let the grace divine
Arise, and in their future actions shine;
He offer'd THAT he did himself receive,
A greater gift not GOD himself can give:
He urg'd the need of HIM to every one;
It was no less than GOD's co-equal SON!
Take HIM ye wretched for your only good;
Take HIM ye starving souls to be your food.
Ye thirsty, come to this life giving stream:
Ye Preachers, take him for your joyful theme:
Take HIM, "my dear AMERICANS," he said,
Your complaints in his kind bosom laid:
Take HIM ye *Africans*, he longs for you;
Impartial SAVIOUR, is his title due;
If you will chuse to walk in grace's road,
You shall be sons, and kings, and priests to GOD.

Great COUNTESS! we *Americans* revere
Thy name, and thus condole thy grief sincere:
We mourn with thee, that TOMB obscurely plac'd,
In which thy Chaplain undisturb'd doth rest.
New-England sure, doth feel the ORPHAN's smart;
Reveals the true sensations of his heart:
Since this fair Sun, withdraws his golden rays,
No more to brighten these distressful days!
His lonely *Tabernacle*, sees no more
A WHITEFIELD landing on the *British* shore:
Then let us view him in yon azure skies:
Let every mind with this lov'd object rise.
No more can he exert his lab'ring breath,
Seiz'd by the cruel messenger of death.
What can his dear AMERICA return?
But drop a tear upon his happy urn,
Thou tomb, shalt safe retain thy sacred trust
Till life divine re-animate his dust.

We hear no more the music of thy tongue,

The extraordinary voice of Whitefield is almost as frequently remarked as his doctrines. He is said to have been heard by 20,000 in his open-air sermons. Benjamin Franklin's oft-cited computation, based upon personal experiment, placed the figure at 30,000. *Autobiography*, "Works" (Smyth ed., 1905), I, 358.

Thy wonted auditories cease to throng.

The crowds that flocked to hear him were undiminished to the end. For his six o'clock morning sermon, the congregation would often begin to assemble as early as three.

When streets were crimson'd with their guiltless gore!

In the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770. Whitefield had given evidence of his sympathy with America's resentment.

his lab'ring breath

He had died of asthma. After speaking for years from forty to sixty hours a week, he had been obliged, toward the end of his life, to put himself "on short allowance," as he said. By this he meant, to preach once a day, and three times on Sunday.

No. 25

A HYMN, COMPOSED BY THE REVEREND MR. WHITEFIELD, TO BE SUNG OVER HIS OWN CORPS, MAY 1, 1764

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

Size, 8½ by 13⅞ inches. Three other issues of this hymn are extant. (Cf. Ford, 1555, 1556, 1560.) A fourth, which apparently has not survived, was advertised in the *Essex Gazette* of October 9, 1770, as printed by Samuel Hall, to be sold the following day. Verses on Whitefield were to be printed on the same sheet. The present issue is interesting as exhibiting neater workmanship on the part of the printer than was customary, even as late as 1770.

A

H Y M N,

Compoſed by the Reverend

Mr. Whitefield,

To be ſung over his own Corps.

Taken from the Original, May 1, 1764.

AH! Lovely appearance of death,
No ſight upon earth is ſo fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare.
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corps when the ſpirit is fled;
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lay in his ſtead.

How bleſt is our brother bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind;
How eaſy the ſoul that has left
This wearifome body behind.
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relicks with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

This Earth is afflicted no more
With ſickneſs—or ſhaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never will vex him again.
No anger henceforward or ſhame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And paſſion is vaniſh'd away.

This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breaſt,
Is heav'd by affliction no more.
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

The lids he ſo ſeldom could cloſe,
By ſorrow forbidden to ſleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repoſe,
Have ſtrangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no ſupplies,
Theſe hollows from waters are free;
The tears are all wip'd from theſe eyes,
And evil they never ſhall ſee.

To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While bound in this priſon I breathe,
And ſtill for deliverance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become;
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb.

Mr. Whitefield,

This FIGURE repreſents

dreſs'd as he was laid out & buried.

No. 26

A FUNERAL ELEGY, OCCASIONED BY THE TRAGEDY, AT SALEM, JUNE 17, 1773

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, about 10 by 17½ inches, with edges trimmed. The torn lower left-hand margin may have contained a colophon. These verses show the funeral elegy turning into a versified news account in ballad stanza. For other imprints called forth by this tragedy, see Ford, 1679, 1681. The *Essex Gazette* for June 22, 1773, prints a detailed account of this shipwreck, which is described as "one of the most melancholy and distressing Events that ever happened in or near this Place."

Thursday Aft[ernoon]
[and Thr]ee Men
The dismal Boat and Relicts they

Possibly *relicts* in the sense of *remains* of those deceased (a rare usage), or possibly in the sense of *survivors*.

Urns

Coffins. The word is often used in this sense.

Corpse

The next stanza suggests that the author is probably referring to the funeral procession.

A FUNERAL ELEGY, occaſioned by the

TRAGEDY,

At SALEM, near BOSTON, on Thurſday Afte[rnoon] - -the Seventeenth of JUNE, 1773; at which Time the 10 following Perſons, Seven Women and three Men were drowned, having been out on a Party of Pleaſure: Their Names are,

Mrs. SARAH BECKET, Wife of Mr. John Becket, jun. Boatbuilder, and Daughter of Mr. William Brown, deceaſed.—Mr. NATHANIEL DIGGADON, Tidewaiter, and Mrs. DIGGADON, his Wife.—Mr. WILLIAM WARD, Boatman, and Mrs. MARY WARD, his Wife, Daughter of Mr. John Maſury.—Miſs ESTHER MASURY, Siſter to Mrs. Ward.—Mrs. DESIRE HOLMAN, Wife of Mr. John Holman, Mariner, now at Sea.—Mr. PAUL KIMBALL, Cooper, and Mrs. LYDIA KIMBALL, his Wife, Daughter of Dr. Fairfield. Mrs. REBECCA GILES, Widow of the late Mr. Eleazer Giles, and Daughter of Capt. John White. Mr. Becket and a Lad were ſaved.

I.

AWAKE, my Muſe, and tune the Song
To harp a doleful Sound,
Enough to melt the mournful Throng,
Which echoes o'er the Ground.

II.

What Heart but feels the heavy Stroke
Sent by GOD's awful Hand,
When Ten poor Souls were lately caſt
Aſhore upon the Sand.

III.

Think, O poor SALEM, think upon,
And hear this dreadful Thing,
E'er let it paſs without Regret;
But fear your heav'nly KING.

IV.

Yet ten poor Souls I've heard them ſay
Went lately to the Bottom:
SALEM, O let it not be ſaid
Their Names were e'er forgotten.

V.

May we not ſay Fifteen poor Souls
Were plunged in the Sea,
As Five th' unhappy Women were
Advanc'd in Pregnancy.

VI.

A ſhocking Sight muſt it not ſeem,
And diſmal for to ſee
The loving Huſband and the Wife
Who once did well agree?

VII.

Now they embrace each other's Arms,
And take a watry Grave;
All Nature ſure it muſt alarm
To ſee that Men can't ſave.

VIII.

O who could bear to hear the Shrieks
And Cries none could prevent,
Among theſe wretched diſmal Souls,
It makes my Heart relent.

IX.

The tender Hand of Help was near,
No Help it could afford,
Though Friends were nigh, behold and cry
They could not get aboard.

X.

May grateful Thanks be ever paid
To MARBLEHEAD's kind Town;
Whoſe Hearts relent,* their Strength they ſpent
And ſav'd Two Souls not drown'd.

XI.

When Gentle, Simple, all agree
To lend an aiding Hand,
With Heart and Voice they now rejoice
To form a helping Band.

XII.

Their pitying Hand was kindly ſhewn,
May it remember'd be,
When Friends, Relatives, Neighbours were
So late drown'd in the Sea.

XIII.

The diſmal Boat and Reliſts they
With much Ado did ſave,
To SALEM Wharff they landed them,
For which kind Thanks they have.

XIV

Alaſs, who then but grieves and mourns,
With many a Sigh and Tear,
Beholding of their diſmal Urns,
Their Corpſe is drawing near.

XV.

Hark, hark! we hear the paſſing Bell,
Along as they do go;
Traveller, ſtop and ſhed a Tear,
This is a Scene of Woe.

* Surely no one can fully expreſs the horror and anguiſh of mind theſe people's friends at Marblehead muſt ſuffer (who are remarkable for their hoſpitality even to diſtreſſed ſtrangers: much more affecting then muſt it be for them to have ſuch a loud call from their relatives and neighbours for relief, without a poſſibility of affording them the leaſt help) on viewing them periſhing, as it were, at their elbows, they being ſcarcely one hundred yards from the unhappy Sufferers, and not able to lend them aſſiſtance, by reaſon of the tempeſtuous weather at the time this fatal diſaſter happened. It muſt ſhock the imagination, and cauſe the moſt hard hearted perſon to relent with pity and compaſſion, who reflects on the calamitous ſituation of theſe diſtreſſed Objects in general, but of the women in particular, the circumſtances of five of them being peculiarly critical, makes this mournful affair more affecting. O who could bear the excruciating pain of heart it muſt give the mourning Spectators on hearing the horrid, ſhrecches, diſmal lamentations and bitter groans of theſe poor ſouls on this ſolemn event, which ſeemed to rend the heavens, and to make all nature ſhudder! What female hearts, eſpecially of thoſe who are mothers, but muſt feel and ſimpathize with the tendereſt ſenſations of pity on this melancholy occaſion! What bowel of compaſſion but muſt yearn at this awful providence! In ſhort, ſuch was the direful conſequence reſulting from this amazing cataſtrophe, and which muſt form ſuch a ſhocking ſcene, that it can better be imagined than expreſſed: For even an attempt to deſcribe the ſame would be as vain as it would be impoſſible. Suffice it to ſay, we believe ſuch a tragical ſcene never before happened in NEW-ENGLAND or AMERICA ſince its firſt diſcovery, and GOD grant we may never hear of the like again. But may we all make a right improvement of ſuch an awful warning as this from GOD, who is continually ſaying not only by this but by many other awakening diſpenſations and calls, BE YE ALSO READY.

A FRIEND TO THE DECEASED

Price ½ Coppers.)

No. 27

AN ELEGY, OCCASIONED BY THE MELANCHOLLY CATASTROPHE, WHICH HAPPEN'D IN THE NIGHT OF THE 10TH OF AUGUST, 1774

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 9 by 14⅛ inches. The Milk Street office was probably that of John Kneeland, who continued to print here after 1772, when his partnership with Seth Adams was dissolved.

Boston's early history contains the record of many tragic fires. Cf. pp. 71, 75, *infra*, for other verses, not in elegiac form, written on the fires of 1760 and 1787. This fire of 1774 is recorded in the "Diary of Mr. Thomas Newell of Boston" ("Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings," XV [1877], p. 356), as follows:

> Aug. 10, 1774.
>
> This night, about 11 o'clock, a fire broke out in a large brick house in Fish Street. The fire had got to such height before the unhappy tenants were apprised of it, that the following unhappy persons perished in the flames: viz. Mrs. Ruth Murphy, far gone with child; Ruth and Catherine Murphy, her children; Mrs. Elly Flinn, and Mrs. Hannah Whittemore.

John Rowe, whose *Diary* of this period makes mention of many fires, does not speak of this one in Fish Street. Boston newspapers contain detailed accounts, which were widely copied.

Last Night! But Oh how dreadful to relate!

One of the numerous suggestions of immediacy in compositions of this sort.

An ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY

The Melancholly Cataſtrophe,

Which happen'd in the Night of the 10th. of Auguſt, 1774:

In which the following Perſons periſhed in the unrelenting Flames, which ſpread with ſuch Rapidity through every Part of their Habitation, that it was beyond the Power of their ſympathizing Friends to afford them any Relief, viz. Mrs. *Murphy and her two ſmall Children*, Mrs. *Fling* and Mrs. *Whitemore*, the Remains of whoſe Bodies being by their Friends taken from the Rubbiſh, afforded a Spectacle truly melancholly.

THERE's not a Day goes by, but we behold,
A Truth, that Men need often to be told:
That this vain World with all it's glitt'ring Toys,
Does but deceive the Mind with empty Joys.
This Truth, the melancholly Tale I ſing
To ev'ry Mortal's Mind will ſober bring.
Laſt Night! But Oh how dreadful to relate!
Five ſuch as we were ſummon'd hence by Fate!
When the bright Sun it's genial Rays withdrew,
And in it's Stead appear'd Night's ſable Hue;
When buſy Mortals quit the Scenes of Day,
Theſe, like all others, did to Reſt away;
To Reſt indeed! 'Till the Arch Angel's Sound
Shall rend the Graves and ſhake the rugged Ground.
When Sleep it's kindly Influence beſtow'd,
Huſband and Wife and Children too it ſhow'd:
But when the Fire! Oh moſt unnat'ral Day!
Did from our Eye-Lids chaſe ſweet Sleep away,
Nought to our ſympathizing View appears,
But a good Huſband drown'd in Grief and Tears.
Say you who do poſſeſs this tender Name;
You, who though two, are yet in Mind the ſame:
Say you whom Heaven's moſt indulgent King,
Has bleſs'd with Children blooming as the Spring;
What various Paſſions would your Minds poſſeſs,
By Turns the Huſband, then the Sire expreſs.
The Wheels of Time in quick Rotation mov'd,
And you depriv'd of what you dearly lov'd.
What pleaſing Schemes, and what fond Dreams of Joy,
Does ſuch a Night as this intire deſtroy!
Impartial Death, nor Old nor Young regards,
Though unknown Reaſons oft the Stroke retards;
Theſe unknown Reaſons here were far remov'd,
And old and young alike his conquer'd prov'd:
The aged Matrons now their Courſe have run,
And prattling Infants riſing like the Sun.
What pleaſing Scenes to Day may we behold!
And what dread Things To-morrow may unfold!
And what's more true than that which Iſrael's King,
Long ſince declar'd of every earthly Thing!
They nought preſent, that Man can ſatisfy,
But one by one is ſtampt with Vanity.

Sold at the Printing-Office in Milk-Street.

No. 28

A BLOODY BUTCHERY, BY THE BRITISH TROOPS: OR, THE RUNAWAY FIGHT OF THE REGULARS, APR. 19, 1775

[*The Essex Institute*]

SIZE, 15 by 19½ inches. Printed in Salem by Ezekiel Russell. This piece is more interesting as a contemporary news account of the battle of Lexington and Concord, than as a funeral elegy for the slain. The battle, characterized in the heading as an event "on which, perhaps, may depend the future FREEDOM, and GREATNESS of the COMMON-WEALTH of AMERICA," took place on April 19, and marked the outbreak of actual hostilities in the War of the Revolution. The news account here reprinted had appeared in Russell's *Salem Gazette* on April 21; the elegy, in the *Essex Journal and Merrimack Packet* on April 26. This broadside was probably issued soon after May 5, the date of the Salem item included. The conventionality of the elegy is easily explained. In the midst of stirring events, the author reverted to the traditional elegiac form, which long practice had made easy to write, and which would be understood by all. The torn portion of the news account reads as follows:

By an account of the loss of the enemy, said to have come from an officer of one of the men of war, it appears that sixty-three of the regulars, and forty-nine marines were killed, and one hundred and three of both wounded: In all two hundred and fifteen. Lieut. *Gould*, of the fourth regiment who is wounded, and Lieut. *Potter*, of the marines, and about twelve soldiers, are prisoners.

Mr. *James Howard* and one of the regulars discharged their pieces at the same instant, and each killed the other. The public most sincerely sympathize with the friends and relations of our deceased brethren, who gloriously sacrificed their lives in fighting for the liberties of their country. By their noble, intrepid conduct, in helping to defeat the forces of an ungrateful Tyrant, they have endeared their memories to the present generation, who will transmit their names to posterity with the highest honor.

The above account is the best we have been able to obtain. We can only add, that the town of *Boston* is now invested with a vast army of our brave Countrymen, who have flown to our assistance from all quarters. GOD grant them assistance in the extirpation of our cruel and unnatural enemies.

Salem, May 5.

On the nineteenth of April were killed, among others, by the *British* troops, at *Menotomy*, as he was courageously defending his country's rights, the good, the pious, and friendly Mr. Daniel Townsend, of *Lynn-End*.

Rob. Monroe, James Parker, Samuel Hadley, J. Harrington, C. Harrington, Isaac Mason, John Brown, John Raymond, Nat. Wyman, Jos. Meriel, Ephr. Cutler, Peter Wyman, Jos. Winship, Decem. Hoyt, — Reed, Capt. Miles, Capt. Wright, Capt. Davis, — Hosmer, J. Howard.

Asael Porter, Dan. Thompson, Jam. Miller, W. Barber's son, Isaac Gardner, John Hicks, Hen. Putnam, Ab. Ramsdill, D. Townsend, Will. Flint, Thomas Hadley, Henry Jacobs, Sam. Cook, Ebe. Goldthwait, Ge. Southwick Jun. Daland, Jos. Webb, Per. Putnam, Esq. Pierce. — Kennison.

A BLOODY BUTCHERY, BY THE BRITISH TROOPS: OR, THE RUNAWAY FIGHT OF THE REGULARS.

Being the PARTICULARS of the VICTORIOUS BATTLE fought at and near CONCORD, situated Twenty Miles from BOSTON, in the Province of the MASSACHUSETTS BAY, in NEW-ENGLAND, between Two Thousand REGULAR TROOPS, belonging to his BRITANNIC MAJESTY, and a few Hundred PROVINCIAL TROOPS, belonging to the Province of MASSACHUSETTS-BAY, which lasted from Sunrise to Sun-set of the Nineteenth of APRIL, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-five, when it was decided greatly in favor of the latter. Part of which has never before been printed. These Particulars are now published in this cheap Form, at the Request of the Friends to the Deceased WORTHIES, who died gloriously fighting in the CAUSE OF LIBERTY and their COUNTRY; and it is their Desire that every Householder in AMERICA, who are sincere Well-wishers to the AMERICAN COLONIES, may be possessed of the same, either to frame and glass, or otherwise to preserve in their Houses, not only as a Token of Gratitude to the Memory of the DECEASED FORTY PERSONS, but as a perpetual Memorial of that important event, on which, perhaps, may depend the future FREEDOM and GREATNESS of the COMMON-WEALTH of AMERICA. To which is annexed, A FUNERAL ELEGY on those who were slain in the Battle.

From E. RUSSELL's *Salem* Gazette, or *Newbury* and *Marblehead* Advertiser, published on Friday, April 21, 1775.

ON Tuesday evening the eighteenth instant, a body of soldiers under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel *Smith*, to the amount of about eight hundred men, embarked from *Boston*'s-Point, in *Boston*, about eleven o'clock, crossed *Charles*-River, landed at *Phipps*'s-Farm, in *Cambridge*, and marched immediately up to *Lexington*, near twelve miles from *Boston*; at sunrise they observing between thirty and forty inhabitants exercising near the meeting-house, the Commanding-Officer ordered them to lay down their arms and disperse, which not being directly complied with, he "*damned them for a pack of rebels*," ordered his men to fire upon them, and killed eight men on the spot, besides wounding several more. The army then proceeded to *Concord*, drew up on the parade, near the meeting-house, during which time the inhabitants from the neighboring towns collected and took possession of the adjacent hills; about eleven o'clock the firing began on both sides, which lasted near an hour, when the regular troops began to retreat, the provincials closely pursuing them to a bridge at a small distance, which the regulars took up as they passed; they then renewed the fire, and some were slain on both sides; but the regulars still retreated, and the provincials pursued them down to *Lexington*, where the regulars, about three o'clock in the afternoon, met with a reinforcement of about twelve hundred men, commanded by Earl *Percy*, with two brass field pieces; they again renewed the attack upon the provincials, but soon thought proper further to retreat towards their head-quarters, the provincials pursued them into *Charlestown*, where they arrived about sunset; taking immediately possession of *Bunker's-Hill*, about a mile from the ferry; the provincials encamped on *Prospect-Hill*. The loss on either side we have not yet been able to ascertain, but it is said about two hundred regulars were killed and taken wounded, among which were several officers: Two officers and a number of soldiers were taken prisoners. On the part of the provincials, we hear that twenty-five were slain, and several wounded. The above is as particular an account of the engagement, as can at this time be collected, in the present confused state of that province.

We hear an officer and his servant, with two pair of pistols, were yesterday taken and secured by our people, at *Roxbury*, on their way to Castle-*William*.

SALEM, Apr. 25.

LAST Wednesday, the nineteenth of April, the troops of his *Britannic* Majesty commenced hostilities upon the people of this province, attended with circumstances of cruelty not less brutal than what our venerable Ancestors received from the vilest savages of the wilderness. The particulars relative to this interesting event, by which we are involved in all the horrors of a civil war, we have endeavored to collect as well as the present confused state of affairs will admit.

On Tuesday evening a detachment from the army, consisting, it is said, of eight or nine hundred men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel *Smith*, embarked at the bottom of the common in *Boston*, on board a number of boats, and landed at *Phipps's farm*, a little way up *Charles*-River, from whence they proceeded with silence and expedition, on their way to *Concord*, about eighteen miles from *Boston*. The people were soon alarmed, and began to assemble, in several towns, before day-light, in order to watch the motion of the troops. At *Lexington*, six miles below *Concord*, a company of militia, of about one hundred men, mustered near the meeting-house; the troops came in sight of them just before sun-rise; and running within a few rods of them, the Commanding-Officer ordered the militia in words to this effect:—"*Disperse, you rebels—Damn you, throw down your arms and disperse.*" Upon which the troops huzza'd, and immediately one or two officers discharged their pistols, which were instantaneously followed by the firing of four or five of the soldiers, and then there seemed to be a general discharge from the whole body: Eight of our men were killed, and nine wounded. In a few minutes after this action the enemy renewed their march for *Concord*; at which place they destroyed several carriages, carriage-wheels, and about twenty barrels of flour, all belonging to the province. Here about one hundred men going towards a bridge, of which the enemy were in possession, the latter fled, and killed two of our men, who then returned the fire, and obliged the enemy to retreat back to *Lexington*, where they met Lord *Percy*, with a large reinforcement, with two pieces of cannon. The enemy now having a body of about eighteen hundred men made a halt, picked up many of their dead, and took care of their wounded. At *Munisony*, a few of our men, belonging to the detachment from *Lyon-End*, attacked a party of twelve of the enemy, (carrying stores and provisions to the troops) killed two of them, wounded several, took six prisoners, shot five horses, and took possession of all their arms, stores, provisions, &c. without any loss on our side; among those who were killed was a Lieutenant, who went with the provisions for his regiment, and to view the country, the officer of the guard who generally attends on such occasions being only a sergeant.—The enemy having halted five or two hours at *Lexington*, found it necessary to make a second retreat, carrying with them many of their dead and wounded, who they put into chaises and wagons that they found standing in the road. They continued their retreat from *Lexington* to *Charlestown* with great precipitation; and notwithstanding their field pieces our people continued the pursuit, firing at them until they got to *Charlestown* neck, (which they reached a little after sunset) over which the enemy passed, proceeded up *Bunker's*-Hill, and soon afterwards went into the town, under the protection of the *Somerset* man of war of seventy-four guns.

In *Lexington* the enemy set fire to Deacon *Joseph Loring*'s house and barn, Mrs. *Mulliken*'s house and shop, and Mr. *Joshua Bond*'s house and shop, which were all consumed. They also set fire to several other houses, but our people extinguished the flames. They pillaged almost every house they passed by, breaking and destroying doors, windows, glasses, &c. and carrying off clothing and other valuable effects. It appeared to be their design to burn and destroy all before them; and nothing but our vigorous pursuit prevented their infernal purposes from being put in execution. But the savage barbarity exercised upon the bodies of our unfortunate brethren who fell, is almost incredible: Not content with shooting down the unarmed, aged, and infirm, they disregarded the cries of the wounded, killing them without mercy, and mangling their bodies in the most shocking manner.

We have the pleasure to say, that notwithstanding the highest provocations given by the enemy, not one instance of cruelty that we have heard of, was committed by our victorious militia; but, listening to the merciful dictates of the christian religion, they "breathed higher sentiments of humanity."

By an account of the loss of the enemy, said to have come from an officer of one of the men of war, it appears that sixty-five of the regulars, and forty-nine marines were killed, and one hundred and three of both wounded: In all two hundred and fifteen. Lieut. *Gould*, of the [illegible] regiment, who is wounded, and Lieut. *Potter*, of the marines, and about [illegible] soldiers, are prisoners.

Mr. *James Howard* and one of the regulars charged their pieces at the same instant, and each killed the other.

The public most sincerely sympathize with the wounded and relations of our deceased brethren, who gloriously sacrificed their lives in fighting for the liberties of their country. By their noble, intrepid conduct, they have enabled us to defeat the forces of an ungrateful Tyrant, they have endeared to the present generation, and will transmit their names with honor.

The above account is the best that the town of *Boston* is now in a capacity to give. We can only add, who have sworn to our assistance from [illegible] of our brave Countrymen. GOD grant them assistance in the extirpation of our cruel and unnatural foes.

SALEM, Apr. 25.

ON the nineteenth of April were killed [illegible] by the *British* troops, at *Menotomy*, as he was courageously [illegible] his country's rights, the good, the pious, and friendly Mr. DANIEL TOWNSEND, of *Lynn-End*. He was a constant and ready friend to the poor and afflicted; a good adviser in case of difficulty, and an able, mild, and sincere reprover of those who were out of the way. In short, he was a friend to his country, a blessing to society, and an ornament to the church, of which he was a member. He has left an amiable consort, and five young children, to bewail the loss.

Lie, valiant *Townsend*, in the peaceful grave.—We trust
Immortal honors mingle with thy dust.
What! tho' thy body struggled in the gore!
So did thy Savior's body long before!
And as he rais'd his own, by power divine;
So the same power shall also quicken thine,
And in eternal glory, mayst thou shine.

On Thursday the twentieth past, the bodies of eleven of the unfortunate persons who fell in the battle, were collected together and buried at *Medford*.

And on Friday the bodies of Messieurs HENRY JACOBS, SAMUEL COOK, EBENEZER GOLDTHWAIT, GEORGE SOUTHWICK, BENJAMIN DALAND, jun. JOTHAM WEBB, and PERLEY PUTNAM, of *Danvers*, who were likewise slain fighting in the GLORIOUS CAUSE OF LIBERTY AND THEIR COUNTRY, on the nineteenth of April, were respectfully interred among their friends in the different parishes belonging to that town, their corpse being attended to the place of interment by two companies of minute-men from this place, and a large concourse of people from this and the neighbouring towns; previous to their interment, an excellent and well-adapted prayer was delivered by the Reverend Mr. HOLT, of that place.

Same day the remains of Messieurs ASAEL PORTER and DANIEL THOMPSON, of *Woburn*, who also fell victims to tyranny, were decently interred at that place, attended to the grave by a multitude of persons who assembled on the occasion from that and the neighboring towns. Before they were interred, a very suitable sermon and prayer was delivered by the Reverend Mr. SHERMAN.

Captain *Thomas Knight*, of the fifth regiment died at *Boston* next day after the engagement, of his wounds he received in the same. He was greatly regretted, being esteemed one of the best officers among the King's troops.

Lieut. *Hall*, of the regulars, died of his wounds on Wednesday last at the provincial hospital: His remains were next day conveyed to *Charlestown*, attended by a company of provincials, and several officers of distinction, and there delivered to the order of General *Gage*. Twenty-three wounded soldiers lately died at the Castle.

Lieutenant *Hawkshaw* was wounded in the cheek, and it is tho't will not recover.

Lieutenant *Gore*, was wounded in the arm: About 12 other officers are wounded.

We can assure the public, from the best authority, that our brethren, of all the colonies which we can yet have heard from are firm and unshaken in their attachment to the common cause of *America*; and that they are now ready, with their lives and fortunes, to assist us in defeating the cruel designs of our implacable enemies.

We have received no particulars of the transactions between General *Gage* and the inhabitants of *Boston*. It is certain that the people have delivered up their arms; very few of them have, however, been permitted to leave the town, notwithstanding the promise of the General.

The following is a List of the Provincials who were KILLED and WOUNDED.

BELONGING TO *LEXINGTON*.

KILLED.

1 * Mr. ROBERT MONROE,
2 * Mr. JONAS PARKER,
3 * Mr. SAMUEL HADLEY,
4 * Mr. JONATHAN HARRINGTON,
5 * Mr. CALEB HARRINGTON,
6 * Mr. ISAAC MUZZY,
7 * Mr. JOHN BROWN,
8 Mr. JOHN RAYMOND,
9 Mr. NATHANIEL WYMAN,
10 JEDIDIAH MONROE.

WOUNDED.

1 Mr. JOHN ROBBINS,
2 Mr. JOHN TIDD,
3 Mr. SOLOMON PIERCE,
4 Mr. THOMAS WINSHIP,
5 Mr. NATHAN FARMER,
6 Mr. JOSEPH COMBS,
7 Mr. EBENEZER MUNROE,
8 Mr. FRANCIS BROWN,
9 PRINCE, EASTERBROOKS, (a Negro Man.)

MENOTOMY.

KILLED.

11 Mr. JASON RUSSELL,
12 Mr. JABEZ WYMAN,
13 JASON WINSHIP.

MISSING, (supposed to be on board one of the men of war.)

Mr. SAMUEL FROST,
Mr. SETH RUSSELL,

SUDBURY.

KILLED.

14 DEACON HAYNES,
15 Mr. —— REED.

CONCORD.

KILLED.

16 Captain JAMES MILES.

BEDFORD.

KILLED.

17 Captain JONATHAN WILSON.

ACTON.

KILLED.

18 Captain DAVIS,
19 Mr. —— HOSMER,
20 Mr. JAMES HOWARD.

WOBURN.

KILLED.

21 * Mr. ASAEL PORTER,
22 Mr. DANIEL THOMPSON.

WOUNDED

10 Mr. GEORGE REED,
11 Mr. JACOB BACON.

CHARLESTOWN

23 Mr. JAMES MILLER, 24 Capt. WILLIAM BARBER'S Son, aged 14.

BROOKLINE.

KILLED.

25 ISAAC GARDINER, Esquire.

CAMBRIDGE.

KILLED.

26 Mr. JOHN HICKS.

MEDFORD.

KILLED.

27 Mr. HENRY PUTNAM.

WOUNDED.

12 Mr. WILBRAM POLLY.

LYNN.

KILLED.

28 Mr. ABEDNEGO RAMSDELL,
29 DANIEL TOWNSEND,
30 WILLIAM FLINT,
31 THOMAS HADLEY.

WOUNDED.

13 Mr. JOSHUA FELT,
14 Mr. TIMOTHY MUNROE.

DANVERS.

KILLED.

32 Mr. HENRY JACOBS,
33 Mr. SAMUEL COOK,
34 Mr. EBENEZER GOLDTHWAIT,
35 Mr. GEORGE SOUTHWICK,
36 Mr. BENJAMIN DALAND, jun.
37 Mr. JOTHAM WEBB,
38 PERLEY PUTNAM.

WOUNDED.

15 Mr. NATHAN PUTNAM,
16 Mr. DENNIS WALLIS.

SALEM.

KILLED.

39 Mr. BENJAMIN PIERCE.

BEVERLY.

KILLED.

40 —— KENNISON.

WOUNDED.

17 Mr. SAMUEL WOODBURY.
18 Mr. NATHANIEL CLEAVES.

FRAMINGHAM.

19 Mr —— HEMENWAY.

BEDFORD.

20 Mr. JOHN LANE.

Those distinguished with this mark [*] were killed by the first Fire of the enemy.

SALEM, N. E. Printed and Sold by E. RUSSELL, at his Printing-Office, removed next Door to JOHN TURNER, Esq; in the Main-street.

A FUNERAL ELEGY, TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY

Of those WORTHIES, who were slain in the Battle of CONCORD, April 19. 1775.

AID me ye nine! my muse assist,
A sad tale to relate,
When such a number of brave men
Met their unhappy fate.
At *Lexington* they met their foe
Completely all equip'd,
Their guns and swords made glit'ring show;
But their base scheme was nipp'd.

Americans, go drop a tear
Where your slain brethren lay!
O! mourn and sympathize for them
O! weep this very day!
What shall we say to this loud call
From the Almighty sent;
It surely bids both great and small
Seek GOD's face and repent.
Words can't express the ghastly scene
That here presents to view,
When forty our brave Countrymen
Sure bid their friends adieu.
To think how awful it must seem,
To hear widows relent
Their husbands and their children
Who to the grave was sent.

The tender babes, may thule weep.
O! dismal cruel death!
To snatch their fondest parents dear,
And leave them thus bereft.
O! *Lexington*, your loss is great!
Alass! too great to tell,
But justice bids me to relate
What to you has befell.
Ten of your hardy, brave souls
Some in their prime did fall;
May we no more have noise of guns
To terrify us all.
Let's not forget the *Danvers* too,
So late in battle slain,
Their courage and their valor shews
Upon the crimson'd plain.

See's of your youthful sprightly sons
In the fierce fight were slain.
O! may your loss be all made up,
And prove a lasting gain.
Cambridge and *Medford*'s loss is great,
Though not like *Acton*'s town,
Where three fierce military foes
Met their untimely doom.
Menotomy and *Charlestown* met
Full two and twenty strokes,
In laying five your brave townsmen
Who fell by tyrant's yoke.
Unhappy *Lynn* and *Beverly*,
Your loss I do bemoan,
Five your brave sons in dust doth lye,
Who late were in their bloom.

Bedford, *Woburn*, *Sudbury*, too,
Have suffer'd most severe,
You miss five of your choicest shore,
On them let's drop a tear.
Concord your Captain's fate rehearse,
His loss is felt severe.
Come, brethren, join with me in verse,
His memory hence revere.
O 'Squire *Gardiner*'s death we feel,
And sympathizing mourn,
Let's drop a tear when it we tell,
And view his hapless urn.
We sore regret poor *Pierce*'s death,
A stroke to *Salem*'s town,
Where tears did flow from ev'ry brow,
When the sad tidings come.

The groans of wounded, dying men,
Would melt the stoutest soul,
O! how it strikes thro' ev'ry vein,
My flesh and blood runs cold.
May all prepare to meet their fate
At GOD's tribunal bar,
And may war's terrible alarm
For death us now prepare.
Your Country calls you far and near,
America's foes 'wake,
Your helmet, buckler, and your spear,
The LORD's own arm now take.
His shield will keep us from all harm,
Tho' thousands 'gainst us rise,
His buckler we must sure put on,
If we would win the prize.

No. 29

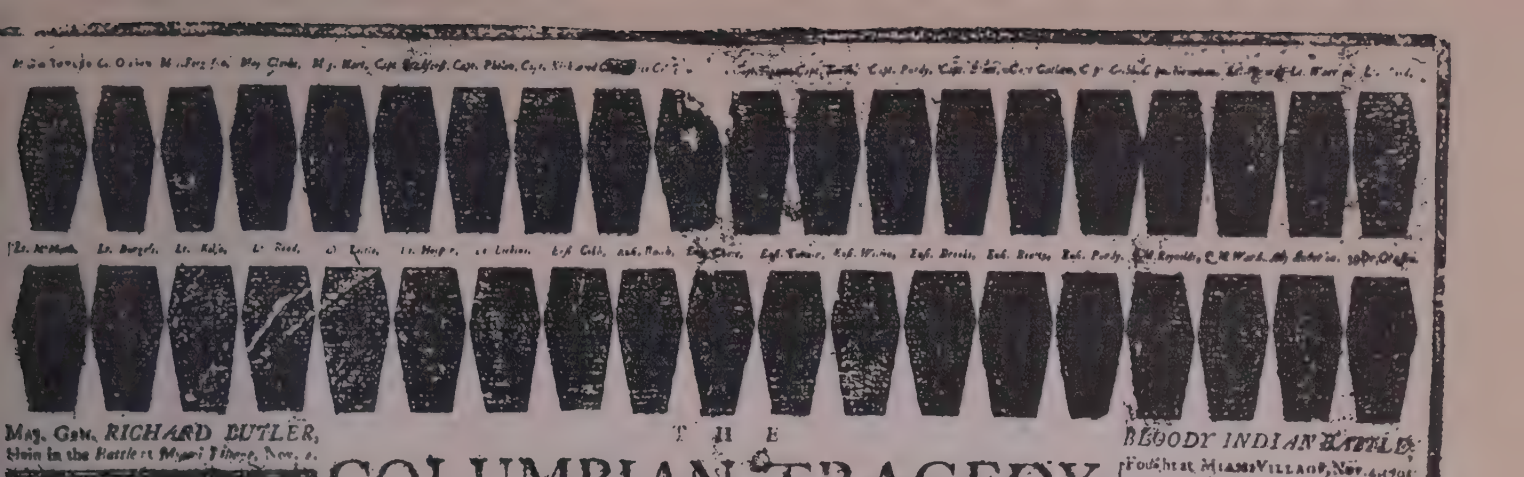
THE COLUMBIAN TRAGEDY, . . . A FUNERAL ELEGY ON THE OCCASION, NOV. 4, 1791

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 16⅝ by 21¾ inches. This is one of the latest examples of the funeral elegy in broadside form. For other issues see Ford, 2613, 2614. The New York Public Library possesses another issue, not listed by Mr. Ford.

The disaster which these verses record resulted from a surprise attack by the Indians upon the unprotected half of General Saint Clair's army near Fort Washington in the Northwest Territory, November 4, 1791. All America was aroused, and General Saint Clair was for a time the target for indignant and bitter criticism. He was later vindicated from all personal blame by the Congressional committee of investigation.

6. *And fatal prov'd of old,*
   The British had been twice unsuccessful in this same region.
8. *Where Braddock fell*
   General Braddock was defeated July 9, 1755, in a forest battle near Fort Duquesne. His failure was in part attributed to his unwillingness to allow his men to fight from behind trees, Indian fashion, as Washington had counseled. As he died, he is reported to have said, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time." He was buried at Great Meadows, a mile from Fort Necessity.
9. *Our Washington with chosen Men,*
   Washington had been with Braddock at the time of his defeat, and had been the only mounted officer to survive the battle. This line, however, probably refers to his own repulse at Great Meadows, July 3, 1754.
41. *His buckler we must sure put on, . . .*
   The "Bloody Butchery" elegy closes with the same couplet. Cf. p. 57, *supra.*



Maj. Gen. *RICHARD BUTLER*, Slain in the *Battle at Miami Village*, Nov. 4.

THE

COLUMBIAN TRAGEDY.

CONTAINING A PARTICULAR AND OFFICIAL

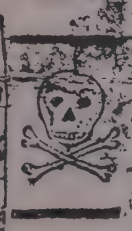
ACCOUNT

Of the BRAVE and UNFORTUNATE *OFFICERS* and *SOLDIERS*, who were SLAIN and WOUNDED in that ever-MEMORABLE and

BLOODY INDIAN BATTLE,

BLOODY INDIAN BATTLE
Fought at Miami Village, Nov. 4. 1791.

Perhaps the most shocking that has happened in AMERICA since its first Discovery; which continued *Six Hours*, with the most unremitted *Fury* and unparalleled *Bravery* on both sides, having lasted from day-break, until near ten o'clock on *Friday Morning*, Nov. 4. 1791; between *Two Thousand* AMERICANS, belonging to the UNITED ARMY, and near *Five Thousand Wild Indian Savages*, at *Miami Village*, near *Fort-Washington*, in the *Ohio-Country*, in which terrible and desperate *Battle* a most shocking Slaughter was made of *Thirty-nine gallant AMERICAN OFFICERS* and *Nine Hundred brave youthful SOLDIERS*, who fell *gloriously fighting* for their *COUNTRY*.—The *Particulars* and *Lists* are now published in this Sheet by the earnest Request of the *Friends* to the DECEASED, *WORTHIES*, who died in Defence of their *COUNTRY*, not only as a *Tribute of Gratitude* to the *DECEASED BRAVE*, but as a *PERPETUAL MEMORIAL* of the *important Event*, on which, perhaps may very essentially depend the future *FREEDOM* and *GRANDEUR* of *Fifteen* or *Twenty States*, that might, at some Period, be annexed to the *AMERICAN UNION*.



List of KILLED *and* Wounded OFFICERS.

KILLED; 1 *Maj. Gen.* RICHARD BUTLER.—2 *Col.* Oldham—*Majors* 3 Ferguson-4 Clark-5 Hart.—*Capt.* 6 Bradford, 7 [illegible] 8 [illegible] 9 [illegible] 10 Van Swearing-11 Piatt-12 Smith--13 Purdy-14 Pratt--15 Guthrie--16 Cribbs--17 Newman—*Lieuts.* 18 Spear--19 Watten-20 Boyd 21 M'Math-22 Duperts-23 Kelso-24 Read—25 Little-26 Hopper--27 Lickins.—*Ensigns* 28 Cobb—29 Balch—30 Chase—31 Turner-32 Wilson-33 Brooks-34 Beatty-35 Purdy.—36 *S. Mast.* Reynolds-37 Ward.-38 *Aid.* Anderson.-39 *D.* Grasson.

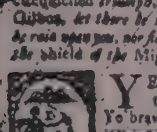
WOUNDED; 1 *Adj. Gen.* Sargent-2 *L. Col.* Gibson-3 Dark-4 *Major* Butler.—*Capts.* 5 Doyle-6 Trueman--7 Ford-8 Buchanan-9 Dark--10 Slough.--*Lts.* 11 Greaton 12 Davidson-13 DeButts-14 Price--15 Morgan-16 M'Crea-17 Lytle.-18 Thompson--19 *Aid.* Whittler-20. Crawford.-21. *Enf.* Ennes.-22. *Fr. Malcrtie*, Volunteer, *Aidecamp* to *Gen.* ST. CLAIR.

A

FUNERAL ELEGY on the Occasion

2 SAMUEL, chap. i.

Ver. 19. *The Beauty of* Israel *is slain upon thy high places: How are the Mighty fallen!—20. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the Streets of Askelon: Lest the Daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the Daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.—21. Ye Mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the Mighty is vilely cast away.*



YE Friends to mirth attend the Tale,
Ye brave ones all give ear,
With [illegible]
And [illegible]
Behold the various [illegible]

This hour is mirth and glee, [hire!
The next we're free'd from care and
And in eternity,

Joyful from *Boston*'s happy Town,
These brave Men took their way,
Ah! soon were slain upon the ground,
To *BLOODY BRUTES* a prey

Adieu to wanton songs and joys,
To idle tales that fill the ear,
A mournful theme my heart employs,
And hope the living will it hear.

A horrid *Fight* there hap'd of late,
The fourth day of *November*;
When a vast number met their fate,
We all shall well remember.

Texas on groves of *Odin's Land*,
And *fatal* prov'd of old,
Sad to relate! our FEDERAL *BAND*,
Were [illegible] by *INDIANS* [illegible]

Ah curs'd *Spot!* Ah ruefu' *Land!*
New-England will rejoin,
Where thousands of our *Countrymen*
Their wasted bones inshrine.

By much too dear the *Lord* was bo't,
It's stain'd with *English* gore,
Where BRADDOCK fell! O sad to tell!
Full thirty years before.

Our *WASHINGTON* with chosen *Men*,
All ruddy, youthful too,
There rally'd some of *British* Train,
Coop'd by *infernal Crew*.

A horrid covert, where there lay
Whole legions of *black Men*.
But by the courage of that YOUTH,
They're hunted from their den.

A handful of *Columbians* [illegible]
Their *Standard* [illegible]
For [illegible]'d when fam'd *Berwick* bled,
And *Tallard* felt its arm.

The flower of *British* pride was lost,
In one great day they fell!
BRADDOCK's defeat, young SHIRLEY's loss
Our Annals all can tell!

Such scenes apart! my Muse still hear
The groans of dying *Friends*;
The horrid shrieks do fill the air,
Of wounded, dying Men.

Will not *Columbia's Youth* now souse,
And cheerful take the *Field*,
Columbia's Cause they will espouse,
Nor to those BLOOD HOUNDS yield.

My Muse must quit that *mournful Task*,
A *work* we to record,
Borrow shall weep and sore bewail
The stroke sent by the *LORD*.

Our COUNTRYMEN of *youthful* bloom,
Most in their vig'rous prime,
Are summon'd hence to meet their GOD,
And snatched out of time.

Three GENERAL *BUTLER's* Last, widest,
And *OLDHAM's Death* bemoan,
Let's drop a tear when it we tell,
And [illegible]

Young *NEWMAN* fell! and *TURNER*
With *PHELON* at their *Heels*, (brave
No friendly arm there was to save,
They're number'd with the dead.

The names of *WARREN, BALCH* and
Let's mourn now o'er their grave, (*COBB*,
Who late with courage spilt their blood,
And fell with many brave.

Ah! *WARREN's* valor full was shewn,
A *Name* we'll now *renew*,
Who fell too soon! ah! much too soon!
Tho' *twelve fierce Brutes* he slew.

Let's sing of *BRADFORD* and whole
Of OFFICERS so brave, (scores
They're call'd to the *Elysian* shores,
And mingled in one grave.

We must relate the *Warrior's* fate
Of *GREATON*, young and brave!
cruel shot his body pierc'd,
But yet his life was save'd.

Of *Thirty* brave *Youth* in his core,
But *Three* survive'd the *Brunt*,
Was ever such a scene before?
Ah! fatal *Indian Hunt!*

Columbia's Land a scene presents,
Of blood and slaughter too,
The *Widow's* heart doth sore lament,
To bid their *Friends* adieu.

What shall we say when 'tis decreed,
By fate it must be so,
To see our dearest *Brethren* bleed,
And ev'ry vein to flow.

What heart that feels for others woe,
Can stop the gushing tear,
Or not the pangs of pity show,
When such events they hear.

But if such pity here imparts,
Think O! what griefs assail,
Their *Widow's* and their *Children's* hearts,
When they shall hear the tale!

The thought already fills each breast,
With kind condoling care,
And hope in Heav'n, they'll meet at rest,
Their *Friends* and *Fathers* there.

We feel and sympathize for them
Who late in battle fell,
We mean those hardy, youthful men,
Their names to ages tell.

Tho' *Powers Immortal* are averse,
O LORD! the praise is thine!
The GOOD GOD of Grace reverse
And take we ours to shine.

We [illegible] all their [illegible]
Made INDIANS see for peace;
Hunt-ing *Savage* from his den,
When we shall win the chace.

If great *JEHOVAH* takes the shield,
And guards us round about,
No INDIAN will his *Tomax* wield,
Nor arrow dare to shoot.

My trembling hand can scarcely hold
My faint, devoted quill,
To write the actions of the *Brave*,
Their *valor* and their *skill*.

Let's not forget the SOLDIERS brave
Who fell with *Ingots* on,
Who scorn'd to flinch their lives to save,
Nor on them turn'd their backs.

NINE HUNDRED hardiest of our Sons,
Some in their *early prime*,
Have fell a *victim* to their rage,
And are *cut off* from time.

Great numbers met an awful death,
In battle they were slain,
But we that live upon the earth,
Their mem'ry will retain.

If that the LORD is on our side,
We need not fear our foe,
And if that gracious *Israel's GOD*
Now with our armies go;

Our heads he'll cover when in fight!
From harm he will us keep,
If that we seek his face aright,
Nor let our feet to slip.

With conq'ring might he will us shield,
And *INDIANS* all destroy,
He'll help us thus to win the field,
And slay those that annoy.

Our *Country* calls us far and near,
Columbia's Sons awake,
For helmet, buckler and our spear,
The LORD's own arm we'll take.

His shield will keep us from all harm,
Tho' thousands 'gainst us rise,
His buckler we must sure put on,
If we would win the prize.

AMERICA:
BOSTON; Printed by *B. RUSSELL*, for *THOMAS BASSETT*, of Bunker-Hill, (*New-Hamp. S.*—(Pr. Six Pence.)
Of whom BASSETT sells *Bickerstaff's Almanacks*, for 1792, as CHEAP as at *this Office*.

No. 30

LADY WASHINGTON'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND [1799]

[*The Essex Institute*]

SIZE, 8¾ by 10¾ inches. A broadside entitled "Lady Washington's Lamentation" was advertised for sale in 1799, among "Songs to be had at the Printing-Office, (head of the stairs,), No. 4, Middle-Street, Newburyport." (Cf. Ford, 2919.) This title may not have applied to the present verses, but it is probable that, like others of their sort, they were issued soon after Washington's death, which took place December 14, 1799. This specimen is typical of the scores of newspaper elegies and tributes which appeared during the weeks immediately succeeding. It is included in this collection for the contrast it presents to earlier examples in the same *genre*, for by the end of the century, the funeral elegy had gotten well away from its earlier traditions.

LADY WASHINGTON'S LAMENTATION FOR THE *DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.*

WHEN Columbia's brave sons sought my hero to lead them,
To vanquish their foes and establish their freedom,
I rejoic'd at his honors, my fears I dissembled,
At the thought of his dangers my heart how it trembled,
Oh, my Washington! O my Washington!
Oh, my washington! all was hazardous.

The contest decided, with foes to the nation,
My hero return'd 'midst loud acclamation,
Of men without number and praise without measure,
And my own heart exulted in transports of pleasure,
Oh my Washington. Oh, &c. all was hazardous.

Our freedom with order by faction rejected,
A new constitution our country elected,
My hero was rais'd to preside our the union,
And his cares interrupted our bliss and communion.
Oh, my happiness! &c. &c. how precarious.

Declining the trust of his dignified station,
With joy to the seat of his dear estimation,
Surrounded with honors he humbly retreated,
Sweet hope softly whisper'd my bliss was completed.
Oh, my happiness! &c. &c. how precarious.

When the pangs of disease, had, ah! fatally seiz'd him,
My heart would have yielded its life to have eas'd him,
And I pray'd the Most High if for death he design'd him,
That he would not permit me to loiter behind him.
Oh, my Washington! &c. &c. all was dubious.

When my hopes had all fled, and I saw him resigning
His soul to his God without fear or repining,
What, my heart, were thy feelings? lamenting, admiring,
To behold him so calmly, so nobly expiring.
Oh, my Washington! &c. &c. has forsaken us.

When I follow'd his corpse with grief unconfined,
And saw to the tomb his dear relics consigned,
When I left him in darkness and silence surrounded,
With what pangs of fresh anguish my bosom was wounded!
Oh, my Washington! &c. &c. has forsaken us.

An aspect so noble pale grave clothes disfigure,
His conquering arm is despoil'd of its vigour,
On those limbs which dropt wisdom is silence imposed,
And those kind beaming eyes now forever are closed,
Oh, my Washington? &c. &c. has forsaken us.

When with tears of sweet musiug I ponder the story,
Of his wars, of his labours, his virtues and glory,
I breathe out a pray'r with sad order of spirit,
Soon to join him in bliss and united inherit
Endless Blessedness! &c. &c. oh, how glorious.

But why with my own single grief so confounded,
When my country's sad millions in sorrows are drowned,
Let me mingle the current that flows from my bosom,
With my country' vast ocean of tears while they lose them,
Tho' my Washington, &c. &c. has forsaken us.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY NATHANIEL COVERLY, JR
CORNER THEATRE-ALLEY, *Milk-Street*—BOSTON.

MEDITATIONS UPON PORTENTOUS EVENTS

No. 31

EARTHQUAKES, TOKENS OF GOD'S POWER AND WRATH, JUNE 3, 1744

[*The New York Public Library*]

Size, 9¼ by 15½ inches. The *Boston Weekly News-Letter* for June 14, 1744, has a notice of this imprint, the second edition of the verses. It was advertised as sold by Benjamin Gray, a book dealer in Milk Street. The cut alone would have sold out the first edition in a week.

The *News-Letter* for June 7 had printed the following account of the earthquake:

> Last Lord's Day between 10 and 11 o'Clock in the Forenoon we were surprized with a violent Shock of an Earthquake attended with a loud rumbling Noise, whereby People were put into a very great Consternation, and many who were attending the Divine Worship ran out into the Streets fearing the Houses would fall upon them: A great many Bricks were shook off from several Chimneys in this and other Towns, and much of the Stone Fences in several Places in the Country was tumbled down by it: It was perceived to continue longer and be more severe in some Places than at others; and 'tis tho't by some to be felt near equal to that which we had in the year 1727. How extensive it was we cannot yet learn, but by Information at present we are assured it reach'd above 100 Miles. Another Shock was felt at *Salem*, and other adjacent Towns, about five o'Clock in the Afternoon of the same Day, which was considerable, and again surprized the People very much. Three or Four smaller Shakes were perceived in the Night and Morning succeeding. . . .

[*The Earth did quake and shake likewise,*]

In Heaven and Eart[*h an*]*d the great Deeps,*
Vast Magazines o[*f Powe*]*r,*
[*Which all*] *now wai*[*t to execute*]

Fly for [*Security.*]

And like a Furnace [*burn*].

The Vulcano's will ro[*ar*]
Amazingly the Earth [*wi*]*ll quake,*
The World a flam[*ing*] *be*
an't

An illiterate contraction for is not. *Ain't* is a later form.

[*The*] *Earth likewise before the L*[*ord*]

And gives you one Call more,
Accept the call, embrace his CHRIST,
And you're for e'er secure.

Earthquakes.

Tokens of GOD's Power and Wrath. The Dis[solution] of the preſent World; and the approaching Co[nfla]tion, when all Things ſhall be burnt up: Wit[h a] Deſcription of the drowning the old World, and *Chriſt's* coming to Judgment. Being a Warning to Sinners and Comfort to the Children of GOD

Second Epiſtle of *Peter*, iii. Chap. 10, & 11, Verſes. *But the Day of the Lord will come as a Thief in the Night, in the which the Heavens ſhall paſs away with a great Noiſe, and the Elements ſhall melt with fervent Heat, the Earth alſo and the Works that are therein ſhall be burnt up.* Ver. 11. *Seeing then that all theſe Things ſhall be diſſolved, what Manner of Perſons ought ye to be in all holy Converſation and Godlineſs.*

THE SECOND EDITION.

INſpired JOB ſpeaking of GOD,
The high and holy One,
Declares he's wiſe in Heart, in Strength
He mighty is alone.
Who doth remove the Mountains great,
Tho' ſtedfaſtly they ſtand,
And in his Anger overturns
Them with his mighty Hand.
Who turns the Earth out of her Place,
And makes the Pillars ſhake,
And all its ſtrong Supporters too
To tremble bow and quake.
The holy Pſalmiſt, when employ'd
In giving Thanks to GOD,
For great Salvations unto him
He often did afford.
Proceeds to ſpeak of his great Power,
And what his GOD had done,
When he appear'd and wrought for him
So great Salvation.
That then the Earth, the Earth did ſhake,
Ye and did tremble too,
Foundations then of Heaven were mov'd,
GOD was provoked ſo.
And when the Lord of Life did die
Upon the curſed Tree,
The Rocks, tho' obdurate and hard
Did break immediately.
[illegible]
A Token of GOD's Wrath,
When Jews the Blood of his dear Son
Did cruelly ſhed forth.
Again the Lord did ſhake the Earth,
When CHRIST was in the Tomb,
When from the glorious heavenly World
A glorious Angel came.
Behold there was at that ſame Time
An Earthquake ſtrong and great,
Which made the Watchmen at the Tomb
To tremble ſhake and quake.
Again when *Paul* and *Silas* was
Once into Priſon caſt,
And cruelly the Keeper had
In Stocks made their Feet faſt.
Like the dear Children of the Lord,
They to their Father ſing,
They Praiſes ſing unto the Lord
Till all the Priſon did ring.
When lo, immediately there was
A terrible Earthquake,
Which made the whole Foundation of
The Priſon-Houſe ſo ſhake.
The Doors fly open by its Power,
And now wide open ſtand,
Till theſe dear Priſoners of the Lord,
Are looſed from their Bands.
And thus we ſee in very Truth,
This wondrous Work is done,
By none but the eternal GOD,
And *Iſrael's* holy One.
And that they're Tokens of his Wrath,
O let not one gain-ſay,
For ſure the Lord is much provok'd,
When he ſpeaks in this Way.
Be then excited, Dear Friends,
With vigorous accord,
And all the Might and Strength you have,
To turn unto the Lord.
For lo! on the laſt Sabbath Day, *
The Lord did plainly ſhew,
What in a ſingle Moment's Time
He might have done with you.
A ſolemn Warning let it be,
To all with one accord,
For their Soul's precious Life to haſte
Their turning unto GOD.

Remember what vaſt Agonies,
Your Souls were in that Day,
Expecting every Moment would
Conſume you quite away.
But to return,---the mighty GOD
Hath wiſe and holy Ends,
When to a wicked ſecure World,
Such ſhaking Calls he ſends.
Hereby we're loudly call'd upon
Aloud for to prepare,
To meet the glorious Lord and Judge.
Who quickly will appear;
With's glorious Angels and his Saints,
Behold the Lord will come,
And give to every Soul on Earth,
Their final laſting Doom.
Before him ſhall be gathered,
All Nations far and near,
And by the Lord's moſt juſt command,
Be forced to appear.
And then the Earth ſhall ſhake and quake,
More than it e'er hath done,
When GOD the Lord ſhall judge the World,
By CHRIST his choſen One.
For ever ſince the World began,
GOD hath laid up in Store,
In Heaven and Earth and the great Deeps,
Vaſt Magazines of Power,
[illegible]
His holy bleſſed Will,
For Wind and Seas, and Earthquakes all,
His juſt Decree fulfill.
When Man had ſinn'd moſt heinouſly,
Before the World was drown'd,
The Lord commands his Storehouſes
To open all around.
No ſooner ſpake the almighty GOD,
Unto the bounded deep,
But over every Hill it ran,
And every Mountain leapt.
To drown a baſe unthankful World,
Who Mercy had abus'd,
The Grace and Patience of their GOD,
Moſt ſhamefully miſus'd.
Oh how amazing was the Sight,
On Mountains Tops to ſee,
So many poor diſtreſſed Souls,
Fly for Security.
If by that Means they might eſcape,
From GOD's almighty Hand;
But lo the ſwelling foaming deep,
Aſcends o'er every Land.
And ſwept them all away at once,
Who would no Warning take,
Tho' *Noah* in the Name of GOD,
Had often to them ſpake.
Perhaps you'll think the Danger's paſt,
That all is ſafe and ſure,
Becauſe the mighty GOD hath ſaid,
He'll drown the World no more,
But Oh conſider, dearest Friends,
How vaſt his Judgments are,
And if you are reſolv'd to Sin,
To meet your GOD prepare.
Who hath his Magazins of Fire,
In Heav'n and Earth and Seas,
Which always wait on his Command,
And run whene'er he pleaſe.
If GOD the awful Word but ſpeak,
And bid the Fire run,
The Magazines together meet,
And like a Furnace burn.
Above our Head, below our Feet,
GOD Treaſures hath in Store,
And when he gives out his Command,
The *Vulcans* will roar.
Amazingly the Earth will [illegible]
The World a flame be,
When GOD, the great the mighty GOD,
Gives forth his juſt Decree.

But Oh the Stupidneſs of Men!
Who will no Counſel hear,
Tho' GOD repeats his Calls to them,
By Earthquakes, Death, and War.
When *Noah* warn'd the ancient World
Of the approaching Flood,
No doubt like harden'd Sinners they
Deſpiſingly then ſtood.
No doubt they tho't the ancient Saint
Not worth their noticing,
'Till GOD in his juſt Judgment did
The awful Judgment bring.
And an't it now the very Caſe
Of Sinners at this Day,
Who will not hear the mighty GOD,
Nor what his Preachers ſay.
Altho' the holy Lord hath ſaid,
He'd come in flaming Fire,
And puniſh a moſt ſinful World,
In his avenging Ire.
That all the Heav'ns ſhall be in flames,
The Elements likewiſe
With fervent Heat ſhall melt away,
To their awful Surprize.
What an amazing Sight is,
To ſee Men quite ſecure,
When in the Heav'ns ſometimes we hear
GOD's dreadful Thunders roar.
[illegible]
Doth ſhake and tremble to
And roar beneath the crying Sin
Of ſuch a wretched Crew.
That Men can't be prevail'd upon
Tho' with our ſtrong Deſire,
To get prepar'd againſt that Day
When all the World on Fire
Shall burn and blaze about their Heads,
And they no Shelter have,
No Rock to hide their guilty Heads,
Nor nor no watry Grave.
For Rocks will melt like Wax away
Before the dreadful Heat,
And Earth and Sea and all will flame
In one conſuming Heap.
The Earth beneath abounds with Store
Of Oils and Sulphurs too,
And Turfs and Coal, which all will flame
When GOD commands the Blow.
The flaming Lightning which we ſee
Around the Heavens run,
Do livelily now repreſent
The Conflagration.
Thoſe flaming Magazines of GOD,
Have Fire enough in Store,
And only wait their Lord's Commands
To let us feel their Power.
Which once receiv'd they then will run,
They'll run from Pole to Pole,
And all the Strength of Earth and Hell
Cannot their Power controul.
Juſtly may we now ſtand amaz'd
At GOD's abundant Grace,
To think ſo baſe and vile a World
Is not all on a Blaze.
When far the greateſt Part thereof
Are poor vile Infidels,
Among the chriſtian Part thereof,
Are Sins as black as Hell.
Be then entreated, precious Souls,
To join with one accord,
In praiſing of the holy Name
Of the eternal GOD.
That he is waiting ſtill on you,
[illegible] you one Call more,
[illegible] Oh, embrace his CHRIST
[illegible] for e'er ſecure.

FINIS.

* *Lord's Day, March 3. 1744. between 10 & 11 o'Clock, a conſiderable Shock of an Earthquake which was felt for above an hundred Miles.*

No. 32

EARTHQUAKES IMPROVED: OR SOLEMN WARNING TO THE WORLD, NOV. 18, 1755

[*The Boston Public Library*]

Size, 10¾ by 15¾ inches. The J. Green of the imprint was probably John Green, who became partner of John Russell about this time. Early in the following year, the joint advertisement "Green & Russell" appeared frequently. Other verses on this earthquake, written by Jeremiah Newland, were also published in broadside. (Cf. Ford, 1042.)

This earthquake, which seems to have been unusually severe in New England, occasioned much comment, interest being heightened by reports of a more destructive earthquake in Lisbon on November 1. The range of current discussion is suggested by the lists of timely publications advertised for sale in the newspapers of the next few months. Scientific inquiry is seen to have existed side by side with such attempts at religious interpretation as the present verses and various contemporary sermons and treatises supply. The title of one of these, "An Improvement of the Doctrine of Earthquakes, being the Works of God, and Tokens of his just Displeasure," may have been the inspiration of the present verses, although the title had been used before. Thomas Prince of the Boston South Church was the author, and the "treatise," as it was labeled in the advertisement, was announced for sale in the *Boston Weekly News-Letter* of January 9, 1756. The author traced the history of earthquakes with emphasis upon the destruction they had caused, and the lessons to be drawn therefrom. Apparently the present author had some such historical sketch in mind.

News accounts were of course immediate. The *News-Letter* of November 20, two days after the earthquake, detailed the damage done in Boston, and concluded thus:

> By this astonishing Event, the Inhabitants of the Town were, in general, put into great Consternation, fearing, every Moment, least they should be buried under their Houses; but, thro' the Divine Favour, no Life was lost. . . .

Among diaristic accounts, that of John Adams is of particular interest, in that mention of this event is the first entry in his record. (*Works* [Boston, 1850], II, 3.)

> November 18. We had a very severe shock of an earthquake. It continued near four minutes. I then was at my father's in Braintree, and awoke out of my sleep in the midst of it. The house seemed to rock and reel and crack, as if it would fall in ruins about us. Chimneys were shattered by it within one mile of my father's house.

Where the new Fountain bubbles up,

Samuel Deane's *History of Scituate* (1831), repeats this detail, asserting that "the spring thus opened continues to run to the present time."

Earthquakes

Improved:

Or ſolemn Warning to the World; by the tremendous EARTHQUAKE which happen'd on Tueſday Morning the 18th of *November* 1755, between four and five o' Clock.

I.

WHileGod ſends forth his thundring Voice,
And bids the Earth to quake;
Let Men attend the Sovereign Sound,
And all the Nations wake.

II.

All calm the Air, all clear the Sky,
All bright the ſilver Moon;
And twinkling Stars ſerenely fair,
In beamy Glory ſhone.

III.

In Depth of Sleep, or Scenes of Guilt,
Sinners ſecurely lay;
When ſudden ſhook the tott'ring Ground,
And threatned to give Way.

IV.

See! how poor Wretches from their Beds
Affrightedly ariſe,
And to their clatt'ring Windows run,
With Horror in their Eyes!

V.

Around them crack their ſhatter'd Walls,
The Beams and Timber creak;
And the Inhabitants amaz'd
With diſmal Out-crys ſhreak.

VI.

Buildings leap up, the Joints give Way,
The crumbling Chimney groans;
The loos'ned Bricks toſt from on high
Come thund'ring on the Stones.

VII.

Say, Travellers through *Scituate*,
What Breaches fright your Eye!
Where the new Fountain bubbles up,
And Loads of Aſhes lye!

VIII.

The Birds flew flutt'ring through the Air,
The Cows and Oxen low'd;
And the Stone-Fence the Country round,
Lies ſcatt'red o'er the Road.

IX.

Tall Mountains pil'd of horrid Rocks,
Shook o'er Infernal Caves;
While the loud Ocean roar'd and quak'd,
Thro' all its daſhing Waves.

X.

Fiſhes in Shoals expire, and float
O'er all the briny Lake;
And ev'n the huge Leviathans
Riſe to the Top and quake.

XI.

Ah! Sinners, whither will you fly?
Where ſafely can you ſtand?
When the Sea boils, and God, incens'd,
Shakes all the ſolid Land!

XII.

The Day comes on, (and Earthquakes warn
That it approaches nigh)
When the laſt Fire ſhall wrap up all
The Earth, and Sea, and Sky.

XIII.

What Thunders roll! what Lightnings flaſh!
What Terrors ſtalk around!
What Clouds of Smoke ruſh driving by!
What Earthquakes rock the Ground!

XIV.

See the Rocks rend, the gaping Graves
Diſcloſe the ſleeping Duſt;
The joyful Souls fly down; the Good
From their dark Priſons burſt.

XV.

See all the Sky with Glory blaze,
As Angels wave their Wings;
While burning onwards down deſcends
The Judge; the King of Kings.

XVI.

"*Gather my Saints, my Angels ſwift!*"
JESUS Triumphant ſays;
A thouſand fiery Carrs fly down
To wait the choſen Race.

XVII.

Each Saint ſteps in, both quick and rais'd,
Rapt up each Chariot flies;
So *Enoch*, and *Elijah* once,
Were raviſh'd to the Skies.

XVIII.

The *Lots* are gone, what now remains?
Fire ſhow'rs thro' all the Air!
Ye Wicked, howl!—no Man to make
One Heaven-accepted Prayer.

XIX.

How to eſcape the Judge's Eyes,
The guilty Rebels fly!
Fall on us, Rocks, and Mountains, fall;
In bitter Woe they cry.

XX.

Alas! the Rocks in Splinters fly,
The Mountains melt away;
To Fires eternal you muſt be,
The everlaſting Prey.

XXI.

The Saints on high in Triumph look
Serene in Glory down;
While Heaven's eternal Juſtice They
In Songs immortal own.

XXII.

How thankful ſhould *New-England* be,
To God our high Support,
So many dreadful Earthquakes felt,
In Life and Limb unhurt!

XXIII.

Conſider how in other Parts,
Sometimes the Earth has ſplit,
And here and there a ſingle Man,
Drope down into the Pit.

XXIV.

Sometimes Men have been buried whole,
Sometimes been ſunk half Way,
Where they have been devour'd by Dogs,
And Birds and Beaſts of Prey.

XXV.

Sometimes the Ground has gap'd ſo wide,
Houſes have ſunk beneath,
Shatter'd to Bits, or keeping whole
The People ſtarv'd to Death.

XXVI.

Sometimes whole Streets, with dreadful Noiſe,
At once have plung'd down-right,
Vaſt Cities, with their People all,
Have vaniſh'd from the Sight.

XXVII.

Rocks, Mountains, mighty Tracts of Land,
Gone down with thundrings dire,
To boyling Waves, and melted Ore,
And Furnaces of Fire.

XXVIII.

While o'er ſuch Caverns horrible
We often ſhook have been;
Yet of God's Goodneſs, Monuments
We to this Day remain.

XXIX.

And now, hear Earthquakes call us loud,
" For the Great Day prepare!
" *By Faith, Repentance, Holineſs,*
" *By Patience, and by Prayer.*

XXX.

" *Forſake your Sins for which you ſhook;*
" *When Conſcience loudly roar'd;*
" *Kill your Corruptions, be your Luſt*
" *More than Hell-Fire abhor'd.*

XXXI.

" *To juſtify you in the Sight*
" *Of an offended God,*
" *Plead* JESUS' *active Righteouſneſs,*
" *And Merits of his Blood.*

XXXII.

" *From Love to him, obey his Law,*
" *Love God with Love ſupreme;*
" *And as you'd have your Neighbour do*
" *To you, do you to him.*

XXXIII.

" *Dare not to live a Day or Night*
" *Without your Cloſet Prayer;*
" *Would you hear God? your Bible take,*
" *For lo your God ſpeaks there.*

XXXIV.

" *How you'd reflect this very Night,*
" *Should Earthquakes ſink you dead,*
" *I pray'd not in my Family,*
" *Before I went to Bed.*

XXXV.

(" *A Town in* Switzerland *ſunk down,*
" *While one Houſe ſtood it's Ground,*
" *Where Praying with his Family,*
" *A holy Man was found.*)

XXXVI.

" *Dare not miſ-uſe Chriſt's Miniſters,*
" *Who point the Heavenly Way,*
" *Becauſe the Judge will ſure pronounce,*
" Ye did it unto Me.

XXXVII.

" *Love not this World where Nothing laſts*
" *But all Things tott'ring are:*
" *You and your Idols ſhall be burnt*
" *In one devouring Fire.*

XXXVIII.

" *Give to your God, and to his Poor,*
" *His Part of what you have:*
" *And keep his Sabbath as you'd wiſh*
" *Ever in Heav'n to live.*

XXXIX.

" *Not one known Duty dare delay,*
" *Watch with a hopeful Dread,*
" *And boaſt not of another Day;*
" *This Night thou may'ſt be dead.*

XL.

" *Then Sing, tho' Thouſand Earthquakes ſhake*
" *This Feeble Cottage down,*
" *I'll to my Savior's Courts aſſend,*
" *And win an Heav'nly Crown.*

Sold by *J. Green*, oppoſite Mr. *Church's* *Vendue Houſe.*

No. 33

BLAZING-STARS MESSENGERS OF GOD'S WRATH: IN A FEW SERIOUS AND SOLEMN MEDITATIONS UPON THE WONDERFUL COMET, APRIL, 1759

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 10⅛ by 16¼ inches. These verses were reissued in 1769, upon the appearance of another comet. (Cf. Ford, 1480.)

The comet of 1759 was Halley's comet. Upon its appearance in 1682, it had been generally interpreted as a sign of divine displeasure. It was the occasion for Increase Mather's "Discourse Concerning Comets" (1683), wherein he attempted to inquire into the nature of blazing stars, and to prove them portents of destruction. By 1759 this attitude was to some extent leavened by a scientific interest in such phenomena, and yet there is much evidence that the religious interpretation still represented the popular view. Ten years later a writer in the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal* of October 2, after a long explanation of the course of the 1769 comet, says:

I cannot conclude without expressing my concern at the panic into which great numbers of people have been thrown by an absurd and ridiculous article from Elizabeth-town in the Jerseys, published in the Papers. The Writer, however good his intentions might be, appears quite unacquainted with Astronomy. Nothing can be more idle & contemptible than the calculation he pretends to have made of the Comet; and the "alarming consequences which might follow, should the Comet come between us and the Sun," need not alarm any body, as that supposition cannot possibly take place in the present revolution.

Coun[*sel*]
That [*dark*] *and awful Day,*
'Gainst wicked Sisera.

Captain of the host of Jabin, king of Canaan. The stars in their courses fought against him. Judg. 5.20.

Beho[*ld v*]*ast Clouds of* [*Smo*]*ke ascend,*
A[*nd o'er*] *the C*[*ity sto*]*od,*
In sixteen Hundred sixty five

This comet is mentioned in John Hull's *Diary*, p. 215. "A comet with a blaze appeared about 8th of November, and did not wholly disappear till about February; as see Mr. Thomas Danforth's description in print." Hull was wrong about the name. It was Samuel Danforth of Roxbury who had written the treatise. He had attempted to show that the movement of comets is according to mathematical law, but he had also believed them to be portentous.

The Si[*gns*] *of God's most dreadful Wrath*
An[*d great*] *Events declare.*

Blazing-Stars
Messengers of GOD *Wrath*:

In a few serious and solemn Meditations upon the wonderful

COMET:

Which now appears in our Horizon, *April*, 1759: Together with a solemn Cry to Sinners, and Counsel to Saints; how to behave themselves while GOD is in this wise speaking to them from Heaven.

CANST thou by searching find out *God*,
The high and Holy one,
Or the almighty Majesty,
Unto Perfection.
Where wast thou, saith th'eternal GOD,
To *Job*, that holy Man,
When I the Earth's Foundations laid,
Declare now if you can.
When th'Morning Stars together sang,
With glorious Melody,
And all the Sons of GOD did shout
With loud triumphant Joy?
Where is the Place where Light doth dwell,
And as for Darkness, where?
If thou dost know its vast Recess,
My Servant now declare.
The lovely Psalmist, when he'd spread
The great JEHOVAH's Fame,
Declares,—He numbers all the Stars,
And calls them all by Name.
That Fire, and Mist, and Hail, and Snow,
Wirlwinds with one Accord,
Obey the holy just Command
Of their most glorious Lord.
And in the Time of *Israel*'s Straights,
That [illegible]
The Stars in martial Order fought,
'Gainst wicked *Sisra*.
These are among the wond'rous Works
Of the eternal ONE,
Who also chearfully obey,
When he speaks, lo! tis done,
He bids them stand o'er Kingdoms, Towns,
All in a flaming Fire;
And great Attention to his Voice,
The Lord doth now require.
The ancient Fathers learn'd and wise,
When they did see them burn,
Prognosticated evil Things,
Soon on the World would come.
Heralds of GOD his Messengers,
The World to preach unto,
And learn'd and wise and holy Men
Fully agree thereto.
O what amazing Changes, have
A sinful World oft seen?
And Nations, Kingdoms, Cities too
Where these great Sights have been.
Great Griefs and sore Calamities,
Have oft succeeded them,
And sure Destruction overtook
A World of sinful Men,
But to relate, one, two, or three,
At this time may suffice,
Together with the one you see
Now blazing in your Eyes.
When this our World was young in Years
Not seventeen Hundred quite,
A large and blazing Comet was
Presented in their Sight.
Soon after which *Methuselah*
The oldest Man on Earth,
Surrendred up his Life into
The Hands of potent Death.
And lo! the Year, the very Year
After that he was dead,
The old World all, except eight Souls,
By Water perished.

An hundred Instances or more
I might have added here,
But two, faithful Witnesses
Great Truths establish'd are.
In sixteen hundred sixty four
Behold in lofty Sky,
A flaming Comet did appear
Large and conspicuously.
Soon after which most awful Sight
A bloody War began
'Twixt *England* and the *Hollander*
Most violent did become.
An awful Plague in *England* too
As ever had been known,
Near Seven Thousand in one Week,
Unto the Pit went down.
That in the Space of but one Year,
An hundred thousand fell,
Victims unto voracious Death,
An awful Spectacle.
Soon after which, even the next Year,
The *Papists* do conspire,
And by their Craft and Subtilty,
London they set on Fire.
[illegible] last Clouds of Smoke ascend,
[illegible] the City stood,
By means whereof the Moon was dark
And Sun became like Blood.
In sixteen Hundred sixty five
In our Hemisphere,
A burning blazing Comet did
For many Nights appear.
Which follow'd was with scorching Drought
In *Britain*, and this Land,
And might have soon destroy'd us all,
Hadn't GOD witheld his Hand.
Thus we were spar'd; but O behold,
What awful Trouble fell,
On many Places in the World
No Tongue can fully tell.
To name but one or two dear Soul's
Or more if you require,
In *Hungary* four hundred Towns
Destroy'd by Sword and Fire.
Great Floods o'erflow'd the *Netherlands*,
That in one fatal Night,
Thousands, ye *Thousands* there were drown'd
Before the Morning Light.
But to return, wise holy Men
They verily have Thought
That those great flaming Messengers,
Where never sent for nought.
No, no, Dear Soul's they don't think so
But rather that they are,
The Sign of GOD's most dreadful Wrath
Events declare.
As awful, dreadful, bloody Wars,
Plagues, Pestilence and Storms,
'Mongst Nations great, and mighty they
Portend awful Alarms.
That they are Messengers of Death,
Sent by the mighty GOD,
And therefore he that sees and views,
Should bow before the LORD.
Floods they may cause, and Droughts likewise
And Earthquakes strong and great,
So that the Earth's Foundations,
May tremble, shake, and quake,

A fam'd Philosopher of old,
Conjectur'd that before
The mighty GOD to Judgment comes
In his majestick Power;
Comets and fearful Sights more brief
Then ever yet have been,
More frequently and commonly
Would in the World be seen;
And are not we now Witnesses,
Lo all our Fathers say,
Ever GOD before them past
In such awful Way.

IMPROVEMENT.

AND now O Earth, O Earth attend
The mighty Voice of GOD,
Who in his Wrath is coming down
By Sickness; Fire and Sword.
GOD calls aloud, awake, awake,
And from your Slumber rise,
When in the Heavens he sets such Sign
Of Wonder and Surprize.
Adore the mighty sovereign LORD
And bow before him low,
Who sends so surely Warning forth
Before he makes the [illegible]
Prepare, O Land, prepare for what
The LORD's about to do,
For what awful Events are nigh
The LORD alone doth know.
Unto your Chambers enter strait
GOD's Folk, and shut the Door,
Till all the Storms of his fierce Wrath
Shall all be past and o'er.
And O you christless graceless Souls,
Can you abide GOD's Power?
When out of *Zion* he will shout
And as a Lion roar.
When all his Wrath set in array
Against your Souls will blaze,
O tell me Sinner, tell me where
You'l find a secure Place.
If Death o'ertakes you in your Sins
Then down to Hell you must,
And with the Prisoners there in Chains
Eternally be curs'd.
And lo the Guilt of your Soul's Blood
On your own Head will lie,
And so forlorn and helpless be
To all Eternity.
But O dear Sirs, there yet is Hope,
Cry mightily to GOD,
To turn away his dreadful Wrath,
And his devouring Sword.
Zion's Son's and Daughters now return
Return unto the Lord,
Or else prepare to meet him soon
With flaming Fire and Sword.
Cast off your foolish vain Attire,
With Sackcloth now be clad,
Which at this Day becomes a Land
Who have provok'd their GOD.
Awake ye Priests of GOD the LORD,
'Twixt Porch and Altar cry,
Spare, spare thy People blessed GOD,
Let not *New-England* die.
Add Prayer and Fasting hereunto
It may be GOD will hear,
And out of *Zion* send us Help
And yet his People spare.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by *R. Draper* in *Newbury*-Street; and by *Fowle & Draper* in *Marlborough*-Street. 1759.

No. 34

A POEM ON THE REBUKE OF GOD'S HAND IN THE AWFUL DESOLATION MADE BY FIRE IN THE TOWN OF BOSTON, MAR. 20, 1760

Reproduced from a facsimile included in *Boston Records*, City Document No. 100 (1900), Record Commissioners' Report, No. 29, "Miscellaneous Papers relating to the Great Fire," opposite p. 88. The original broadside, according to Mr. Edward W. McGlenen, the author of the preface, had belonged to his predecessor as Record Commissioner and City Registrar, Mr. William H. Whitmore, the compiler of the report. At Mr. Whitmore's death it was sold to a private collector, but record of the purchaser is not available. Measurements of the broadside are given by Mr. McGlenen as 12 by 15 inches, and the author as possibly Andrew Johonnot.

There is an account of this fire of 1760 in Thomas Hutchinson's *History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay* (London, 1828), III, 80–81.

> A fire in Boston, the night after the 20th of March, exceeded the great fire, as it has always been styled, in 1711. It began in Cornhill, at a house known by the name of the Brazen Head, south of the town-house. Three or four houses were burnt, and the progress of it seemed to be stopped, when a violent wind at north-west came on suddenly, and it consumed, in that direction, between Cornhill and the harbour, one hundred and fifty houses great and small. The newspapers made the damage amount to three hundred thousand pounds sterling.

There appears to have been considerable dispute over the amount of the damage, and much delay in the adjustment of the losses. The *Diary* of Deacon Tudor, who states that he was one of the committee to sit with the selectmen in making the distribution of donated funds, supplies detail on this point, as follows:

> Colections was made in England as well as in America on the acc^{t} I was one of the Overseers of the poor at this time & with the Selectmen Sat to examin the Acc^{ts} of the Sufferers & to distribute 1st to the Widows 2^{ly} to the Tradesmen 3^{dy} to the Midling people, the Rich had none of s^{d} Colection which came to about £55,000. Sterling there was many privat colections whereby many received in boath ways full as much as they lost & some of the poore more, as fully appear'd; this affair before it was all Settled in about 18 mon^{s} caus'd to the Selectmen & Overseers at least 100 Meetings, when the whole proceedings was laid before Governor Bernard & the Councle who appointed the Committee as aforesaid. *Deacon Tudor's Diary* (Boston, 1896), pp. 10–11.

Whitefield had been instrumental in securing the bulk of the donation from England.

A POEM

On the Rebuke of GOD's Hand

In the *awful Deſolation* made by

F I R E

In the Town of

Boston,

On the 20th Day of *March*, 1760,

By which, in about 6 or 7 Hours, between *three* and *four hundred Buildings* were conſumed:----To which is added, Some brief Hints on the *great Conflagration* [illegible] *ation of all Things.*

---*Shall there be Evil in a City, and the* LORD *hath not done it?*---

I Sing th' Almighty GOD, whoſe awful Hand
Diſperſes Judgments over Sea and Land:
He rules the World by his unerring Skill,
And governs us according to his Will.
His Providence, which he has often wrought,
Is far beyond the moſt ſagacious Thought.
His Ways ſeem dark to us, and quite unknown;
Yet, ſpotleſs *Juſtice* dwells before his Throne:
To ſhew his *Mercy* is his dear Delight;
And, ſince 'tis ſo, he orders all Things right.--
His Judgments oftentimes he does retard,
While we run on in Sin and don't regard;
And when he ſends them then we think He's hard:
But pray examine, think on what's the Cauſe,
Isn't it Contempt of his moſt righteous Laws?
Then can we clear ourſelves, a'n't we to blame
Who ſin without Remorſe, and caſt off Shame
And pay no Reverence to his holy Name?--
This is the Cauſe He ſent *this* Judgment down,
This *awful Deſolation!* on the Town.
The *North-weſt-wind*, and *Flame* he did employ,
Our ſtately Habitations to deſtroy.
What ſpacious Structures ſtood but th' other Day,
And now they all in Heaps of Aſhes lay!
I know not how to write, or to expreſs
The awful Time, or paint the ſad Diſtreſs
Of thoſe our Friends who did to Bed retire
And wak'd ſurrounded by a Flame of Fire!--
The Sick and Dying forc'd to quit their Beds,
And then, perhaps, no where to lay their Heads.
O what Confuſion! what tremendous Grief!
While mercileſs Flames afforded no Relief!
Whole Streets of Houſes ſoon embrac'd the Ground,
Which left the Marks of ſad Deſtruction round!
And Goods, in vaſt Repoſitories ſtor'd,
Were chief conſum'd, in burning Walls immur'd!
We ſtrove in vain, we could not ſtop its Force
While GOD prevail'd, and did direct its Courſe.
O! with what Grief did we lift up our Eyes,
To ſee the Flames in rolling Volumns riſe,
And Smoke from Buildings cloud the ſparkling Skies!
An awful Emblem we did then behold
Of the *Great Day*, from ancient Date foretold!--
When the bright *Sun*, that radiant ſhining Car
Whoſe lucid Splendor darkens ev'ry Star,
No more ſhall roll his Courſe around the Globe,
But mourn our Fate wrap'd in a ſable Robe.
The *Moon* will ceaſe to give her ſplendent Ray;
(While Stars are darken'd thro' the milky Way)
The ſhining Luſtre ſhe ſo often ſhed
Will then be cover'd in a crimſon Red,
While o'er her Face a ſanguine Mantle's ſpread.
Stars will forſake their Spheres and fall from Heav'n,
And thro' the Earth the ſcatter'd Flames be driv'n.
The Elements ſhall melt with fervent Heat,
While heavy Trains of awful Judgments meet
All Nature's final Ruin to compleat.--
The heavy Rocks into the Air are hurl'd,
And Horror ſeizes all the guilty World:--
Thouſands of *Seraphs* through the Æther fly,
Our JUDGE's Chariot then is haſt'ning nigh
And with its Swiftneſs burns along the Sky.
Tremble, O Earth, Inhabitants admire
To ſee your JUDGE deſcend in flaming Fire!
And while you ſhudder, O lift up your Eyes!
Numerous *Angels* guard him through the Skies:
A ſparkling Azure cleaves to make Him Way,
And now comes on the great Tribunal Day:---
All Nature owns her Great Creator---now
The tow'ring Foreſts and the Mountains bow,
The melting Hills diſſolve in Flames of Fire
[illegible] Comets ready to expire--
[illegible] the ALMIGHTY's Vengeance now diſplays,
He in his Wrath will kindle all his Rays
And ſet the ſpacious Univerſe on blaze;--
Till Nature ſhall diſſolve, and quite expire,
In one continual Mass of flaming Fire.
O may we then be found at his Right-Hand,
And there rejoicing and triumphant ſtand;
While he ſhall doom the Nations of the Land--
To endleſs Pain, or everlaſting Reſt!
Then may we hear thoſe joyful Words expreſs'd,
Come my beloved, faithful, juſt and true,
Poſſeſs the Realm which was prepar'd for you
Before the World her firſt Foundation knew.
Free-Grace forever then we ſhall adore,
Where earthly Troubles will moleſt no more.

A. J.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold at *Fowle & Draper's* Printing-Office, in *Marlborough-ſtreet*. 1760.

No. 35

A WARNING PIECE, A POETICAL THOUGHT, OR PARAPHRASE, OCCASIONED BY THAT STUPENDOUS AND UNNATURAL DARKNESS, MAY 19, 1780

[*The Boston Public Library*]

PRINTED on the same sheet with "Bold Conscience and Old Self." The whole sheet measures 18½ by 21½ inches. Another issue of verses on this same eclipse, entitled, "A few Lines composed on the *Dark Day*, of May 19, 1780," is also extant. (Cf. Ford, 2268, and also 2269–2270.)

Such a phenomenon regularly provoked intelligent discussion as well as warning pieces. In October of this same year, 1780, although the country was still involved in war, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts thought scientific inquiry sufficiently important to be willing to fit out a vessel conveying a group of observers to Long Island in Penobscot Bay where, according to calculation, an eclipse was expected to be total. Application was made to the British garrison at Penobscot Bay for permission to take up a suitable location for the observations. The report of Professor Williams of Harvard, who headed the expedition, is printed in the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences* (1785), I, 86–102.

There is mention of the May eclipse in *The Diary of William Pyncheon of Salem* (Boston, 1890), p. 63, as follows:

> 19. Friday. . . . A dark morning; about ten the darkness increased, and at eleven and twelve o'clock it was so great that people used candles to get dinner by and to read; the cocks began to crow, as in the night; people in the streets grew melancholy, and fear seized on all except sailors; they went hallooing and frolicking through the streets, and were reproved in vain; . . . they cried out to the ladies as they passed, "Now you may take off your rolls and high caps and be d——d." Dr. Whitaker's people met at the meeting house, and he preached from Amos VIII, 9: "I will darken the earth in the clear day," etc. He urged that it was owing to the immediate act of God for people's extortion and other sins, and enumerated them. At four P.M. it grew somewhat lighter; in the evening, although the moon was up and full, it was, until 12 o'clock darker than ever was seen by any.

old Lucifer

Satan, from the rebel archangel, whose fall was supposedly referred to in Isa. 14.12.

Salem's street

For Jerusalem. Cf. the Arnold verses, p. 15, *supra*.

A WARNING PIECE.

A POETICAL THOUGHT, or *PARAPHRASE*,

Occasioned by that stupendous and unnatural Darkness, or interposing Cloud, which obscured the light of the Sun on the 19th day of May in the present year 1780, which happened about the same time of the year, and on the self-same day of the week, as did the supernatural Eclipse of the Sun, at the Crucifixion of the Messiah: A circumstance worthy of notice.

YE sons of light, who saw the night,
Triumphing at high noon,
The nineteenth day of the month of May,
Mark well the dismal gloom.

No orb above, in course could move,
Thus to eclipse the sun;
Then understand, it was the hand,
Of the Eternal One,

Who drew the pale, and sable veil,
Which interpos'd the light;
And overhead a curtain spread,
Converting day to night.

For every town all burning down,
And forest in our land,
Would not create a gloom so great,
'Twas God's immediate hand.

America observe that day,
Call Egypt into mind,
Whom God did smite with three days night,
And struck her people blind.

Which was a sign of wrath divine,
And that internal night,
That did o'erwhelm the Egyptian realm,
When void of Israel's light.

Do ye not know it will be so,
When Jesus doth appear,
Darkness as great and consummate,
Will seize the sinners here.

Therefore I say mark that black day,
Doubtless to us a sign,
The internal Sun in every one,
Will quickly cease to shine.

That radiant star, old Lucifer,
Who shines in us so bright,
Whose orient ray is our soul's day,
Of diabolic light,

From heaven will fall and from us all
Withdraw his wonted light,
That sun-like star, eclips'd so far,
Our souls will feel the night.

Reason's a sun to every one,
A bright internal ray,
Which like a robe invests our globe
With light of spiritual day.

Well if this day of reason's ray
Be the infernal kind,
Which Christ shall shroud in his dark cloud,
Will not our souls be blind!

When he shall come and spread his gloom,
O'er this internal sphere,
Will not our sun, our stars and moon,
In sackcloth then appear!

Brimstone and fire of vengeful ire,
From this dark cloud will fall,
And as the host of Sodom's coast,
Soon overthrow us all.

For in the days of Sodom's blaze,
All were destroy'd we see,
And 'tis the word of Christ the Lord,
So shall my coming be.

As every frame of human Name,
In Sodom felt her fire:
So every soul in flame must roll,
When Jesus shews his ire.

When his dark Cloud shall thunder loud,
And pour out gospel wrath,
That fiery gloom will soon consume
The sinners from the earth.

As vengeance hurl'd the elder world,
With clouds and dreadful storms,
From off the earth; so gospel wrath,
Will come in that sad form.

Messiah's car of Gospel war,
Will fill our souls with dread;
Clouds, fire and shield will mark the field,
Where his Pavilion's spread.

Those orbs of light in reason's height,
Which yield our souls their day
And shine so clear in Babel's sphere,
Will then eclipsed lay.

Confounded and in darkness stand
Ashamed in their sphere,
In sackcloth dress'd, with shades depress'd,
Ingulph'd with opaque fear.

Like as that bright stupendous light,
Which brings the natural day,
Was wrapt in shrouds of dismal clouds;
The nineteenth day of May.

Doubtless this sign bespeaks the time
When Jesus is at hand,
Who from his cloud will sound aloud
The fourth trump through our land.

Great darkness then will seize on men,
The trumpet bid them hark,
Their stars and moon, their sun at noon,
In reason's sphere grow dark.

Amazing shade will thus invade,
In this fourth trumpet blast;
Yet not so great and consummate,
As comes in the three last.

When three trumps more are heard to roar,
Great Babel's popular world,
Which rules the earth in blood and wrath,
Will from the earth be hurl'd.

A world will then be rais'd again,
(When Babel's disappears,)
Of righteous men with Christ to reign,
On earth a thousand years.

This prince of peace will make war cease,
This thousand years therefore,
Old Babel's sons with swords and guns,
Shall then destroy no more.

No wars, no fears of shields or spears,
Shall round the earth be hurl'd:
No heroes feet tread Salem's street:
Nor harm this holy world.

Peace will abound the earth around,
And Salem's subjects sing:
Her peaceful realms with grateful psalms,
And Hallelujahs ring.

No. 36

A POEM, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE TERRIBLE FIRE, WHICH MADE SUCH SHOCKING DEVASTATION IN BOSTON, APR. 21, 1787

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 9⅝ by 14¾ inches. The "Office next Liberty-Pole" was that of Ezekiel Russell.

In Boston's long record of disasters by fire, this devastation of 1787, according to current newspaper accounts, "was never equalled in this place, excepting in the years 1711 and 1760, since its first settlement." Detailed accounts were included in all Boston papers of the time and these were widely copied. A circumstantial account is also to be found in a letter from Jeremy Belknap to Ebenezer Hazard dated April 23, 1787. The letter together with a pen sketch showing the burned area, is included in *The Belknap Papers*, "Massachusetts Historical Society Collections" (5th series), II, 470–471.

The identity of H. W., the author, is not known.

Gentle Clio calm my Passions,

Such bookish affectations were the very stock in trade of newspaper poets of the seventies and eighties, and had quite displaced the ministerial phrases of earlier versifiers. Cf. other examples in these same verses: *fierce Aeolus*, *Aetna's bellowing Thunder*, etc.

Which will scarce admit Simile.

One of the many examples of rhyming by desperation, if not by ignorance.

Close attack thy lofty Spire!

The spire burned first and in falling carried the fire to other buildings.

Hundreds left without a Shelter!

All their Substance lost [*in Flames,*]

A POEM, descriptive of the terrible FIRE, which made such shocking Devastation in BOSTON, on the Evening of FRIDAY April 21, 1787, in which were consumed one House of Worship, of which the Rev. EBENEZER WIGHT was Pastor, and upwards of one Hundred Dwelling-Houses and other Buildings.—The Loss of Property by this sorrowful Disaster is computed at near £. 70,000.——Composed by *H. W.*

GENTLE *Ch*e calm my Passions,
Rest my panting Heart a while,
Let me paint this sad Disaster,
Which will scarce admit Simile.

When refreshing feeble Nature,
Friends were sitting round their Board,
Curling Smoke surrounds their Dwellings,
With Commission from the LORD.

Fierce *Æolus* spreads his Pinions,
Howls along with hideous Groan,
Flaming Arrows tare the Structures,
All is in Confusion thrown.

Loud as *Ætna*'s bellowing Thunder,
Or *Vulcano*'s horrid Glare,
Livid Terrors fill their Faces,
Tumult darkens to Despair.

Clatt'ring Tiles and pointed Chrystal
Rudely strews the parched Ground;
Children shrieking, Parents groaning,
Flaming Torrents bursting round.

Hast'ning on like rav'nous Vultures,
Spread their Trophies thro' each Street,
Clap their Wings and bid Defiance,
When they Opposition meet.

Hark! the murm'ring *Eccho* * ceases,
Are the Flames extinct or not?
Cast your swimming Eyes around you,
Come behold the *sacred Spot.*

Ah! delightful *Seat* of *Worship*,
All inclos'd with Smoke and Fire,
Burning Shafts promiscuous flying,
Close attack thy lofty Spire!

Now my trembling Muse forsakes me,
See the smiling Queen of Night
Throw aside her radiant Vesture,
Cloath'd with Blood instead of Light.

Famous BOSTON! Seat of Traffick!
How thy Structures shone like Gold!
Now sits pensive as a Widow,
An Amazement to behold!

Hundreds left without a Shelter!
All their Substance lost in Ashes!
Aged Widows, helpless Children,
Now your tender Pity claims!

Rich and Poor salute each other,
Hand in Hand they mourning go;
No Respect to Age or Station,
Flames no Mercy on them show.

Once renown'd beloved City,
How I deprecate thy Loss!
How thy Glory lies in Ashes,
Soon thy Gold is turn'd to Dross!

Now secure a better Treasure,
Seek an House not made with Hands,
When all Earthly sinks in Ruin,
Yet that Mansion safely stands.

While each virtuous Heart is bleeding,
May their Hands bestow Relief,
Heaven an Hundred Fold repay them
Who assuage another's Grief.

Open wide your Hearts and Houses,
GOD the cheerful Giver loves,
Now's a Time to act that Temper,
He rewards and well approves.

May you all with calm Submission,
Pass the fiery Trial through,
And like Gold come forth more precious,
Thus my FRIENDS I bid adieu.

Sold at the Office next Liberty-Pole.

---

* *The Rope burnt and the Bell melted before the Sexton made his Escape.*

No. 37

A TRUE AND PARTICULAR NARRATIVE OF THE LATE TREMENDOUS TORNADO, OR HURRICANE, AT PHILADELPHIA AND NEW-YORK, ON SABBATH-DAY, JULY 1, 1792

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 15½ by 21¾ inches, with margins trimmed. Printed by Ezekiel Russell, and probably issued soon after the disaster it records.

The news account printed in the *New York Daily Advertiser*, July 3, 1792, is as matter of fact and as wholly devoid of preachment or interpretation as a news account would be at the present day. These verses, by contrast, perpetuate the attitude of an earlier day, and a more northern geography.

many serious Fr[iend]s
part of th[e U]nion
t[im]e set apart
they wisely enacted Laws

In the Massachusetts laws for the Sabbath, "going on shipboard" was listed among desecrations of the day. For the first offense culprits were admonished; for the second, fined five shillings; for the third, ten shillings; and after that they were turned over to the General Court for a penalty to be assigned. Unwillingness to pay the fines meant whipping. Cf. the section "Sabbath" in *General Lawes of the Massachusetts Colony, Revised and Published by Order of the General Court in October, 1658* (Boston, 1889), pp. 189–190.

14. *Met Death; all of them* [*have*]

20. *Strephon with his Delia fair*

Favorite names in newspaper balladry of the hour.

23. *Tho' glass was hurl'd with furious force,*

Referring to the window in Christ Church, which blew down into the aisle during service, but harmed no one. Cf. the news account, included in the broadside.

35. *Bonarge*

Boanerges. The surname of James and John, so called from their fiery zeal. Mark 3.17.

Stentor

A Greek herald who, according to Homer, had a voice equal to those of fifty men together.

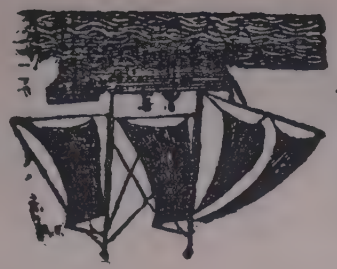
38. *Our Commerce shall increased be,*

A post-Revolution touch. The prosperity of America was the theme of the hour.

41. *Tho' on our Cause he lately frown'd:*

At the disastrous Indian battle of Fort Washington. Cf. the elegy included in this volume, p. 59, *supra*.

A True and Particular NARRATIVE of the late Tremendous TORNADO, or



HURRICANE,

At PHILADELPHIA and NEW-YORK, on SABBATH-DAY, July 1, 1792: When several PLEASURE-BOATS were loſt in the Harbor of the *latter*, and THIRTY Men, Women and Children, *(taking their* Pleaſure *on that* SACRED DAY) were unhappily *drowned* in NEPTUNE's raging and tempeſtous *Element* !!!!!!!-----*Tell* this *not in* MASSACHUSETTS! *Publiſh it not in the Streets of* CONNECTICUT! *leſt their ſober-minded young Men and Maidens ſhould bitterly reproach thee in the Day of thy* Calamity, *and triumph over thee when thy* Deſolation *cometh; and aſk of thee, Where art thy* MAGISTRATES? *Or do they bear the* Sword *of the* LORD *in vain?*-----*Where art thy* WATCHMEN?------*Have they deſerted their* Watch-Tower? *Or have they fallen aſleep?*

[This *Narrative* and *Poem* annexed are printed in this form by the requeſt of many *ſerious Friends*, with a view that it might be preſerved in the hands of every *well-diſpoſed Houſholder* in *America*, as a *Memento* of the moſt *terrible Event* of the kind, that has happened in any part of the *Union* ſince its diſcovery:—In an eſpecial manner it ought to be noticed by every *thinking Mind*, as it happened on the *holy Sabbath*, a day that our *worthy* and *pious* FOREFATHERS revered as the ſet apart for *religious worſhip*, and (as appears by the *Hiſtory* of this and ſeveral other States) they wiſely enacted *Laws*, with ſevere *Penalties* annexed, for the due obſervation of the ſame; and appointed *Magiſtrates* who feared GOD and dared to put their *Statutes* in execution.——To depicture this unhappy *Cataſtrophe* in its true colors, would ſhock the tendereſt feelings of humanity, and ſerve to protract this *Narrative* to the ſize of a volume inſtead of a ſheet.—Shocking indeed muſt one imagine it for their Friends and Connexions on ſhore in *New-York*, and at the ſmall diſtance of a few hundred yards of the unhappy ſcene of death and deſtruction, to behold their FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS, SISTERS or KINSMEN, juſt launching into an awful and never-ending ETERNITY, and not able to afford them the leaſt aſſiſtance!——Surely the ſhrieks and cries of the poor *drowning ſouls*, which ſeemed to reach the Heavens, muſt pierce the ſoul of the Spectator, and melt his heart even were it adamant!]

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 2, 1792.

Yeſterday will be remarkable in the hiſtory of the climate of *Pennſylvania*.—At 2 o'clock P. M. the mercury in the thermometer ſtood at 91 d. in the ſhade; with a ſtrong breeze from N. W. At 3 heavy clouds began to riſe from N. N. W. and immediately commenced a moſt terrible HURRICANE or TORNADO, which laſted 15 min. with aſtoniſhing violence.—One of the large windows of *Chriſt-Church* was blown into the iſle, which, though in divine ſervice, did no injury to any of the congregation.—Several houſes were unrooſed, and many ſtacks of chimnies blown down.—The river exhibited a moſt awful ſcene; the veſſels in the harbor were toſſed to and fro in every direction, and many were overſet.—A brig was driven on the bar and remains there aground; and a fine ſhip lying near vine-ſtreet was forced from her moorings and overſet; fortunately having no ballaſt, ſhe drifted on her beam-ends with the tide, about a mile down the river, and then got aground: It is hoped ſhe will be brought off, without any material injury.—Throughout the whole of this furious TEMPEST, no lives are loſt, except a *Boy* who was drowned by overſetting a [illegible]. A boat from this city to the *Jerſey* [illegible] was overſet within 20 rods of *Cowper's* wharf; there were in the boat Cap. SCOTT,* Mr. *Blake*, his wife and 4 ſmall children, a young woman, and Mr. *Betts*, in all nine perſons, none of whom could ſwim but Capt. *Scott*.—The Capt. by the moſt aſtoniſhing and praiſe-worthy exertions, was able, providentially, to ſave them all: He ſwam aſhore with one child hanging round his neck, and one to each arm; and returned to the boat amidſt the boiſterous waves raging in a furious and frightful manner, and brought the others, who had with much difficulty held by the boat, ſafe to land.

NEW-YORK, JULY 4.

AT 4 clock P. M. laſt SABBATH, this city and vicinity were exceedingly alarmed by a tremendous TORNADO, which continued 20 minutes, twiſting off limbs of trees, unrooſing houſes, and tumbling down chimnies in various parts of the city.—Unuſed to ſuch unruly guſts, the citizens, particularly the *Fair*, were thrown into a momentary conſternation.—Terrible was the havoc on the water.—In vain did the SABBATH-BREAKERS cry for mercy!—In a moment! in the twinkling of an eye, were they hurled to the bottom, and melancholy was the ſcene!—It is ſaid, *Thirty* perſons loſt their lives in this neighborhood, but cannot aſcertain who they were for certainty: Report ſays, that a Mr. *Wade*, his wife and 2 of their children, his brother, and a young man, were all, except the laſt mentioned, drowned from one boat near *Yellow-Hook*, a few miles from the city.—It is alſo ſaid a ſloop overſet, with 16 perſons, and all but one drowned.

* *This intrepid* HERO, *is Capt.* WILLIAM SCOTT, *of* Groton, *in this Commonwealth*; *an invalid Officer of the* United States.—*In the battle of* Bunker-Hill, *he received ſeveral wounds, was taken priſoner, and confined in a barbarous manner in* Boſton-Jail, *when in poſſeſſion of the* Britiſh.—*The* River *falls agree with his* [illegible] *reſpectable* Correſpondents *in* Philadelphia *and would diſdain that* [illegible] *that ſhould ſo much as inſinuate* VETERAN *ſuffering* [illegible] *a pecuniary or honorary reward, (which he cannot accept) but thoſe who revere the virtues of the benevolent* HOWARD, *muſt ever remember the ſucceſsful exertions of Capt.* SCOTT.

7. But on the *Seventh* he did reſt,
For reaſons which to him ſeem'd beſt;
And wiſely order'd one and all
To ever mind this ſacred call.

8. In thunder he this *Law* has ſcatter'd
To pious Moſes he reveal'd:
Of old he ſaw *GOD*'s wond'rous might,
How for his people he could fight:

9. But thoſe who did refuſe his grace,
Were puniſh'd as a fiteful [illegible]

20. Ah! tho'tleſs *Strephon* with his *Delia* fair,
On *Sabbaths* took delight in rural air!
But once too oft the *youthful Fair One* went,
Perhaps too much on worldly pleaſures bent!

21. They little tho't when *Sol* had ſtreak'd the ſky,
Before the eve' they'd reach *eternity*.
We ſee that *Sports* on *ſacred Days*
May end in grief e'er ev'ning ray.—

33. O! may this ſolemn SCENE and *Song*,
Awake the tho'tleſs *youthful Throng*,
Who headlong plunge themſelves in *grief*,
Alaſs! paſt hope! and paſt relief!

34. O had I but a pen of braſs,
I'd wear it out to warn each *Laſs*,
And *Lad* 'gainſt ſinful pleaſures vain,
By which they do *GOD*'s *Day* profane.

35. Had I *Bonarge*, or *Stanter's* [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 2, 1792.

Yesterday will be remarkable in the history of the climate of *Pennsylvania*.—At 2 o'clock P. M. the mercury in the thermometer stood at 91 d. in the shade; with a strong breeze from N. W. At 3 heavy clouds began to rise from N. N. W. and immediately commenced a most terrible HURRICANE or TORNADO, which lasted 15 min. with astonishing violence.—One of the large windows of *Christ-Church* was blown into the isle, which, though in divine service, did no injury to any of the congregation.—Several houses were unroofed, and many stacks of chimnies blown down.—The river exhibited a most awful scene; the vessels in the harbor were tossed to and fro in every direction, and many were overset.—A brig was driven on the bar and remains there aground; and a fine ship lying near vine-street was forced from her moorings and overset; fortunately having no ballast, she drifted on her beam-ends with the tide, about a mile down the river, and then got aground: It is hoped she will be brought off, without any material injury.—Throughout the whole of this furious TEMPEST, no lives are lost, except a Boy who was drowned by overstring a canoe & boat from this city to the *Jersey* shore. A boat was overset within 20 rods of *Cooper's* wharf;

A tempendous TORNADO, which continued 20 minutes, [illegible] trees, unroofing houses, and tumbling down chimnies in various parts of the city. Unaccustomed to such unruly gusts, the citizens, particularly the *Fair*, were thrown into a momentary consternation.—Terrible was the havoc on the water.—In vain did the SABBATH-BREAKERS cry for mercy!—In a moment! in the twinkling of an eye, were they hurled to the bottom, and melancholy was the scene!—It is said, *Thirty* persons lost their lives in this neighborhood, but cannot ascertain who they were for certainty: Report says, that a Mr. *Wade*, his wife and 2 of their children, his brother, and a young man, were all, except the last mentioned, drowned from one boat near *Yellow-Hook*, a few miles from the city.—It is also said a sloop overset, with 36 persons, and all but one drowned.

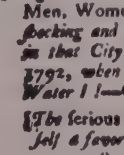
* This intrepid HERO, *Capt.* WILLIAM SCOTT, *of* GREECE, *to this Commonwealth*; an invalid Officer of the United States.—*At the battle of Bunker-Hill, he was wounded, was taken prisoner, and confined in a barbarous manner in Boston-Jail, where the sufferings of the British*.—*The Editor fully agrees with his Correspondent in Philadelphia, and sincerely hopes that Congress will not leave such a brave man, once VOTED AN ADDITIONAL GIFT OF SWORD, to languish in poverty or penury, unnoticed, destitute of common comforts, that who receive the wages of the benevolent HOWARD, must ever remember the beneficial exertions of Capt. SCOTT.*

THE NEW-YORK

TRAGEDY.

Being a RELATION *of the drowning of* Thirty Men, Women *and* Children, *in the late shocking and tremendous* TEMPEST, *in that City on* LORD'S-DAY, *July 1, 1792, when taking their* Pleasure *on the Water!!*—O Tempora!! O Mores!!

[*The serious Reader may, perhaps, do himself a favor by turning to* Exod. *chap.* xx. *v.* 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 18, 19. Deut. v. 15.]



YE giddy YOUTH, attend the call,
Which from the *LORD* is sent to all,
A striking *Sign* within our sight,
Which makes me tremble as I write.

2. Behold how thoughtless mortals wage (write,
A war with *GOD*, his *Laws* engage;
But he hath said once and again,
His Spirit will not strive with men.

3. A solemn warning all may take,
And fear his *sacred Laws* to break:
Which shews he is a sov'reign *GOD*,
Who makes us feel his heavy rod.

4. You that do trample on his *Laws*,
Shall find he will espouse his *Cause*;
He lays the proud and haughty down,
And gives the meek a glorious crown.

5. In midst of lightnings' blaze and smoke,
GOD by his *faithful* SERVANT spoke;
On lofty *Sinai*, he was there,
And bid good MOSES to declare.

6. The *Sabbath* fore shall hallow'd be
By all who faithfully obey:
Six days *GOD* did himself allow
To form all things that are below:

7. But on the *Seventh* he did rest,
For reasons which to him seem'd best;
And wisely order'd one and all
To ever mind this sacred call.

8. In thunder he this *Law* has [illegible]
To pious MOSES he reveal'd:
Of old he saw *GOD*'s wond'rous might,
How for his people he could fight:

9. But those who did refuse his grace,
Were punish'd as a sinful race:
This prov'd him faithful *Isr'el's GOD*,
Tho' many felt his awful rod.

10. When lightnings flash, with thunder [illegible]
Vile sinners felt his dreadful ire;
See livid streaks confusion hurl
Destruction on a guilty world.

11. If *GOD*'s fierce wrath begins to [illegible]
We fall at once beneath the stroke:
His awful judgments let us fear,
And fit our minds a *Tale* to hear.

12. Tempestous clouds infests the sky,
While roofs and chimnies round them fly!
In vain the *Fair Ones* hug their *Spouse*,
Or *Lovers* dote on *plighted vows*:

13. THIRTY poor souls have felt his rod,
And took their flight to meet their *GOD*.
Unhappy were the lives of WADE,
With Wife and Children, who 'tis said,

14. Met *Death* all of them
Been plunged in a watery grave!
His *Brother* too met the same fate!
They mercy crav'd, but ah! too late!

15. A warning great and solemn call
To keep *GOD*'s *Sabbaths* one and all;
As on that *sacred Day* they fell,
And did ascend to Heaven or Hell.

16. Nor scarce had time one word to say,
Or to their *GOD* for mercy pray,
O! in a moment they were toss'd,
And in the dreadful *Ocean* lost.—

17. Methinks I hear their *Kindred* cry,
With bitter groans they rend the sky;
In sable clad bemoan and wail,
For their *dear Friends* lost in the gale.

18. The *Mother* rends her hair anon,
She's lost her *Spouse* and loving *Son!*
A tender *Father's* griev'd with care,
Perhaps he's lost an *only Heir!*

19. The *Brother* weeps, and sighs and groans,
His *Brother's* gone! he's left alone!
Friends weep, bow'd down with sorrow's [illegible]
cruel hand,
For some who *plighted* were in *Hymen's* band.

20. Ah! tho'tless *Strephon* with his *Delia* fair,
On *Sabbaths* took delight in rural air!
But once too oft the *youthful Fair One* went,
Perhaps too much on worldly pleasures bent!

21. They little tho't when *Sol* had streak'd the sky,
Before the eve' they'd reach *eternity*.
We see that *Sports* on *sacred Days*
May end in grief e'er ev'ning ray.—

22. Contrast the *Scene* and view with awe,
The fate of those who broke his *Law*;
While those who met to *worship GOD*
Escap'd the anger of his rod.

23. Tho' *glass* was hurl'd with furious force,
No one met with the smallest loss:
While some engaged were in pray'r,
Numbers were caught in *Satan's snare*.

24. The *good* preserved were we see,
The *wicked* perish'd in the sea:
By this we view his mercy flee,
To those his *Saints* who humble be.

25. Protecting them that fear his *Laws*,
But *Sinner's* ways he doth abhor.
GOD grant that they may mercy find,
Tho' harden'd in their sin and blind!—

26. See how the *fable* PICTURE *mourns!*
Where *Pleasure-Boats* to *Coffins* turn!
View ships lie topsaturvy hurl'd,
While the stout dims around are [illegible]!

27. Who e tow'ring tops ascend on high,
As tho' they would the *Fates* defy:
Hear loft'y chimnies' horrid clash,
Whilst lightnings blaze, flash after flash!

28. The roofs to pieces split and tare,
While peals of thunder rend the air:
Affrighted *Villagers* amazed fly,
While *Wives* and *Children* round them cry.

29. To see their flocks and herds struck dead,
Their fields strip'd bare, their prospects fled:
In vain the *Husbandman* may toil,
In vain he plants the fertile soil;

30. Unless the *LORD* his labor bless,
And give the grain its due increase:
Paul and *Apollos* plow and plant,
But *GOD* must sure the harvest grant.

31. His eye pervades the spacious *earth*,
Who can give plenty or cause dearth;
The *Wind* commands and bids it rend
A *guilty* world who him offend.

32. Unless the *LORD* the city guard,
In vain the *Watchmen* eye each ward;
In vain presume our *Fort* to chase,
Unless the *LORD* our lofty do brace.

33. O! may this solemn SCENE and *Song*,
Awake the tho'tless *youthful* Throng,
Who headlong plunge themselves in grief,
Alass! past hope! and past relief!

34. O had I but a pen of brass,
I'd wear it out to warn each *Lass*,
And *Lad* 'gainst sinful pleasures vain,
By which they do *GOD*'s *Day* profane.

35. Had I *Bonarge* or *Stenter*'s lungs,
I'd cry aloud until my tongue
Was fairly worn, to warn each *Youth*,
To turn from folly to the *Truth*.

36. To aged too I'd caution give,
If peaceful in the land they'd live.
May all a resolution take,
With good *Joshua* our choice to make;

37. Who, with his house, said they'd obey,
And serve the *LORD* of earth and sea.
Then will our flocks increase—and grain,
Nor shall we call on *GOD* in vain.

38. He'll shower down blessings from above
On those who do him fear and love:
Our *Commerce* shall increased be,
He'll prosper those who skim the sea:

39. And bring our ships with wealth from far
Because our *GOD* is always near:
Our *Arts* will thrive thro' our dominion,
Nor *Science* rear her head in vain.

40. Our *Arms* shall flourish all around,
When *Saints*, *Peace*, our *Friends* surround;
GOD will our hands prepare for war,
And gird our fingers with the spear.

41. Then will our *Foes* be trodden down,
Tho' on our *Coasts* he lately frown'd:
Which made our *Foes* triumphant say,
Where is your GOD in Battle-day?

42. But should we yet repent and turn,
His anger won't forever burn:
He'll cause the jarring nations all
To hear his voice, and mind his call.

43. He'll bless mankind with ease and peace,
When they do cause their sins to cease:
He'll spread *good-will* from pole to pole,
'Till mighty oceans cease to roll.

44. 'Till *Sun* and *Moon* shall cease to shine,
O LORD! *the glory all is* THINE!!—
Then while we *Hallelujahs* raise,
We'll shout *Amen!* and sing his praise!.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by E. RUSSELL, next the *Stamp* of *Lib. Tree*. [Pr. Six Pence.]
Where may be had, *Mary* and *Martha*, &c.

DYING CONFESSIONS AND WARNINGS AGAINST CRIME

No. 38

THE WAGES OF SIN; OR, ROBBERY JUSTLY REWARDED: A POEM: OCCASIONED BY THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF RICHARD WILSON, OCT. 19, 1732

[*The Library of Congress*]

SIZE, 7¾ by 12 inches. The Heart and Crown address identifies this as an imprint of Thomas Fleet of Boston.

According to the early colonial laws of Massachusetts, burglary was punishable by death after the second offense. This provision, as stated in the *General Lawes of the Massachusetts Colony*, p. 127, was as follows:

> Forasmuch as many persons of late yeares, have been & are apt to be injurious to the goods and lives of others, notwithstanding all care and means to punish the same:
>
> It is therefore Ordered by this Court and Authority thereof, that if any Person shall commit Burglary: by breaking up any dwelling house, or shall rob any person in the field or highwayes, such person so offending, shall for the first offence, be branded on the forehead, with the letter (B), and if he shal offend in the same kind, the second time, he shall be branded as before, & also be severely whipped; and if he shall fall into the like offence, the third time, he shall be put to death, as being incorrigible. And if any person shal commit such burglary or rob in the fields or houses on the Lord's day; besides the former punishment of Branding, he shal for the first offence, have one of his eares cut off; and for the second offence in the same kind, he shal lose the other eare in the same manner. And for the third offence he shal be put to death.
>
> (1642. 47.)

The *Boston Weekly News-Letter* for October 27, 1732, records Wilson's execution in the following item:

> On Thursday the 19th Instant *Richard Wilson* was executed here for Burglary, pursuant to a Sentence of the Superiour Court held here in August last.

Earlier notices concerning his crime, his sentence, his three weeks' reprieve, and the final date of his execution, had also appeared.

The Wages of Sin;

OR,

Robbery juſtly Rewarded:

A

POEM:

Occaſioned by the untimely Death of

Richard Wilſon,

Who was Executed on [illegible] Neck, for Burglary,

On *Thurſday* the 19th of *October*, 1732.

THis Day from Goal muſt *Wilſon* be
conveyed in a Cart,
By Guards unto the Gallows-Tree,
to die as his Deſert.

For being wicked overmuch,
there for a wicked Crime,
Muſt take his fatal Lot with ſuch
as die before their Time.

No human Pardon he can get;
by Interceſſion made;
But flee he muſt unto the Pit,
and by no Man be ſtay'd.

The fatal ſad and woful Caſe,
this awful Sight reveals,
Of one whom Vengeance in his Chaſe
hath taken by the Heels.

Here is a Caution in the Sight;
to wicked Thieves, and they
Who break and rob the Houſe by Night;
which they have mark'd by Day.

We ſee the Fall of one that caſt
his Lot in by Decree,
With thoſe that wait the Twilight paſt,
that ſo no Eye may ſee.

That wicked Action which he thought
by Night would be conceal'd,
By Providence is ſtrangely brought
thus far to be reveal'd.

By which we ſee apparantly;
there is no Places ſure,
Where Workers of Iniquity
can hide themſelves ſecure.

There is no Man by human Wit;
can keep his Sin conceal'd
When he that made him thinks it fit
the ſame ſhould be reveal'd.

He that gets Wealth in wicked Ways;
and ſlights the Righteous Rule,
Doth leave them here amidſt his Days;
and dies at laſt a Fool.

Here we may ſee what Men for Stealth
and Robbing muſt endure;
And what the Gain of ill got Wealth
will in the End procure.

Here is a Caution high and low;
for Warning here you have,
From one whoſe Feet are now brought to
the Borders of the Grave.

He does bewail his miſ-ſpent Life;
and for his Sins doth grieve,
Which is an hopeful Sign that he
a Pardon will receive.

He ſays, ſince he forſook his God;
God has forſaken him,
And left him to this wicked Crime;
that has his Ruine been.

He calls his Drunkenneſs a Sin;
with his neglect of Prayer,
The leading Crimes have brought him in
to this untimely Snare.

All you that practice curſed Theft;
take Warning great and ſmall,
Leſt you go on, and ſo are left
to ſuch untimely fall.

Repent of all your Errors paſt;
and eye the Stroke of Fate,
Leſt you thus come to Shame at laſt,
and mourn when 'tis too late.

Remember what the Scripture ſaith,
a little honeſt Wealth,
Is better far than mighty Store
of Riches got by Stealth.

This Warning ſoundeth in our Ear;
this Sentence loud and Shrill,
O Congregation, hear and fear,
and do no more ſo ill.

F I N I S.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold at the *Heart* and *Crown* in *Cornhill*.

No. 39

ADVICE FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING: OR, A SOLEMN WARNING TO THE WORLD, OCCASIONED BY THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF POOR JULIAN, MAR. 22, 1733

[*The Boston Public Library*]

Size, 8⅛ by 13¼ inches. Printed by Thomas Fleet, who also issued Julian's "Last Speech and dying Advice." (Cf. Ford, 628.) The cut adorning this second sheet is a queer jumble and was probably executed by the same unskilled hand that made the illustration for the present verses. In the Boston Public Library copy the verses and the prose speech are printed on the same sheet, which measures 13¼ by 17 inches.

Julian, as the artist crudely attempted to show, was an Indian. He had run away from his master and was advertised for, with an offer of reward for his capture. Mr. John Rogers of Pembrook, seeing one of the advertisements, instituted search. He caught the Indian, recaptured him after he had escaped once, and was on his way home when Julian escaped a second time. Rogers pursued him into a cornfield near Braintree, where the Indian murdered him with a jackknife. The two other figures in the cut are probably intended for those of Scot the tavern keeper, and of the negro who ran to the assistance of Rogers. A detailed account of this murder was printed in the *Boston Weekly News-Letter* for September 14, 1732, two days after the crime, and various items relative to Julian's trial and impending punishment were published during the spring of 1733. The issue of April 12 concludes his story with this gruesome finale:

Boston, March 30.

The Body of *Julian* the Indian Man, who was Executed here last Week, having been granted to several young Students in Physick, Surgery &c. at their Request; The same has for several Days past been dissecting in their presence, in a most accurate manner; and 'tis hoped their critical Inspection, will prove of singular Advantage. The Bones are preserv'd, in order to be fram'd into a Skeleton.

There are similar items as to the disposition of the bodies of other criminals.

His pious Master

According to the *News-Letter* account, Julian, at the time of his escape, belonged to Mr. Howard of Bridgewater. He had previously belonged to Major Quincy of Braintree.

Advice from the Dead to the Living:

OR, A

Solemn Warning to the World.

Occaſioned by the untimely Death of

poor Julian,

Who was Executed on *Boſton* Neck, on *Thurſday* the 22d. of *March*, 1733. for the Murder of Mr. *John Rogers* of *Pembroke*, the 12th of *September*, 1732.

Very proper to be Read by all Perſons, but eſpecially young People, and Servants of all Sorts.

THIS Day take warning young and old,
By a ſad Sight we here behold,
Of one whom Vengeance in his Chaſe
Hath taken in his ſinful Race.

Here we behold amidſt the Throng,
Condemned *Julian* guarded ſtrong,
To Gallows bound with heavy Heart,
To ſuffer as his juſt Deſert.

Where we for Warning may obſerve
What cruel Murder doth deſerve,
Alſo the ſad procuring Cauſe
Why Sinners die amidſt their Days.

Here now we have a lively View,
Of *Cain*'s vile Action freſh and new,
That old Revenge is by Permit
Prevailing in our Natures yet.

Revenge is ſweet, we often hear,
How bitter now doth it appear?
It leads to Ruine, Death and Fate,
And bitter Mourning when too late.

We often hear Men to complain,
Their Puniſhment like guilty *Cain*,
Which juſtly falleth to their Share,
Is great, and more than they can bear.

The Priſoner owns the bloody Act,
And ſaith the Sentence on his Fact,
Was paſs'd on him impartially,
And therefore doth deſerve to die.

By his Account he firſt was ſold,
When he was not quite three Years old:
And by his Maſter in his Youth,
Inſtructed in the Ways of Truth.

Was alſo taught to Write and Read,
And learn'd his Catechiſe and Creed,
And what was proper (as he ſaith)
Relating to the Chriſtian Faith.

His pious Maſter did with care,
By Counſels warn him to beware
Of wicked Courſes, that would tend
To his Deſtruction in the End.

When Twenty Years were gone and paſt,
By his Account he took at laſt
To Drinking and ill Company,
Which prov'd his fatal Deſtany.

No timely Warnings would he hear,
From kind Reproofs he turn'd his Ear,
Provoked God for to depart,
And leave him to an harden'd Heart.

Since he deſpis'd the Ways of Truth,
And good Inſtruction in his Youth,
God then withdrew reſtraining Grace,
And let him run his wicked Race.

From Sin to Sin advancing thus,
By ſad Degrees from bad to worſe,
He did at length commit the Crime,
For which he dies before his Time.

He prays his ſad untimely Fall,
May be a Warning unto all,
That they no ſuch like Steps do tread,
Nor lead ſuch Life as he has led.

That Children and all Servants they
Would in their Stations all obey,
Parents and Maſters every one,
And not to do as he has done.

Obey them with a willing Mind,
Be always honeſt, juſt and kind,
And pray to God to give them Grace,
To do their Duty in their Place.

He thanks good Preachers heartily,
For all their Helps of Piety,
Which to his Soul they did extend,
To fit him for his latter End.

So here we leave his pitious Caſe,
In tender Arms of ſov'reign Grace,
Altho' his Crimes are great and ſore,
Grace can abound and pardon more.

Now may the Congregation hear,
This awful Voice, and ſtand in fear,
And being timely warn'd thereby,
may do no more ſo wickedly.

FINIS.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold at the *Heart* and *Crown* in *Cornhill*.

Note, There being a fooliſh Paper printed, called *Julian's Advice to Children and Servants*, ſaid to be publiſhed at his Deſire; this may certify, that the ſaid Paper is falſe and ſpurious, and diſowned by the ſaid *Julian* in the Preſence of three Perſons

No. 40

A MOURNFUL POEM ON THE DEATH OF JOHN ORMSBY AND MATTHEW CUSHING, WHO WERE APPOINTED TO BE EXECUTED ON BOSTON NECK, OCT. 17, 1734

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 8¾ by 13¾ inches. Printed by Thomas Fleet. Two other Ormsby imprints have survived: "The Last Speech and Dying Words of John Ormsby," and "A few Lines Upon the awful Execution of John Ormesby & Matth. Cushing, October 17th 1734." (Cf. Ford, 651, 652.)

An account of Ormsby's crime was printed in the *Boston News-Letter* for December 27, 1733. His name was mistakenly given as Amesby, and he was described as "A Man tho't to be disordered in his Senses." He had been put in jail the preceding week for wounding a man in the street with a fork. Matthew Cushing's crime was burglary, committed the preceding October, in the house of Joseph Cook. Both criminals were appointed to die on September 26, but were reprieved until October 17. Their execution appears to have attracted considerable attention, possibly only because there were two victims instead of one.

And we the Pleasure have to see

There was great concern over the repentance of criminals. The *News-Letter*, recording this execution in the issue of October 24, remarked, "Great Pains were taken to prepare them for their awful Change, which it's hoped were not in vain." This involved usually the preaching of a sermon in the hearing of the condemned, either on the preceding Sabbath, or at the place of execution. The same issue of the *News-Letter* has an advertisement of "A Sermon preach'd in the hearing of John Ormesby and Matthew Cushing, Two condemned Malefactors, on the Day of their Execution." To make the sermon more salable, the printer added an Appendix giving a faithful account of the behavior of Cushing prior to his repentance. His unbecoming levity at his own trial had previously been noted in the press.

Yet by the Law 'tis Death for those

Cf. the law concerning *burglary* as quoted, p. 80, *supra*.

To buy the Verse as well as Speech

Thomas Fleet had printed both.

A Mournful POEM on the Death of *John Ormsby* and *Matthew Cushing*,

Who were appointed to be executed on *Boston* Neck, the 17th of *October*, 1734.

YOU Sinners all, both young and old
attend to what I write,
And lay to Heart while you have Time,
this ſad and doleful Sight.
Behold, I ſay, two Sinful Men,
who for their wicked Crimes,
Are haſt'ning to the Gallows Tree
to Die before their Times.
Who being wicked overmuch,
can't live out half their Days;
This is the Portion of all ſuch
as follow ſinful Ways.
Behold poor *Ormsby* now in Chains,
with ſad, and heavy Heart,
Approaching to the Place where he
will have his juſt Deſert.
No hope of Favour can he have,
from any human Hand,
The Blood which he has ſpilt muſt be
purged from off the Land.
Yet if he in Sincerity
to God his Pray'r does make,
He may find Mercy at his Hand,
for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake.
And we the Pleaſure have to ſee
him mourning for his Sin,
Lamenting all the crooked Ways
that he has walked in.
He does lament his Drunkenneſs,
and every other Sin;
And keeping evil Company,
which has his ruin been.
His haſty Temper he bewails,
and cruel Paſſion,
In which he did the Fact that proves
his own Deſtruction.
Behold poor *Cuſhing* coming next,
juſt in his youthful Prime,
Whoſe Life is forfeited alſo,
by his moſt heinous Crime.
And tho' his Crime is ſhort of that
for which *Ormsby* muſt die,
Yet by the Law 'tis Death for thoſe
guilty of Burglary.
Oh! that all Thieves would Warning take,
by his moſt tragick End,
And would now without more Delay
their Lives and Actions mend.
For what great Profit does he gain
who Robs without Controul,
And wallows for a while in Wealth,
yet loſes his own Soul?
He thought (no doubt) the darkſom Night
would have conceal'd his Crime,
But it was brought to open Light
within a little Time.
By which we all may plainly ſee
there is no Place upon
This ſpacious Earth where Sinners may
hide their Tranſgreſſion.
Oh! may the Fate of this young Man
ſcarce turn'd of Twenty Three,
A Warning prove to all our Youth,
of high and low Degree.
And let this Warning loud and ſhrill
be heard by ev'ry one,
O do no more ſuch Wickedneſs
as has of late been done.
Lament and wail his woful Caſe,
and by him Warning take;
A Sight I think enough to make
a Heart of Stone to ake.

EPITAPH upon *John Ormsby*.

HERE lies (hard by an ignominious Tree)
The Body of unhappy *John Ormsby*;
Who dy'd for murd'ring of poor *Thomas Bell*,
A Priſ'ner with him in the common Goal.
Some ſudden Frenzy ſurely ſeiz'd thy Brain,
Or this poor harmleſs Man had ne're been ſlain.
Madneſs indeed, thus to aſſault a Friend,
Who ne're in all his Life did thee offend;
And leave him helpleſs welt'ring in his Gore,
Almoſt depriv'd of Life upon the Floor:
And not content with this moſt horrid Deed,
Thou didſt aſſault another Man with Speed,
And hadſt moſt ſurely kill'd him on the Spot,
With that uncommon Weapon, a *Quart Pot*,
(Which had diſpatch'd poor *Bell* but juſt before,
Who then lay bleeding on the Priſon Floor)
Had not the Keeper come i'th' Nick of Time,
And ſav'd thee from a ſecond bloody Crime.

On *Matthew Cuſhing*.

HERE lies the Body of young *Matthew Cuſhing*,
Whoſe Crimes cannot be mention'd without bluſhing;
He by the Province Law was doom'd to die,
For the deteſted Crime of *Burglary*.
He broke open the Houſe of *Joſeph Cook*,
A Shoe-maker in Town, and from him took
Some wearing Cloaths, and two Gowns from his Wife,
For which alas! he pays them with his Life.
Oh! may their Deaths a Warning be to all,
Inclin'd to *Theft* or *Murder*, great and ſmall.

Good People all I you beſeech
To buy the Verſe *as well as* SPEECH.

Sold at the Heart *and* Crown *in* Boſton.

No. 41

A FEW LINES ON OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY END OF MARK AND PHILLIS, WHO WERE EXECUTED AT CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 18 [1755]

[*The New York Historical Society*]

Size, 8½ by 12½ inches. This cut had already appeared on "A few Lines Upon the awful Execution of John Ormesby & Matth. Cushing, October 17th 1734." (Cf. Ford, 652.) In the present imprint, one victim has been subtracted, as also in "A Warning to Young & Old: In the Execution of William Wieer," 1754. (Cf. Ford, 1003.) A cut which could be so easily duplicated as this one, hardly serves as identification for the printer. Thomas Fleet had issued the verses on which it appeared in 1734, and he may have printed this sheet also.

In the criminal annals of Massachusetts, the case of Mark and Phillis is of interest as a unique example of petit treason. The crime was poisoning. Three negroes, Mark, Phillis, and Phoebe, house servants of John Codman of Charlestown, resenting the strictness of their master's discipline, conspired to poison him. Their plot was successful and Codman died July 1, 1755. Phoebe was acquitted but Mark was hanged and Phillis burned at the place of execution in Cambridge, September 18, 1755. The body of Mark was afterward gibbeted in chains on Charlestown common, where it is said to have remained until shortly before the Revolution. An account of the execution appeared in the *Boston Evening Post*, September 22, and in the *Boston Weekly News-Letter*, September 25, 1755. As might have been expected, considering the interest in the case, the execution "was attended by the greatest Number of Spectators ever known on such an Occasion."

Lucius R. Paige's *History of Cambridge* (Boston, 1877, p. 217) quotes from an interleaved almanac belonging to Professor Winthrop under date of September 18, 1755, the day of the execution, as follows:

> A terrible spectacle in Cambridge: two negroes belonging to Capt. Codman of Charlestown, executed for petit treason, for murdering their said master by poison. They were drawn upon a sled to the place of execution; and Mark, a fellow about 30, was hanged; and Phillis, an old creature, was *burnt to death.*

For a detailed account of the whole case, including the legal record, see a paper by Mr. Abner C. Goodell, "Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings," XX (1882), 122–157.

but one by Law is clear'd;

Phoebe. She was supposedly sent to the West Indies.

A few Lines

On Occaſion of the untimely End of

Mark and *Phillis*,

Who were Executed at *Cambridge*, *September* 18th for Poyſoning their Maſter, Capt. *John Codman* of *Charleſtown*.

I

WHAT ſad and awful Scenes are theſe preſented to your View
Let every one Example take,
and Virtue's Ways purſue.

II.

For here you ſee what Vice has done,
in all it's ſinful Ways;
By *Mark* and *Phillis* who are left,
to finiſh now their Days.

III.

The Sight is ſhocking to behold,
and diſmal to our Eyes;
And if our Hearts are not o'er hard,
will fill us with Surprize.

IV.

God's Vengeance cries aloud indeed,
And now his Voice they hear,
And in an Hour or two they muſt
before his Face appear.

V.

To anſwer for their Maſter's Blood,
which they've unjuſtly ſpilt;
And if not Pardon'd, ſure they muſt,
Remain with all their Guilt.

VI.

Their Crimes appear as black as Hell,
and juſtly ſo indeed;
And for a greater, I am ſure,
there's none can this exceed.

VII.

Three were concerned in this Crime,
but one by Law is clear'd;
The other two muſt ſuffer Death,
and 'tis but juſt indeed.

VIII.

Their Maſter's Life they took away,
and that they thought with Eaſe;
By poys'ning him from Time to Time,
which kill'd him by Degrees.

IX.

Their Curſed and their Helliſh Plot,
which was their ſole intent,
To kill the Root, and ſlay the Branch:
But God did that prevent.

X.

God grant that Servants black and white,
may in their Saviour truſt;
And may theſe poor unhappy Souls,
this Day be with the Juſt.

XI.

Let Servants all in their own Place,
and Maſters ſerve their God;
Leſt God ſhould leave them to themſelves
As theſe poor Creatures were.

XII.

May every Soul who views the Sight,
be careful how they View;
Leſt while they do remain in Sin
Eternal Death purſue.

XIII.

God grant, that all, this Day may ſtrive
for to make ſure their Peace;
That ſo his Bleſſings they may have
by Riches of his Grace.

XIV.

And with ſwift Wings of Love and Grace,
be ready all to fly,
To live with Jeſus when he calls,
to all Eternity.

FINIS.

No. 42

THE AGONIES OF A SOUL DEPARTING OUT OF TIME INTO ETERNITY; A FEW LINES OCCASIONED BY THE UNTIMELY END OF JOHN HARRINGTON, MAR. 17, 1757

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8¼ by 12¾ inches. John Harrington's "Last Words and Dying Speech" is also extant. (Cf. Ford, 1077.)

The crime of John Harrington, which appears to have attracted very little interest, if press notices are an indication, was recorded in the *Boston Weekly News-Letter* of September 2, 1756, as follows:

Boston, Sept. 2.

Last Evening a sorrowful Affair happened at Watertown, one John Herrington and Paul Learned, scuffling together, the former stuck a long Knife in the other's Back, which gave him a mortal Wound, and died within two Hours after. Herrington we hear surrendered himself up to Justice.

And Groan for every G[ro]an.

The Agonies of a Soul departing out of Time into Eternity.

A few Lines occaſioned by the untimely End of *John Harrington*, Who is to be Executed at *Cambridge* this Day, being the 17th of *March*, 1757, for the Murder of *Paul Learnard*, the 1ſt of *September* laſt.

1.

AND is my Life already paſt?
Too early fled away;
And will theſe Moments be my laſt?
And muſt I die to day?

2.

Death! nameleſs Horrors, ſwell the ſound,
And o'er my Conſcience roll:
I feel his Stings, O how they wound!
And terrify my Soul.

3.

Will no kind Being interpoſe,
And mitigate the Smart;
No friendly Hand allay the Woes,
That terrify my Heart.

4.

See! all aſtoniſh'd at my Crime
My hated Preſence fly;
Nor would one Hour of Life redeem,
Or pity, though I die.

5.

Juſtice arrouz'd; puts on her Frown,
In me her Terrors meet:
Her killing Accents melt me down;
I ſhudder at her Feet.

6.

Go Murd'rous Wretch, deep-drench'd in Gore;
With human Blood prophan'd;
Thy Life we muſt admit no more,
A Burthen to the Land.

7.

Thy harden'd Soul to Mercy ſteel'd,
Unpitying dealt the Blow:
Thy Rage Remorſeleſs, plain reveal'd,
The unrelenting Foe.

8.

Go Wretch, devoted to the Grave,
Let Death for Death atone;
Go learn what Agonies you gave,
And Groan for every Groan.

9.

Thus from the Earth indignant hurl'd,
Ah! whither ſhall I roam;
What other diſtant unknown World
Shall be my future Home?

10.

Shall I with all my horrid Guilt
To God exalt my Prayer?
Will he forgive the Blood I've ſpilt,
And ſhroud a Murd'rer there.

11.

O ſave me gracious King of Heaven,
Enthron'd in State above;
Be all my mighty Sins forgiv'n,
Redeem me by thy Love.

12.

For ev'ry Stain, I'll drop a Tear,
And at thy Feet I'll fall;
Kind Mercy, ſmile away my Fear,
And Pardon me for all.

13.

Tho' I have multiply'd my Crimes,
So numerous and ſo great,
And ſinn'd ten thouſand thouſand times,
And dar'd Almighty hate.

14.

With thy Benevolence divine,
A proſtrate Wretch ſurvey;
And be the glorious Bleſſing thine,
To open glorious Day.

15.

Diſpell the Miſts that cloud my Mind,
And all my Pangs abate;
Give this Example to Mankind,
Of Love and Grace compleat.

16.

Submiſſive to thy gracious Will,
I'll then reſign my Breath;
Earth's juſt Demands, I'll glad fulfill,
And even ſmile in Death.

17.

Thy bliſsful Preſence be my Joy,
And all my Gloom diſpell:
This ſhall the Sting of Death deſtroy,
And ſooth the Pangs of Hell.

18.

Then ſhall this Truth be ever known,
While God ſuſtains this Frame;
In me his boundleſs Mercy ſhone,
And Goodneſs is his Name.

No. 43

INHUMAN CRUELTY OR VILLANY DETECTED [OCT. 4, 1764]

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

Size, 9⅛ by 14½ inches. This cut had been used as early as 1734 on the Ormsby and Cushing verses, printed by Thomas Fleet. (Cf. p. 85, *supra.*) It also appeared later on "A Solemn Farewell to Levi Ames" in 1773 (Ford, 1646), and on "A Dialogue between Elizabeth Smith, and John Sennet" (Ford, 1692), in the same year—two issues from the Draper press. For the present punishment the cut is misapplied, since the culprits were not executed. The date of their public humiliation, possibly also the date of this sheet, is established by an entry in John Rowe's *Diary*, p. 65:

> Oct. 4, 1764.
> Went after dinner upon Boston Neck & saw John & Anne Richardson set on the Gallows for Cruelly & Willfully endeavouring to starve their Child. the man behaved in the most audacious manner so that the mob pelted him which was what he deserved. . . .

Had the child died, the penalty would have been death. The law providing for this penalty was chiefly directed against women, and numerous executions are recorded in pursuance of it. The case of Rebecca Chamblit, executed in Boston, September 27, 1733, was particularly notorious. Her "Declaration, Dying Warning and Advice" is extant. (Cf. Ford, 623.)

Inhuman Cruelty

Or Villany Detected.

Being a true Relation of the moſt unheard-of, cruel and barberous Intended Murder of a Baſtard Child belonging to JOHN and ANN RICHARDSON, of *Boſton*, who confined it in a ſmall Room, with ſcarce any Victuals, or Cloathing to cover it from the cold or rain, which beat into it, for which Crime they were both of them Sentenc'd to ſet on the Gallows, with a rope round their Necks, &c.

ADIEU to wanton jeſts, both falſe and vain,
To fooliſh ſtand'ring tales, and ſongs profane;
A mournful theme my heart and tongue employs,
Affliƈts my mind and flattens all my joys.

I ſing the cruel, miſerable pair,
Th' unhappy Man, and the accurſed *Fair*,
Whoſe baſe and horrid fact torments my ears,
Diſtraƈts my ſoul, and drowns my eyes in tears.

Then on my muſe, let all the vulgar know
The barb'rous cauſe from whence my ſorrows flow
Proclaim the Wretch and his infernal Wife,
Whoſe wreſtleſs malice ſought her Infant's life.

Who in a wet, a cold and loathſome room
Confin'd her Babe, the off-ſpring of her womb:
'Twas there ſhe made the half-ſtarv'd Infant lay,
To ſob alone and waſte its fleſh away.

Nor did the baſe and cruel Mother feel,
The leaſt remorſe --- her breaſt was harden'd ſteel:
With looks ſerene, the Tigreſs could behold
Her panting Infant naked, wet and cold.

Thus ſhe the helpleſs, tender Infant us'd,
She ver'd its ſpirits, and its body bruis'd;
And thus you ſee how *John* and bloody *Ann*,
The cruel Mother and unnatural Man.

Invented means to ſtop this Infants breath,
And ſought to kill it by a ling'ring death;
But thanks to GOD, who ſits inthron'd on high,
Supream o'er all, dread Sov'reign of the ſky,

Who did his rich and wond'rous grace extend,
To ſave the Child from that untimely end;
How freely does his tender mercies flow,
To reſcue Mortals from the depths of woe.

When ſore diſtreſs'd he mitigates our pain,
Regards our tears, nor lets us cry in vain:
He hears our pray'rs, when we implore his grace,
And loves and pities, while he hides his face.

But as for thoſe whom goodneſs can't reclaim,
Who ſcorn his mercies, and blaſpheme his name:
Thoſe rebels ſoon ſhall feel his heavy rod,
And know the juſtice of an angry GOD.

So ſhall theſe Felons whoſe deteƈted crime,
Has mark'd them out the ſcandal of our time:
This day the Man and his accompliſh'd Dame
Are both expos'd to everlaſting ſhame.

Behold him, Sirs, with his inviting *Fair*,
High on the gallows, ſee him ſeated there:
Behold how well the pliant halter ſuits
Theſe harden'd monſters, and unnatural brutes.

Behold, I pray, this Female's braſen face,
Which gives the gallows that becoming grace;
See how ſhe ſets without concern or dread,
Bites in her lip, and rears her guilty head.

Behold, ye Swains, how great their guilt has been;
Then ſtand in awe, and be afraid to ſin:---
Ye virgin Nymphs---ye few and virtuous Fair,
The earth's great joy, and Heav'ns peculiar care.

Be conſtant now, while in your youthful prime;
Abhor this Harlot, and avoid her crime:
Deteſt this Man, and ev'ry villains face,
Who dare be cruel, impudent or baſe.

And now that we may have our ſins forgiven,
May live at eaſe, and die in peace with Heav'n;
Let us attend to wiſdom's ſacred call,
Who thus concludes with an addreſs to all.

Ye ſimple mortals, harken to my voice,
And take me now for your eternal choice;
Now let my ſayings in your hearts deſcend,
Receive my law, and to my words attend.

Keep far from paſſion, cruelty and ſtrife,
And I'll conduƈt thee in the paths of life:
Exalt me now and I'll prolong thy days,
I'll ſave thy ſoul and proſper all thy ways,

Tho' all forſake thee, I'll be with thee ſtill,
I'll be thy guide and keep thee free from ill,
I'll lead thee here and be thy kind convoy
Safe to the Haven of eternal joy.

No. 44

A FEW LINES ON MAGNUS MODE, RICHARD HODGES & J. NEWINGTON CLARK, . . . SENTENC'D TO STAND IN THE PILLORY AT CHARLESTOWN [APR. 30, 1767]

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7¾ by 9⅞ inches. The same cut was used on "Cooke's Speech from The Pillory" (Ford, 1514), and "Cot-er's Speech from the Pillory" (Ford, 1515), both undated. "Cooke's Speech" was printed by Zechariah Fowle, who was probably also the printer of the present broadside. The date of the punishment herein described is established by an item in the *Massachusetts Gazette and Boston News-Letter* for May 7, 1767. The item is as follows:

> Last Thursday, Magnus Mode, Richard Hodges, and John Newingham Clark, pursuant to their Sentence at the Superior Court at Charlestown, stood one Hour in the Pillory there, and had one of their Ears cut off, and were afterwards publickly whipped 20 Stripes, for Forging and making of Pewter and other mixed Metals, sundry Pieces of false and counterfeit Money to the likeness of Spanish Milled Dollars — — They were all committed to the House of Correction, there to remain for the space of one Year, at hard Labour, and then to pay all Costs, &c.

Other news items of various dates indicate that the penalty for forgery was sometimes more severe. The *Essex Gazette* for September 7, 1773, mentions four counterfeiters in New Jersey who received sentence of death. To judge from the number of such items, counterfeiting was one of the most frequent offenses with which the law had to deal.

A few LINES on

Magnus Mode, Richard Hodges & J. Newington Clark.

Who are Sentenc'd to ſtand one Hour in the

Pillory at Charleſtown;

To have one of their EARS cut off, and to be Whipped 20 Stripes at the public Whipping-Poſt, for making and paſſing Counterfeit DOLLARS, &c.

BEHOLD the villains rais'd on high !
(The *Poſt* they've got attracts the eye :)
Both Jews and Gentiles all appear
To ſee them ſtand exalted here ;
Both rich and poor, both young and old,
The dirty ſlut, the common ſcold :
What multitudes do them ſurround,
Many as bad as can be found.
And to encreaſe their ſad diſgrace,
Throw rotten eggs into their face,
And pelt them ſore with dirt and ſtones,
Nay, if they could would break their bones.
Their malice to ſuch height ariſe,
Who knows but they'll put out their eyes :
But pray conſider what you do
While thus expos'd to public view.
Juſtice has often done its part,
And made the guilty rebels ſmart ;
But they went on did ſtill rebel,
And ſeem'd to ſtorm the gates of hell.
To no good counſel would they hear ;
But now each one muſt looſe an EAR,
And they although againſt their will
Are forc'd to chew this bitter pill ;
And this day brings the villains hence
To ſuffer for their late offence ;
They on th' Pillory ſtand in view :
A warning ſirs to me and you !
The drunkards ſong, the harlots ſcorn,
Reproach of ſome as yet unborn.
But now the *Poſt* they're forc'd to hug,
But loath to take that nauſeous drug
Which brings the blood from out their veins,
And marks their back with purple ſtains.
From their diſgrace, now warning take,
And never do your ruin make
By ſtealing, or unlawful ways ;
(If you would live out all your days)
But keep ſecure from Theft and Pride ;
Strive to have virtue on your ſide.
Deſpiſe the harlot's flattering airs,
And hate her ways, avoid her ſnares ;
Keep clear from Sin of every kind,
And then you'll have true peace of Mind.

No. 45

THE LIFE, AND HUMBLE CONFESSION, OF RICHARDSON, THE INFORMER [1770]

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8 by 13¼ inches. The date of composition for these verses cannot be definitely fixed even by such lines as

> On Tuesday next I must appear,
> And there my dismal sentence hear;

since Richardson's case was subject to numerous delays. It is probable, however, that the sheet was issued during the intense excitement incident to his trial, which took place April 20, 1770. The cut is interesting as showing the shop of Theophilus Lillie, in front of which the riot had begun.

Ebenezer Richardson was one of the most notorious criminals of Revolutionary times for the reason that his crime was very closely bound up with the events of the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770. As an inferior officer in the Boston Custom House during the non-importation excitement of the late sixties, he had acquired the odious title of Informer, and was accordingly an object of suspicion and hatred. This became open antagonism on February 22, 1770, when he attempted to remove a wooden image which some citizens had erected in front of the shop of Theophilus Lillie, listed as an importer. In the confusion which followed, Richardson fired a random shot which fatally wounded Christopher Sneider, a boy of eleven. The excitement aroused by this episode was intense. The boy was given an impressive funeral, marked by much patriotic demonstration. Richardson and George Wilmot, found in Richardson's house at the time of the arrest, were tried April 20, 1770. Wilmot was acquitted, but Richardson was found guilty of murder. Governor Hutchinson, thinking the crime to be properly manslaughter instead of murder, refused to sign the writ of execution. A king's pardon was eventually secured for Richardson, but there was much judicial parley, and, as a result, he was confined in the Boston jail for two years. For a detailed account of the original episode, see the *Boston Gazette* "Supplement" for February 26, 1770, and immediately succeeding issues.

To think the Parson

A reference to the false charge which in 1752 had been placed against the Rev. Edward Jackson, pastor of the Woburn church. His name was cleared by court decision in 1754, but he died later in the same year. An account of this case is included in Samuel Sewall's *History of Woburn* (Boston, 1868), pp. 319–327. Richardson's alleged connection with the affair is a fabrication of the balladist.

notimy

For "notamy," a variant of anatomy. Cf. the news item as to the disposition of Julian's body, p. 82, *supra.*

THE

LIFE,

AND

HUMBLE CONFESSION,

OF

RICHARDSON,

The INFORMER.

I.

INjured Boston now awake,
While I a true Confession make,
Of my notorious ſins and guilt,
As well the harmleſs blood I've ſpilt.

II.

Wooburn, my native place can tell,
My crimes are blacker far than Hell,
What great diſturbance there I made,
Againſt the people and their Head.

III.

A wretch of wretches prov'd with child,
By me I know, at which I ſmil'd,
To think the Parson he muſt bare
The guilt of me, and I go clear.

IV.

And thus the worthy man of GOD
Unjuſtly felt the ſcourging rod,
Which broke his heart, it prov'd his end,
And for whoſe blood I guilty ſtand.

V.

The halter now is juſtly due,
For now I've kill'd no leſs than two,
Their blood for vengeance loud doth cry,
It reach'd the ears of Heaven on high.

VI.

But yet ſtill wicked, yet ſtill vile,
I've liv'd on honeſt Merchant's ſpoil,
For this I juſtly got the name,
The Informer, though with little gain.

VII.

Little indeed when I compare,
The ſtings of conſcience which I bare,
And now I frankly own to thee,
I'm the Informer, I am he.

VIII.

By my account poor Boston's loſt,
By me in only three years paſt,
Full ſixty thouſand pounds---yea more
May ſtill be added to the ſcore.

IX.

But what's all that to this laſt crime,
In ſending SEIDER out of time!
This cuts my heart, this frights me moſt;
O help me, LORD, I ſee his ghoſt,

X.

There,--there's a life, you now behold,
So vile I've been,--alaſs ſo bold;
There'd ſcarce a Lawyer undertake
To plead my caſe, or for me ſpeak.

XI.

On Tueſday next I muſt appear,
And there my diſmal ſentence hear;
But O!----my conſcience, guilty cries,
For conſcience never can tell lyes.

XII.

And now alaſs, my injur'd friends,
Since I can make you no amends,
Here is my body you may take,
And ſell, a notimy to make.

No. 46

A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION ON THE FIFTH OF MARCH. TOGETHER WITH A FEW LINES ON THE ENLARGEMENT OF EBENEZER RICHARDSON, MAR. 5, 1772

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 11 by 18 inches, with margins considerably trimmed. The date of printing is announced in the first column as March 5, 1772. The sheet was obviously issued as a contribution to the excitement this anniversary of the Boston Massacre would cause. The cut was made from an engraving by Paul Revere which had been published two years before, immediately after the event which it depicts. It was printed at that time by Edes and Gill, publishers of the *Boston Gazette*, and probably also the printers of this broadside. Some details of the original engraving are lacking in this cut, as, for example, the label "Butchers Hall" over the Custom House on the right. For a reproduction of the original engraving see "The Original Narrative of the Boston Massacre," frontispiece in Frederic Kidder's *History of the Boston Massacre* (1870). The New York Historical Society possesses an original.

Enlargement

Release from confinement or bondage.

Seider's corps

The boy's name was *Sneider*. The son of an obscure German, he became a hero in his death, and was mourned as the "first martyr to the noble cause." An account of his funeral appeared in the *Boston Gazette* for March 5, 1770. It read in part as follows:

". . . The little Corpse was set down under the Tree of Liberty, from whence the Procession began. About Five Hundred School Boys preceded; and a very numerous Train of Citizens followed, in the estimation of good Judges at least Two Thousand of all Ranks, amidst a Crowd of Spectators; who discover'd in their Countenances and Deportment the evident Marks of true Sorrow. . . ."

A PARDON may arrive

Richardson had been pardoned, but Governor Hutchinson demanded documentary evidence of this fact.

by reason of old Lines

The crime was technically manslaughter, but the enraged populace had demanded the penalty for murder. After two years' delay, the feeling was still so strong that even after Richardson's release, he was in constant jeopardy. Two years later still, John Rowe's *Diary* contained the following entry (p. 261):

Jan. 26, 1774.

A Great Concourse of People were in Quest of the Infamous Richardson this night. They could not find him; very lucky for him.

Cushing

Judge Thomas Cushing, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

AMERICANS!
BEAR IN REMEMBRANCE
The HORRID MASSACRE!
Perpetrated in King-ſtreet, BOSTON,
New-England,
On the Evening of March the Fifth, 1770.
When FIVE of your fellow countrymen,
GRAY, MAVERICK, CALDWELL, ATTUCKS,
and CARR,
Lay wallowing in their Gore!
Being *baſely*, and moſt *inhumanly*
MURDERED!
And SIX others badly WOUNDED!
By a Party of the XXIXth Regiment,
Under the command of Capt. Thos. Preſton.
REMEMBER!
That Two of the MURDERERS
Were convicted of MANSLAUGHTER!
By a Jury, of whom I ſhall ſay
NOTHING,
Branded in the hand!
And *diſmiſſed*,
The others were ACQUITTED,
And their Captain PENSIONED!
Alſo,
BEAR IN REMEMBRANCE
That on the 22d Day of February, 1770.
The infamous
EBENEZER RICHARDSON, Informer,
And tool to Miniſterial hirelings,
Moſt *barbarouſly*
MURDERED
CHRISTOPHER SEIDER,
An innocent youth!
Of which crime he was found guilty
By his Country
On Friday April 20th, 1770;
But remained *Unſentenced*
On Saturday the 22d Day of February, 1772.
When the GRAND INQUEST
For Suffolk county,
Were informed, at requeſt,
By the Judges of the Superior Court,
That EBENEZER RICHARDSON's *Caſe*
Then lay before his MAJESTY.
Therefore ſaid *Richardſon*
This day, MARCH FIFTH! 1772,
Remains UNHANGED!!!
Let THESE things be told to Poſterity!
And handed down
From Generation to Generation,
'Till Time ſhall be no more!
Forever may AMERICA be preſerved,
From weak and wicked monarchs,
Tyrannical Miniſters,
Abandoned Governors,
Their Underlings and Hirelings!
And may the
Machinations of artful, *deſigning* wretches,
Who would ENSLAVE THIS People,
Come to an end,
Let their NAMES and MEMORIES
Be buried in eternal oblivion,
And the PRESS,
For a *SCOURGE* to Tyrannical Rulers,
Remain FREE.

A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION

ON THE

Fifth of March.

Together with a few LINES

On the Enlargement of

EBENEZER RICHARDSON,

Convicted of MURDER.

AWAKE my drowſy Thoughts! Awake my muſe!
Awake O earth, and tremble at the news!
In grand defiance to the laws of God,
The Guilty, Guilty murd'rer walks abroad.
That city mourns, (the cry comes from the ground,)
Where law and juſtice never can be found:
Oh! ſword of vengeance, fall thou on the race
Of thoſe who hinder juſtice from its place.
O MURD'RER! RICHARDSON! with their lateſt breath
Millions will curſe you when you ſleep in death!
Infernal horrors ſure will ſhake your ſoul
When o'er your head the awful thunders roll.
Earth cannot hide you, always will the cry
Of Murder! Murder! haunt you 'till you die!
To yonder grave! with trembling joints repair,
Remember, SEIDER's corps lies mould'ring there;
There drop a tear, and think what you have done!
Then judge how you can live beneath the Sun.
A PARDON may arrive! You laws defy,
But Heaven's laws will ſtand when KINGS ſhall die.
Oh! Wretched man! the moaſter of the times,
You were not hung "by reaſon of *old* Lines,"
Old Lines thrown by, 'twas then we were in hopes,
That you would ſoon be hung with *new made* Ropes;
But neither *Ropes nor Lines*, will ſatisfiy
For SEIDER's blood! But GOD is ever nigh,
And guilty ſouls will not unpuniſh'd go
Tho' they're excus'd by judges here below!
You are enlarg'd but curſed is your fate
Tho' *Cuſhing*'s eas'd you from the priſon gate
The --*Bridge* of *Tories*, *it* has borne you o'er
Yet you e'er long may meet with HELL's dark ſhore.

No. 47

MR. OCCOM'S ADDRESS TO HIS INDIAN BRETHREN ON THE DAY THAT MOSES PAUL, AN INDIAN, WAS EXECUTED AT NEW-HAVEN, SEPT. 2, 1772

[*The New York Public Library* (Photograph)]

SIZE, 8¼ by 12 inches. Printed by Thomas Fleet. The sermon preached at the execution was afterwards printed. It was advertised for sale in the *Connecticut Journal & New Haven Post-Boy*, November 6, 1772. The versified account, which was probably later, may have been first printed in Connecticut. There was also a Salem issue of the sermon, containing a letter from another Indian. A few copies of this were advertised for sale in the October issues of the *Essex Gazette*, 1773, but there was no mention of a poetized version.

Samson Occom was an Indian preacher of the Mohegan tribe. He was born in 1723 and resided near New London, Connecticut. He had first become zealous for the christianizing of his brethren through the preaching of Eleazer Wheelock of Lebanon, Connecticut. In 1765 he went to England to collect funds for an Indian school which had been founded by Wheelock. While there he aroused much attention. He was introduced to persons of eminence, and preached to English congregations, being the first American Indian to do so. On his return to America in 1768 he settled among the Oneida Indians in New York and preached there until his death in 1792. The following advertisement inserted in the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal*, March 13, 1769, testifies to the interest aroused in England over his arrival there.

Printed & Sold by Henry Parker, Print-Seller, No. 82, Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange, *London*, A beautiful Metzzotinto Print, Of the Reverend Mr. Samson Occum, The first INDIAN MINISTER ever seen in Europe.

A news account, supplying detail as to the execution of Moses Paul, was printed in the *Connecticut Journal & New Haven Post-Boy*, September 4, 1772, as follows:

Last Wednesday, Moses Paul was executed agreeable to his Sentence, about a Mile from this Town. The Rev. Mr. Occom, preached a Sermon, previous to the Execution, in the Brick-Meeting house, (from Rom. VI. 23) and attended the Criminal to the Place of Execution, where, he made a short, but well adapted Prayer to the Occasion. The Criminal behaved with Decency and Steadiness, and appeared to be in the Exercise of fervent secret Prayer all the Way from the Gaol to the Gallows. A little while before he was turn'd off, he took a most affectionate Leave of his Countrymen the Indians, (many of whom were present) and exhorted them to shun those Vices to which they are so much addicted, viz. Drunkenness, Revenge, &c. He acknowledg'd that he kill'd Mr. Cook, though not with a Flat-Iron, as was supposed, but with a Club.

Notwithstanding the Day was very stormy, there was a very great Concourse of People, whose Curiosity was as much excited to hear Mr. Occom preach, as to see the Execution, altho' there has not been one in this Town, since the Year 1749.

Mr. Occom's Addreſs

TO HIS

Indian Brethren,

On the Day that *Moſes Paul*, an Indian, was executed at *New-Haven*, on the 2d of *September* 1772, for the Murder of *Moſes Cook*.

Put in Metre.

I

MY Kindred Indians pray attend and hear,
With great Attention and with Godly Fear;
This Day I warn you of that curſed Sin,
That poor deſpiſed Indians wallow in.

II.

'Tis Drunkenneſs, this is the Sin you know,
Has been and is poor Indians overthrow;
'Twas Drunkenneſs that was the leading Cauſe,
That made poor *Moſes* break God's righteous Laws.

III.

When Drunk he other evil Courſes took,
Thus hurried on, he murder'd *Moſes Cook*,
Poor *Moſes Paul* muſt now be hang'd this Day,
For willful Murder in a drunken Fray.

IV.

A dreadful Wo pronounc'd by God on high,
To all that in this Sin do lie;
O Devilish beaſtly Luſt, accurſed Sin,
Has almoſt ſtript us all of every Thing.

V.

We've nothing valuable or to our Praiſe,
And well may other Nations on us gaze;
We have no Money, Credit or a Name,
But what this Sin does turn to our great Shame.

VI.

Mean are our Houſes, and we are kept low,
And almoſt naked, ſhivering we go;
Pinch'd for Food and almoſt ſtarv'd we are,
And many times put up with ſtinking Fare.

VII

Our little Children hovering round us weep,
Moſt ſtarv'd to Death we've nought for them to get;
All this Diſtreſs is juſtly on us come,
For the accurſed uſe we make of Rum.

VIII.

A ſhocking dreadful Sight we often ſee,
Our Children young and tender, Drunkards be;
More ſhocking yet and awful to behold,
Our Women will get Drunk both young and old.

IX.

Behold a Drunkard in a Drunken Fit,
Incapable to go, ſtand, ſpeak, or ſit;
Deform'd in Soul and every other Part,
Affecting Sight! enough to melt one's Heart.

X

Sometimes he Laughs, and then a hideous Yell,
That almoſt equals the poor damn'd in Hell;
When drown'd in drink we know not what we do,
We are deſpis'd and ſcorn'd and cheated too.

XI

On level with the Beaſts, and far below
Are we when with ſtrong Drink we reeling go;
Below the Devils when in this Sin we run,
A drunken Devil I never heard of one.

XII

My kindred Indians, I intreat you all,
In this vile Sin never again to fall;
Fly to the Blood of CHRIST, for that alone
Can waſh this Sin and all your Sins atone.

XIII

Tho' *Moſes Paul* is here alive and well,
This Night his Soul muſt be in Heaven or Hell;
O! do take Warning by this awful Sight,
And to a JESUS make a ſpeedy Flight!

XIV

You have no Leaſe of your ſhort Time you know,
To Hell this Night you may be forc'd to go;
Oh! do embrace an offer'd CHRIST to Day,
And get a ſealed Pardon while you may.

XV.

Behold a loving JESUS, ſee him Cry,
With earneſtneſs of Soul, *Why will ye die?*
My kindred Indians come juſt as you be,
Then Chriſt and his Salvation you ſhall ſee.

XVI.

If you go on and ſtill reject Chriſt's Call,
'Twill be too late his Curſe will on you fall;
The Judge will doom you to that dreadful Place,
In Hell, where you ſhall never ſee his Face.

Sold at the Heart and Crown in *Boſton*; and by *Bulkeley Emerſon* at *Newbury-Port*.

No. 48

THE DYING GROANS OF LEVI AMES, WHO WAS EXECUTED AT BOSTON, THE 21ST OF OCTOBER, 1773, FOR BURGLARY

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8½ by 13¾ inches. This is the same cut as that used on John Harrington's verses. (Cf. p. 89, *supra.*) For some reason, not apparent in the news records, the case of Levi Ames appears to have aroused much interest and sympathy. Two other sets of verses called forth by his execution are included in this volume. (Cf. pp. 103, 105, *infra.*) For other broadside issues which survive, see Ford, 1640, 1643–1646, 1648.

His crime was burglary, committed in the house of Martin Bicker, a Boston merchant. The others involved in the robbery escaped death, a fact which may have increased the popular sympathy for Ames. The speediness with which he was punished also helped to keep him in the public eye. During the two months between his crime and his execution the Boston papers contained many items relative to his case. After his sentence he was, according to custom, carried on Sunday mornings to the several meeting-houses, and made the particular target of the sermon. Thomas Newell's *Diary* records one such occasion. "Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings," XV (1877), p. 343.

Oct. 17, 1773.

Sunday, fine; pleasant day. Went to Dr. Eliot's meeting; he preached to Levi Ames; very fine sermon.

Newell also records the execution.

Oct. 21, 1773.

Thursday, fine; clear day. This day was executed at Boston Levi Ames, for burglary, aged twenty-one years, who was born in Groton, in New England, of a credible Family.

The Dying Groans of

LEVI AMES,

Who was Executed at Boston, the 21ſt of *October*, 1773,

for BURGLARY.

I.

YE youth! who throng this fatal plain,
And croud th' accurſed Tree:
O! ſhun the paths that lead to ſhame,
Nor fall like wretched me.

II.

On the dark confines of the Grave,
With trembling haſte I tread;
No Eye to chear, no Hand to ſave,
I'm hurri'd to the dead.

III.

Juſtice forbids a longer Day,
My dying Hour is come,
When my poor Soul muſt haſte away,
To her Eternal home.

IV.

Methinks I ſee your pitying Tears,
You mourn my wretched State;
To ſhun my Crimes, avoid the Snares,
If you would ſhun my Fate.

V.

Tho' young in Years, I'm old in Crimes,
To lawleſs Rapine bred;
The Scourge and Scandal of theſe Crimes,
When living and when dead.

VI.

Is there a Man thro'out this Throng,
To ſinful Robbery prone?
Forbear to do thy Neighbour wrong,
And mourn the Crimes You've done.

VII.

See angry Juſtice ſhakes her rod,
And points to Guilt's black ſcroll;
The terrors of a frowning God,
Diſtract my ſinking Soul.

VIII.

Unleſs kind Mercy interpoſe,
And deep Repentance rain,
To change theſe momentary Throws,
For Hell's Eternal pain.

IX.

O! for a beam of Love divine,
To chear this gloomy Day;
To make me chearfully reſign,
To give my Life away.

X.

Thou who did'ſt ſuffer Death and Shame,
Such Rebels to reſtore:
O! for thy great and glorious Name,
Accept one Rebel more.

XI.

Inſpir'd by thee, I fix my Truſt,
On thine atoning Blood,
To join th'Aſſembly of the Juſt,
And praiſe my Saviour GOD.

XII.

Farewell to Earth, farewell to Sin,
One Pang will ſet me free;
Support me, O! thou Rock divine,
And ſnatch my Soul to Thee.

No. 49

AN EXHORTATION TO YOUNG AND OLD TO BE CAUTIOUS OF SMALL CRIMES, . . . OCCASIONED BY THE UNHAPPY CASE OF LEVI AMES, EXECUTED ON BOSTON-NECK, OCTOBER 21ST, 1773, FOR THE CRIME OF BURGLARY

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7⅝ by 12¼ inches. This cut illustrates one of the customary penalties for a second burglary offense. The culprit was made to sit for an hour on the gallows with one end of the rope around his neck, by way of ominous hint as to what awaited him if he sinned again in similar wise. Women suffered the same punishment as men. Broadside verses survive for Elizabeth Smith, who in 1773 received twenty stripes upon her naked back for thievery and sat for one hour in the gallows with John Sennet, who for another crime had received thirty-nine stripes. These verses take the ingenious form of a dialogue between the two offenders who perforce spend the hour together. (Cf. Ford, 1692.) Culprits who sat in the gallows were also placarded with large signs announcing their offenses. These naturally invited added indignities from the spectators.

Rigs

Frolics or pranks. To run rigs is to play pranks or run riot.

An Exhortation to young and old to be cautious of ſmall Crimes, leſt they become habitual, and lead them before they are aware into thoſe of the moſt heinous Nature. Occaſioned by the unhappy Caſe of *Levi Ames*, Executed on *Boſton*-Neck, *October* 21ſt, 1773, for the Crime of Burglary.

I.

BEWARE young People, look at me,
Before it be too late,
And ſee Sin's End is Miſery:
Oh! ſhun poor *Ames*'s Fate.

II.

I warn you all (beware betimes)
With my now dying Breath,
To ſhun Theft, Burglaries, heinous Crimes;
They bring untimely Death.

III.

Shun vain and idle Company;
They'll lead you ſoon aſtray;
From ill-fam'd Houſes ever flee,
And keep yourſelves away.

IV.

With honeſt Labor earn your Bread,
While in your youthful Prime;
Nor come you near the Harlot's Bed,
Nor idly waſte your Time.

V.

Nor meddle with another's Wealth,
In a defrauding Way:
A Curſe is with what's got by ſtealth,
Which makes your Life a Prey.

VI.

Shun Things that ſeem but little Sins,
For they lead on to great;
From Sporting many Times begins
Ill Blood, and poiſonous Hate.

VII.

The Sabbath-Day do not prophane,
By wickedneſs and Plays;
By needleſs Walking Streets or Lanes
Upon ſuch Holy days.

VIII.

To you that have the care of Youth,
Parents and Maſters too,
Teach them betimes to know the Truth,
And Righteouſneſs to do.

IX.

The dreadful Deed for which I die,
Aroſe from ſmall Beginning;
My Idleneſs brought poverty,
And ſo I took to Stealing.

X.

Thus I went on in ſinning faſt,
And tho' I'm young 'tis true,
I'm old in Sin, but catcht at laſt,
And here receive my due.

XI.

Alas for my unhappy Fall,
The Rigs that I have run!
Juſtice aloud for vengeance calls,
Hang him for what he's done.

XII.

O may it have ſome good Effect,
And warn each wicked one,
That they God's righteous Laws reſpect,
And Sinful Courſes Shun.

No. 50

THE SPEECH OF DEATH TO LEVI AMES, WHO WAS EXECUTED ON BOSTON-NECK, OCTOBER 21, 1773, FOR THE CRIME OF BURGLARY

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

Size, 7½ by 12¼ inches. This cut does not appear again on any imprint that has survived.

The verses may have been inspired by one of the sermons which Ames was made to hear in chains after his sentence had been pronounced. This practice suggests the ancient custom of St. Sepulchre's Church whereby the parson, on the night preceding an execution, rang the bell in solemn reminder, and on the following day uttered a prayer at the window of the prison and also as the dead cart passed the church. This service was in later times performed by the bellman. (*The Complete Newgate Calendar*, ed. G. T. Crook [1926], II, 325.)

The SPEECH of DEATH

TO

LEVI AMES.

Who was Executed on *Boſton*-Neck, *October* 21, 1773, for the Crime of Burglary.

I DEATH, Poor *Ames*, pronounce your Fate,
Thus grining grimly through your Grate.
Remember all the Crimes you've done,
And think how early you begun.
Loſt in the grand Apoſtacy,
You were at firſt condemn'd to die ;
In adding Guilt you ſtill went on :
I doubly claim you for my own.
How often you the Sabbath broke !
GOD's Name in vain how often took !
A filthy Drunkard you have been,
And led your Life with the Unclean :
No Thoughts of GOD you ever chole,
But chas'd them from you when they roſe :
In Idleneſs you did proceed,
And took ſmall pains to learn to read :
With vile Companions, your Delight,
You often ſpent the guilty Night :
Your Lips ſcarce ever breath'd a Prayer,
You gave your Tongue to curſe and ſwear :
You've been to all your Friends a Grief,
And from your Infancy a Thief ;
You know the Truth of what I tell,
No Goods were ſafe that you could ſteal ;
How many Doors you've open broke !
And windows ſcal'd, and Money took :
Round Houſes you all Day have been,
To ſpy a Place to enter in ;
Thence in the Night, all dark and late,
You've ſtole their Goods and Gold and Plate.
Impriſon'd, whip'd, yet you proceed,
The Life you led you ſtill would lead.
Your Conſcience cry'd, " you'll be undone."—
You ſtifl'd Conſcience and went on.
And now, behold ! my poiſon'd Dart,
I point directly at your Heart.
The Halter and the Gallows view,
Death and Damnation is your due.
Darkneſs, and Horror, Fire, and Chains;
Almighty Wrath, and endleſs Pains.
—But lo ! I ſee the Preacher come,
Salvation ſpeaks——I muſt be dumb.

The Preacher ſpeaks—Behold I come,
A voice from Heaven to call you home.
Though you the chief of Sinners were,
I bring the Goſpel ; don't Deſpair:
Nor death, nor Hell, ſhall do you hurt,
Be JESUS only your Support.
To you he holds His Righteouſneſs,
He bled and dy'd to buy your Peace.
Pardon and Life are His to give,
'Tis thine, Poor Sinner, to believe.
Let Death in all it's Dread appear,
Though public Execution's near,
Of Wrath Divine He bore the Weight,
He ſuffer'd too without the Gate,
He betwixt Heaven and Earth was hung,
He conquer'd Hell, and death unſtung.

Now let the Guilty ſee and hear,
And all the Congregation fear ;
This Spectacle your Hearts impreſs,
And do no more ſuch Wickedneſs ;
Hear ſuch important Truths as theſe,
Ruin advances by Degrees :
The youth with leſſer Crimes begins,
And then proceeds to groſſer Sins,
From Step to Step he travels on,
And ſees himſelf at once undone :
Surpriz'd ! unthought on ! finds his Fate,
His Ruin final, and compleat.

No. 51

A POEM OCCASIONED BY THE MOST SHOCKING AND CRUEL MURDER THAT EVER WAS REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE, . . . DEC. 17, 1782

[*The William Clements Library*]

SIZE, 13¾ by 16¾ inches, with margins trimmed. The Liberty Stump address was that of Ezekiel Russell, enterprising printer of timely utterances of all sorts. The present lurid tale, coming from a neighboring town, would have considerable news value if printed at once, and to judge from the colophon with its promise concerning the publication of the sermon "as soon as it comes to Hand," one may imagine that similar enterprise had inspired the issuance of this sheet. The news account below the verse is copied from the *Connecticut Courant* of December 17, 1782, six days after the murder had been committed. The last paragraph, which was comment rather than news, is omitted from the broadside sheet, probably because of lack of space.

A POEM,

Occaſioned by the moſt ſhocking and

CRUEL MURDER

That ever was repreſented on the Stage; or the moſt deliberate MURDER that ever was perpetrated in human Life.—"He violated Nature's great original Law, defy'd eternal Juſtice, and ſeal'd his own Perdition."

I.

A BLOODY ſcene I'll now relate,
Which lately happen'd in a neighb'ring ſtate,
A murder of the deepeſt dye, I ſay,
O be amaz'd! for ſurely well you may.

II.

A man, (unworthy of the name) who ſlew
Himſelf, his conſort, and his offſpring too;
An amiable wife, with four children dear,
Into one grave was put---Oh drop a tear!

III.

Soon in the morning on that fatal day,
BEADLE, the murd'rer, ſent his maid away,
To tell the awful deed he had in view;
To their aſſiſtance the kind neighbors flew.

IV.

It truly gives me pain for to pen down,
A deed ſo black, and yet his mind was ſound.
Says he, "I mean to cloſe ſix perſons eyes,
"Thro' perfect fondneſs, and the tend'reſt ties."

V.

Deteſt the errors, to this deed him drew,
And mourn the helpleſs victims whom he ſlew;
And pray to GOD that Satan may be bound,
Since to deceive ſo many he is found.

VI.

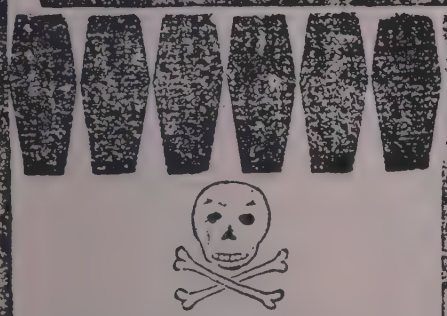
Come pure religion, of heav'nly birth,
Diſpel theſe glooms, and brighten all the earth;
Drive theſe deſtructive errors from the land,
And grant that truth as a ſure guard may ſtand.

VII.

Haſten, our GOD, the glorious times,
When thou thyſelf ſhall reign;
And virtue and peace thro' all our climes,
Their triumph ſhall maintain.

VIII.

Fly ſwiftly round ye circling years,
Hail the auſpicious day!
When love ſhall dwell in every heart----
Nor men their offſpring ſlay!



HARTFORD, December 17, 1782.

ON the morning of the 11th inſtant, about ſun-riſe, at Wethersfield, a deed was perpetrated, of the moſt extraordinary and aſtoniſhing nature:—WILLIAM BEADLE, a native of South Britain, who has reſided in that town nearly ten, and in America, about twenty years, who became acquainted with, and married (at Fairfield, in this State, about 14 years ſince) an amiable woman, of a reputable family, by whom he had four lovely and promiſing children, one ſon and three daughters, whoſe education he ſuperintended with great care and ſeeming ſolicitude, and was apparently an affectionate huſband.—His buſineſs, which was that of a trader, declining ſome years ſince, he betook himſelf more to books than uſual, and was unhappily fond of thoſe eſteemed Deiſtical; of late he rejected all Revelation as impoſition, and (as he expreſſes himſelf) "*renouncing all the popular Religions of the world, intended to die a proper Deiſt.*" Having diſcarded all ideas of moral good and evil, he conſidered himſelf, and all the human race, as mere machines; and that he had a right to diſpoſe of his own and the lives of his family. In letters and papers he left, addreſſed to ſundry perſons of his acquaintance, wrote a ſhort time before his death, he declares he has had in contemplation for three years paſt the awful tragedy he now proceeds to act, with all imaginable deliberation and compoſure of mind.

About ſun-riſe he ſent his ſervant-maid (the only perſon of the family who ſurvived) with a letter to a friend in the neighbourhood, therein announcing his dreadful purpoſe, and declaring that before his friend ſhould read the letter he and his family ſhould enter into a happier ſtate, and deſiring him to call two perſons and come to his houſe, gently to alarm the neighbors, and adviſe them to be as collected in their minds and reaſon as he then was. Upon receipt of this line the houſe was inſtantly opened; but too late! All was over—He had made ready the knife, the ax and piſtols, as weapons of death; the latter he made uſe of upon himſelf, the two former upon his family; theſe inſtruments he had carried with him to his bed-chamber for ſome weeks under pretence of defending himſelf againſt thieves.—With the utmoſt ſecrecy, unperceived by any, he deſtroyed a worthy and beautiful wife, in the midſt of life, and four pleaſant children, ſleeping in their beds, the eldeſt about 12 years of age, who the evening preceding were like olive branches around his table—He cloſed the awful ſcene by deſtroying himſelf. Some circumſtances render it probable that he had given an opiate to the family before they retired to reſt.

Speaking of this cataſtrophe in one of his letters, he ſays, "I mean to cloſe the eyes of ſix "perſons, through perfect humanity and the "moſt endearing fondneſs and friendſhip; for "never mortal father felt more of theſe tender "ties than myſelf." Having become reduced in ſome degree in his circumſtances, he rejected his former ideas of divine Revelation and belief of a future ſtate of miſery: He adopted this new theoritic ſyſtem which he now put in practice.

The Jury of inqueſt were of opinion, that he was of ſound mind, and returned their verdict accordingly. It is difficult to determine where diſtraction begins. It is very evident he was rational on every other ſubject; on this no one converſed with him.

The corpſe of the murderer was laid on two barrels and expoſed to ſhame, with the bloody knife faſtened on his breaſt, after which it was placed on a horſe ſled, dragged to an obſcure place and buried with every mark of infamy.

On Friday the unfortunate woman, with her children by her ſide were interred in one grave, with every mark of reſpect:, When a ſermon was preached ſuitable to the occaſion, to a large concourſe of people, and grief mingled with pity, diſplayed itſelf in every countenance, on the unuſual and melancholy occaſion.

Sold near LIBERTY-STUMP and next the SWAN-TAVERN, South-End. (Price 6 Coppers ſingle.)——The Sermon refer'd to above will be immediately printed as ſoon as it comes to Hand.

No. 52

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF ELISHA THOMAS, JUNE 5, 1788

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 10 by 15¼ inches. Daniel Fowle, the first printer in New Hampshire, had died in the preceding year, 1787. This sheet, which was probably issued at the time of the Thomas execution, may have been printed at the office of the *New Hampshire Gazette* in Market Square, Portsmouth.

Executions were not frequent in Dover, and the death of Elisha Thomas accordingly made neighborhood history. Swazy Hill, on which the execution took place, was known as Gallows Hill thereafter. The spectators had assembled on this hill, and had looked down upon the gallows which stood at the foot. (Mary P. Thompson, *Landmarks in Ancient Dover* [Durham, N. H., 1892], pp. 81–82.)

[*Behold the lamb, the great I AM,*]
[*The*] *hapless sinner's friend,*
[*Was made*] *a curse, and dy'd for us,*

Reach[*es thy gaol, and*] *to thy soul*
[*It offers mercy free.*]

[*Christ's merits plead:*] *if you will speed,*
[*There may be grace*] *in store.*

A brief account of the Execution of ELISHA THOMAS.

MR. THOMAS, was executed on Tuesday last at one o'clock, P. M. attended by a very numerous concourse of spectators, report says, about 6000—He appeared to be much affected with his situation, and employed the few moments then allotted him, in pious exercises, but never addressed the spectators. Indeed the melancholly situation in which his rash conduct had placed him, operated so upon his mind, that it was with difficulty he could support himself from sinking under it. The High Sheriff, with a humanity, which did him much honour, treated the unhappy criminal with the greatest tenderness; nor did he hurry him out of the world, but let him live till the last moment, which having arrived, THOMAS shook hands with the Sheriff, and was launched into eternity! May his fate be a solemn warning to all, especially to such as suffer their passions to rage uncontrouled; for in a moment, when they are not aware, they may fall into the snare.——Therefore, "*Let him that thinks he standeth, take heed lest he fall.*"

The Rev. M. GRAY, previous to the execution, addressed the Throne of Grace in a truly pathetic prayer.

A troop of Col. COOSWELL's corps of Light-Horse, attended as a support to the Sheriff, in the execution of his Office.

June 5th, 1788.

The following Verses *were presented to ELISHA THOMAS, a few days previous to his being executed, for the inhuman murder of Captain PETER DROWNE.*

UNHAPPY man! I understand,
You are condemn'd to die:
In a few days you must away,
To vast eternity!

To be no more upon the shore
Of this unstable world;
In heav'n or hell your soul must dwell
As you have oft been told.

O then despair of any share,
Where saints in glory reigns;
That Kingdom we can never see,
Unless we're born again.

Your state is sad, yet not so bad,
But mercy you may have,
Speedily, to him you fly,
Who sooner came to save.

[illegible] the world's dear friend,
The hopeless sinner's friend,
[illegible] a curse, and dy'd for us,
That we might not be damn'd.

But sav'd from sin, and vengeance, in
A way of truth and grace;
O blessed way; O bright display
Of righteousness and peace!

And tho' *Drowne's* blood doth unto God,
Aloud for vengeance cry,
The saviour's veins hath louder strains,
And sweeter melody.

O joyful sound! it echoes round
The spacious earth and sea,
Reach[illegible]and to thy soul
[illegible] mercy free.

Your time is short; pray don't forget,
That you must soon appear
Before the bar of GOD, and there
Your final sentence hear.

O for God's sake, yourself betake
Unto the slaughter'd lamb;
Fly, Thomas! fly, while Christ is nigh,
Or else you must be damn'd.

Your sands do fall, For mercy call;
O knock at Heav'n's door;
Christ's merits plead, if you will speed,
There may be grace in store.

Who knows but such a sinful wretch,
Who doth his state bewail
May pardon have this side the grave,
And, from the gallows, sail

Above the pole where thunders roll,
Into the state of those
Who walk in white, who dwell in light,
And undisturb'd repose.

But if you will continue still
The Saviour to reject,
I tremble to pronounce the woe
That you cannot escape.

The sound, *depart!* will pierce your heart,
Though harder than the steel;
The sentence past——you must be cast
Into a dismal hell.

There you must make the burning lake,
Your everlasting gaol;
Your company eternally,
Devils and damned souls.

You must endure forevermore,
The never dying worm,
Where gulphs of fire unlock'd do pour
Forth their devouring flame.

O that you might escape that night,
Where day can never dawn;
Regions of woe, where God doth show
And make his vengeance known.

O that you may for mercy pray,
Till mercy you do find;
Where sins abound poor souls have found,
God merciful and kind.

The dying thief o'erwhelm'd with grief,
A dying Lord implor'd;
And on the cross, of Paradise
The suiter was assur'd.

But to conclude—O may that God,
Who gave his only Son,
Give you his grace, in Heaven a place,
For Jesus' sake——Amen.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Market-Street, Portsmouth.

WAR-TIME BALLADS AND MARCHING SONGS

No. 53

SOME MEDITATIONS CONCERNING OUR HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW-SOULDIERS, IN PURSUIT OF THOSE BARBAROUS NATIVES IN THE NARRAGANSIT-COUNTRY, DEC. 28, 1675

BY W. W. [WAIT WINTHROP]

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7⅞ by 12⅝ inches. If these verses were first issued on the date they bear, they were probably printed by Samuel Green of Cambridge. No copy of this 1675 imprint has yet come to light. The New London issue of 1721 is easily explained by the fact that the Indian problem had again become serious. The first issue of the *New-England Courant*, August 7, 1721, records the sailing of a government expedition from Nantasket to quell the disturbance along the coast. Subsequent issues report the continued depredations of the Indians and the success of the expedition against them.

The battle detailed in these verses is usually referred to as the Swamp Fight, one of the decisive engagements in King Philip's War. Representing the combined force of Massachusetts, New Plymouth, and Connecticut, against the Narragansetts, it was fought December 19, 1675, in a pine and cedar swamp, near what is now South Kingston, Rhode Island, and was a complete victory for the colonists. With the killing of King Philip in the following year, the power of the Narragansetts was effectually crushed. Philip had been present at the Swamp Fight but had escaped.

The initials W. W. are thought to be those of Wait Winthrop, son of Governor Winthrop of Connecticut. His full name was Wait Still Winthrop. He was born February 27, 1641/42, and lived the life of a soldier and jurist. Earlier in this same year he had been one of the Committee of the United Colonies to draw up a plan of campaign, and he was also present at the battle, in command of the Connecticut troops. Whether the verses are rightly credited to him or not, they have the interest of being the first American news ballad to survive in a broadside sheet.

The Indians then, [w]ere as strong men,
Six Score and Ten of Valiant Men,

The figures usually given are 86 killed and 150 wounded.

And then at night, they left the Fight,

They preferred to risk a fifteen-mile march at night, in a blizzard, carrying their wounded, to the possibility of facing a return attack by the Indians in the morning. The frozen surface of the swamp had made access to the fort possible, and the same advantage might turn in favor of the Indians on another day. The fort had, of course, been destroyed by the victors.

Some Meditations

Concerning our HONOURABLE

Gentlemen and Fellow-Souldiers,

In Purſuit of thoſe

Barbarous NATIVES in the NARRAGANSIT-Country;

and Their Service there.

Committed into Plain Verſe for the Beneſit of theſe that Read it. By an Unfeigned Friend.

[1]

THeſe *Indians ſtrong* have *waited long*
but now intend to ſee,
If that they can ſo play the man,
that they themſelves may free.

[2]

When I do Muſe, I cannot Chuſe
but mind Gods hand therein,
How he at firſt, *Indians* diſperſt,
that *Engliſh* might begin,

[3]

The Ground to Till, the Land to Fill,
with Men and eke with Beaſts.
This fifty year, ſome have been here,
And have Enjoyed Peace.

[4]

The *Indians* then, were as ſtrong men,
as now they ſeem to be,
And yet *two men* won'd chace *twice ten*
and make them for to flee.

[5]

They ſtood in dread and were afraid,
the *Engliſh* to offend,
When they did meet 'em in the Street
their word was *What Cheer Friend.*

[6]

It did appear that when they were
in Number many more
Than now they are, both near and far,
abroad, and at our door.

[7]

Then *Engliſh* men, there was not Ten,
where Thouſands now appear,
And yet alas, it comes to paſs,
of them we ſtand in fear.

[8]

Our Captains ſtout, they have gone out,
to fight them in the Field:
But in the Wood they were *withſtood*,
theſe Indians will not yield.

[9]

They had a Fight, in Heavens ſight,
kept up as in a Pound,
Men ſtrong & tall, were forc'd to fall,
and left upon the Ground.

[10]

Six Score and Ten of Valiant Men,
was wounded in that Fight,
And Fifty more, if not Three Score,
was ſlain thereby out-right.

[11]

And then at night, they left the Fight,
in Snow up to the knees,
And to their Tent, away they went,
almoſt ready to freeze.

[12]

And as ſome ſay, they loſt their way,
and Twenty Miles to go,
Marching all Night, till clear *Day light*,
up to the knees in Snow.

[13]

Some froze to Death, have loſt their Breath
with fierceneſs of the Cold,
Some Froze their Feet, they being wet
'twas ſad for to behold.

[14]

It grieves my heart, & makes it ſmart
I cannot chuſe but weep,
To think on thoſe, who on the Snows
are forc'd to take their Sleep,

[15]

In Wilderneſs, in great Diſtreſs,
in Winters fierceſt Cold,
'Tis grief to me to hear or ſee,
'tis ſad for to behold.

[16]

Brave Gentlemen, the which have been
brought up moſt tenderly,
Are now come out, Ranging about,
and on the Ground do ly.

[17]

Open your Eyes, and Sympathize,
with thoſe brave Gentlemen,
A heart of Flint, it would Relent,
to think how it hath been.

[18]

All who are wiſe, will Sympathize,
with this our Engliſh Nation,
And ſorely grieve, and help relieve
them there in this ſad ſtation.

(19)

O Lord, ariſe, open the Eyes,
of this our Engliſh Nation,
And let them ſee, and alſo be,
ſaved with thy Salvation.

(20)

Caſt thou a dread, and make afraid
theſe Indians ſtrong and ſtout,
And make 'em feel the Sword of Steel,
that ſo they may give out.

(21)

Leſt they do boaſt of their great Hoſt,
and praiſe their god the Devil,
From whom indeed, this doth proceed
the Author of all Evil.

(22)

O *New-England*, I underſtand,
with thee God is offended:
And therefore He doth humble thee,
till thou thy ways haſt mended.

(23)

Repent therefore, and do no more,
advance thy ſelf ſo High,
But humbled be, and thou ſhalt ſee
theſe Indians ſoon will dy.

(24)

A Swarm of Flies, they may ariſe,
a Nation to Annoy,
Yea Rats and Mice, or Swarms of Lice
a Nation may deſtroy.

(25)

Do thou not boaſt, it is God's Hoſt,
and He before doth go,
To humble thee and make thee ſee,
that He His Works will ſhow.

(26)

And now I ſhall my Neighbours all
give one word of Advice,
Love and Care do you prepare
for War, if you be wiſe.

(27)

Get Ammunition with Expedition
your Selves for to Defend,
And Pray to God that He His Rod
will pleaſe for to ſuſpend.

(28)

And who can tell! but that He will,
be Gracious to us here?
Thoſe that him ſerve He will preſerve
they need it not to fear.

(29)

Though here they dy immediately,
yet they ſhall go to Reſt,
And at that day the Lord will ſay,
happy art thou, and bleſt.

(30)

But unto thoſe, that be His Foes,
the Lord to them will ſay,
Depart from Me, even all ye
that would not Me Obey.

(31)

My Friends I pray, mark what I ſay,
and to it give good heed,
And to the SON, ſee that you Run,
and Him Embrace with ſpeed.

(32)

And now my Friend, here I will End,
no more here ſhall I write,
Or leſt I ſhall ſome Tears let fall,
and ſpoil my Writing quite.

December 28,
1675. W. W.

Re-printed at *N-London, April* 4. 1725

No. 54

A BRIEF NARRATIVE, OR POEM, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE HOSTILE ACTIONS OF SOME PAGAN INDIANS TOWARDS LIEUTENANT JACOB TILTON, AND HIS BROTHER DANIEL TILTON, 1722

BY W. G.

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 12½ by 16 inches. The date of the original imprint is not known. The date of the Newburyport reprint can be fixed within a year, as the partnership of Tinges and Thomas was formed in 1773, and continued for one year only. The verses have been reprinted several times: in *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (1848), II, 271–274; in *The Ipswich Antiquarian Papers*, May, 1880, and also in Thomas F. Waters, *Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony* (1917), II, 44–49. In these two last entries the title is given as "The Tragick Scene."

Seventeen hundred and twenty-two was a year of Indian depredations, particularly along the eastern coast. The incident recorded in these verses was only one of many such attacks suffered by Ipswich fishermen during this time. In fact their situation became so dangerous that during the following summer they were guarded by a government sloop which patrolled the coast of Massachusetts. The Tilton adventure is recorded (without names) in the *New-England Courant*, June 25, 1722. The record is as follows:

> Boston, June 25. We have advice from the Eastward, that the Indians there are again in Arms, and have burnt several Houses, kill'd a considerable Number of Cattle, and taken five Men Prisoners, and one or two Sloops bound to this Place, from Annapolis Royal. Six Indians came arm'd on board a Scooner, which lay at Anchor, and bound two of the Men, (there being but one more on board who made no Resistance) but while they were plundering the Vessel, the Men found means to free themselves, and after a short Skirmish threw 4 of the Indians overboard, who ('tis said) are all drown'd: The other two made their Escape, and 'tis said the two Men are, pretty much wounded by the Indians.

Samuel Penhallow mentions the affair briefly as follows (*The History of the Wars of New-England with the Eastern Indians* [Boston, 1726], reprinted in "Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society" [Concord, 1824], I, 91–92):

> About the same time, [1722] Capt. Samuel with five others boarded Lieut. Tilton, as he lay at anchor a fishing, near Damaris Cove. They pinioned him and his brother, and beat them very sorely: but at last, one got clear and released the other, who then fell with great fury upon the Indians, threw one overboard, and mortally wounded two more.

The identity of the author, W. G., has not been established.

Your Boston Governor

Governor Samuel Shute, of Massachusetts.

A BRIEF
NARRATIVE, or POEM,

Giving an Account of the Hostile Actions of some Pagan Indians towards Lieutenant Jacob T
brother Daniel Tilton, both of the town of Ipswich, as they were on board of a small vesse
ward ; which happened in the summer-time, in the year 1722. With an Account of th
Exploits of the said Tiltons, and their victorious Conquest over their insulting ener

DOWN at an eastward harbour call'd Fox Bay,
They in a Schooner at an anchor lay,
It was upon the fourteenth day of June,
Six stout great Indians in the afternoon
In two *Canoes* on board said Schooner came,
With painted Faces in a churlish frame ;
One of them call'd *Penobscot* Governor,
The other Captain *Sam* a surly cur,
The other four *great* Indians strong and stout,
Which for their ill design they had pick'd out.
Said Governor and *Sam* with one more went
Down the forecastle, bold and insolent ;
Unto Lieutenant *Tilton* they apply'd,
Themselves, and down they sat one at each side ;
The other plac'd himself behind his back,
Waiting the other's motion when to act.

INDIAN.

What's matter Governor my men detain,
And no send hostage home to me again ?
What's matter he no good, but all one Devil ?
What ! no love Indian ! Governor no civil.
Penobscot Indian Governor great Man,
All one Governor Shute, *says Captain Sam.*

TILTON.

Great while since we from Boston hither came,
We poor fishermen, are not to blame.

INDIAN.

Your Boston Governor *no good me see ;*
Our Governor *much better man than he.*
These Cannibals thus in their Indian pride,
The best of *Governor's* scorn and deride.
But they at length to hasten their design,
From underneath their Blanket pull'd a line, (round,
With which his Arms they would have compass'd
But he so strong and nimble, was not bound,
Till he got out the Cuddy door at last,
Before they had obtain'd to bind him fast.
These Cannibals being both strong and bold,
And upon him kept fast their Indian hold :
They got him down with their much struggling
And bound his arms behind him with their string.
The other three which kept above the deck,
Also had their design brought to effect.
Looking about him, presently he found
They had his brother *Daniel* also bound ;
For they with him had acted even so,
One at each side and one behind did go,
And down they sat, he not aware of harm,
The rogue behind him fasten'd on each arm,
And twitch'd them back ; the other two with line
Him pinioned : so thus were they confin'd.
They ty'd said *Daniel's* legs he could not stand,
Nor help himself neither with foot nor hand,
They struck them many blows on face and head ;
And their long Indian knives they flourished :
Triumphing over them, and saying, *Why*
You so stout man that you no Quarter cry ?

TILTON.

What Indian mean to act so in this thing,
Now Peace between the English and French king ?

INDIAN.

Hah ? no : me war, your Governor no good,
He no love *Indians* me understood.

TILTON.

What ails you now, you sturdy Captain *Sam*,
Do Indian now intend to kill and cram ?

INDIAN.

We Governor *SHUTE's* men kill and take,
Penobscot (All one) Boston *Prison make.*
You English men our In.'an land enjoy,
They no surrender, then we them destroy.
Indian bimeby take Captain Westbrook's *fort,*
Some kill, some captive take ; that matchet *sport.*

On board them a young lad and not confin'd,
They made him hoist the ancient to their mind !
Then Admiral of this same harbor rid,
In mighty triumph none could them forbid.
So two of these black rogues in their canoes,
On shore they go to carry back the news :
So was but four of them on board remain'd,
Of whom this favour *Daniel* then obtain'd,
For to unty his legs and ease his hand,
That he might have them something at command.
After which thing he presently contrives
What method then to take, to save their lives.
While they were plunder..g so busily,
He saw a splitting knife that was near by,
To which he goes and turns his back about,
Eyeing them well, lest they should find him out ;
And so he works said knife into his hand,
With which he cuts his line, but still doth stand.
Although two of said Indians him ey'd,
They did not know but he remain'd fast ty'd.
Two of said Indians were plundering,
Down the Forecastle while he did this thing,
The other two so watchful and so shy,
And on him kept a constant Indian eye,
That he stands still waiting till he could find
A time when they did him not so much mind ;
But when for plunder they to searching goes
Then his contrivance presently he shows :
He to his Brother *Jacob* runs with speed,
And cuts his line : now both of them are freed.
The Indians now alarmed hereby,
In Indian language made a hideous cry :
Crying *Chau hau, chau hau :* for they espy'd,
That both these Englishman were got unty'd ;
Like roaring Lyons with an ax and knives
Made violent assaults to take their lives ;
But God who had determined to save,
Undaunted courage unto them he gave ;
That they with such a manly confidence,
Altho' unarm'd stood in their own defence ;
And tho' they had from these blood-thirsty hounds
Received many dismal stabs and wounds,
While in their skirmish blood was up and hot,
No more than Flea bites them they minded not.
Said *Daniel* still retain'd his splitting knife,
Who nimbly ply'd the same and fit for life ;
With one hand fended off the Indian blows,
And with the other cross the face and nose
Of Captain *Sam*, until his pagan head,
Was chop'd and gash'd, and so much mangled ;
Bits of his Indian scalp hung down in strings,
And blood run pouring thence as out of springs.
Jacob said *Governor* so managed,
He was so maul'd and beat, that he so bled,
His Indian head and face with blood was dy'd,
(*See what comes of his swelling Indian pride,*)
Of him he catch'd fast hold, and up him brings
Unto the side, and overboard him flings.
Then *Daniel* presently took Captain *Sam*,
And brought his Hand about his Indian ham,
And to the vessel side he nimble goes,
And his *black carcass* in the water throws.
Now by this time, behold *Jacob* his brother,
Of these black rogues had catch'd up another,
And overboard his *Indian carcass* sent
To scramble in the water as , went,
And then said *Daniel* run the fourth to catch,
At which the rogue a nimble jump the fetch,
And overboard he goes, and swims to shore ;
This only rogue escaped out of four.
One of the other three he swim'd part way,
At length sinks down, and there was fore'd to stay.
Two of the other rogues with much ado
Got out of water into a canoe,
Which to the Vessel side was fastened,
Themselves awhile in it they sheltered,
Said Indians on board had left a gun,
Unto the same said *Jacob Tilton* run.
Catching it up to shoot them, it mist fire,
Which disappointed him of his desire.
He catching up a stout great *setting Pole*,
With all his might he struck them on the *Jole*,
Giving them many blows upon the head ;
Over they turns, and sunk like any lead.
We think our Country now at Peace might rest,
If all our Indian foes were thus supprest.
Let God the glory of such conquest have,
Who can by few as well as many save.
They having thus dispach'd this Indian crew,
Then presently consulted what to do :
Three more Canoes laden to the brim
With Indians as deep as they could swim,
Come padling down with all their might and mein
Hoping the valient *Tilton's* to retain.
Daniel, which was both nimble, stout and spry,
He fetch'd an ax, and running presently,
He cuts the cable ; then they hoist their sail,
Leaving their Neighbours, that they might bewail
Over their Governor who in dispute,
Had term'd himself *as great and good as* Shute.
Before that they had sailed many miles,
Their wounds began to be as sore as boils,
From whence the blood run streaming thro' the cloaths,
Quite from their shoulders down unto their toes,
There they sat down in woful misery,
Expecting every moment when to die ;
Not having any thing to chear their heart,
Nor dress their wounds to ease them of their smart,
And verily we think had perished,
Had not the lad (which has been mentioned)
Been very helpful in this sore distress.
What reason then have they of thankfulness
That God hath spared him from this Indian crew,
For to help them when they could nothing do.
After they had from foes escaped thus,
They sail'd and came into *Mistinnicus*,
Nigh twenty-four hours if not more,
They were a-coming from the former shore :
Here they among the English find relief,
Who dress their wounds which ease them of their grief,
Their course for *Ipswich* town they next contrive,
Where in few days their Vessel did arrive :
Through so much danger, misery and pain,
They are returned to their friends again.
Thus I have summed up this tragick scene,
As from their mouths it told to me has been ;
No alteration but in some expressions ;
Us'd other words ; then pardon such digressions,
Since I us'd such only for sake of verse,
Which might not less nor more than truth rehearse,
Your candid servant in this poetrie,
Describ'd in letters two—— W. G.

Newburyport—from a Re-print by I. Thomas and E. W. Thomas—
Printed by W. & J. Gilman, No. 9, State-Street. June, 1834.

No. 55

SOME EXCELLENT VERSES ON ADMIRAL VERNON'S TAKING THE FORTS AND CASTLES OF CARTHAGENA, IN THE MONTH OF MARCH LAST [1741]

[*The New York Public Library*]

Size, 8½ by 12 inches. Printed by Thomas Fleet. These verses appear to have been composed after the first news of the siege of Carthagena had been received. The last stanza with its promise of a second part, "When we have took the city," proves that the writer did not yet know the unsuccessful outcome of the expedition. Comparison of these verses with published news accounts serves to fix the date of composition approximately. The *Boston News-Letter* of May 14, 1741, gave a column and a half of its first page to news of Admiral Vernon's initial success at Carthagena, brought by Captain Rivers from Jamaica, and also by two letters from soldiers in the expedition. Various details emphasized in these accounts are used by the present balladist. Items in subsequent issues of the *News-Letter* continue to be encouraging until June 11, when there is news of a retreat and of sickness among the soldiers. On July 2 encouraging reports are denied and letters are published detailing Admiral Vernon's defeat and the depletion of his army by disease. The present ballad quite certainly was written at some time between May 14 and July 2, 1741. It was probably also printed during that time.

The siege of Carthagena was a major effort of the British to crush the power of Spain by attacking the most strongly fortified harbor in Spanish America. Admiral Vernon, a popular hero of the hour, was in command of a fleet of some 115 ships, and an army of 25,000 soldiers and sailors. The outcome of this venture was of much interest to America since a large proportion of the soldiers had been furnished by the New England colonies. Although announcement was made that Carthagena had fallen, the outcome of the expedition was disastrous in the extreme. Admiral Vernon was forced to withdraw on April 24, 1741, because of lack of provisions and the raging of a fever among his soldiers. Of the thousands of men who had enlisted from New England, only a bare handful returned.

St. Philip gone, and Terra-Bomba,
Two of the smaller forts.

Boco-Chico
Boca Chica, the name of the narrow entrance to the harbor.

Castle Legrand
Carthagena was defended by several forts, the strongest of which was known as the Castle.

Don Blas
In command of the Spanish forces.

Wentworth commands
General Wentworth, in command of the English land forces.

Some Excellent VERSES

On Admiral VERNON's taking the Forts and Caſtles of *Carthagena*,

In the Month of *March* laſt.

(1)

ATTEND all Nations round about,
Who dwell on ev'ry Shore;
Where e'er old *Neptune*'s Waves can float,
Or *Britain*'s Cannons roar.

(2.)

I ſound great VERNON's ſpreading Fame;
Round Heav'n's expanded Arch;
Who thund'ring on the *Spaniards* came
On the laſt Ninth of *March*.

(3.)

Four Ships againſt two Forts ſail'd on,
And took them as they ſtood;
Tho' both the Forts were built of Stone,
And th' Ships were made of Wood.

(4.)

St. *Philip* gone, and *Terra-Bomba*,
(Was ever ſeen the like—O!)
Reſolv'd to cut the *Spaniards* Comb—a,
They fir'd at *Boco-Chico*.

(5.)

The *Spaniards* ſtar'd at the loud Ring,
As at a Rod ſtares Dunce;
Like frighted Pidgeons they took Wing,
And vaniſh'd all at once.

(6.)

Caſtle *Legrand* to guard the Boom,
Stood threat'ning far and wide;
Two Men of War did boldly come
And pour'd a whole Broad-ſide.

(7.)

But, gen'rous, give the Foes their due,
There was no Sign of Fear;
VERNON *fire on, a Fig for you!*
For not a Man was there.

(8.)

This Caſtle was their greateſt Strain,
Don *Blaſs* concluded right;
He ran away with all his Men,
And left the Fort to fight.

(9.)

Into his Ship the Hero got,
Then ſail'd away to Town,
Then bid them fire, then bid them not,
Then run, then ſtop'd, then run.

(10.)

So a young Lady in new Stays
Tail-neſtling keeps a Rout;
And ſo a Maggot in a Cheeſe
Rolls wriggling round about.

(11.)

You ſaid, Don *Blaſs*, you'd drink a Glaſs
With VERNON, could you catch him;
He's coming on, why do you run?
Pray can't you ſtay to pledge him?

(12.)

Faſtned in *Carthagena* cloſe,
No further can he fly;
Armies by Land, or Fleets let looſe
Will catch him by and by.

(13.)

How dolefully with eighty Guns,
Don *Blaſs*'s Ship was ſeen!
Taken from Seventy *Spaniſh* Dons,
By Five and Twenty Men.

(14.)

In haſte they ſunk Three Men of War,
To ſtop the Channel up;
The reſt amaz'd they ſet on Fire,
Each Ship, and Snow, and Sloop.

(15.)

Don *Blaſs* beheld, he ſobb'd and whin'd,
His huge black Whiſkers tore;
And had he not fear'd to be fin'd,
He would have curs'd and ſwore.

(16.)

While theſe brave Things were done at Sea,
Our Soldiers work'd for Blood,
Built on the Land a Battery,
Behind a hideous Wood.

(17.)

Wentworth commands, down go the Trees,
With horrible Report;
Agaſt, the trembling *Spaniard* ſees
The Negroes and the Fort.

(18.)

Our Picture ſhows all this with Art,
(Was ever Work ſo pretty!)
And ſoon you'll ſee the ſecond Part,
When we have took the City.

Sold at the *Heart* and *Crown* in Cornhill.

No. 56

[A BRIEF] JOURNAL OF THE TAKING OF CAPE-BRETON, 1745

BY L. G.

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8¼ by 10¾ inches. The margins have been trimmed. This is probably a New London imprint, issued soon after the return of the Connecticut soldiers. It is the earliest of the news ballads which survive from the French and Indian Wars.

Fort Louisburg, on the eastern coast of Cape Breton, was a strategic point in that it protected the entrance to Canada. Plans for its capture were formulated by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts. At Canseau, William Pepperell, chosen to lead the colonial army, joined forces with the British commanded by Commodore Warren, and the combined armies forced the surrender of the fort on June 17, 1745.

The identity of L. G. is not known. No officer in the Connecticut regiment had these initials.

The Regiment from Connecticut

This regiment consisted of 500 men for the land force, and 100 men for sea service.

Of the Transports that did ly Anchor'd there in the Ro[de]

Joshua Hempstead's *Diary* has an entry concerning the departure of the troops. "Collections of the New London County Historical Society" (1901), I, 440.

Apr. 13, 1745.

. . . the Souldiers of the 8 Companys are getting on Bord the Transports. I was up in the Evening to take Leave of Several &c. the wind SE some days. Sund 14 fair. mr adams pr all Day. the Fleet Sayled for Cape Briton about [ ] & one, wind SW fresh gale. . . our Country Sloop Semd to out Sayle all [ ]. (Subsequent entries record the arrival of news from the expedition.)

[*The Major-General had come on Board and Officers all round,*]

Roger Wolcott, Deputy Governor at the time, accompanied the expedition to Louisburg in the capacity of major general. The narrative details of this ballad may be checked by the record of events in his journal, kept during this period. "Collections of the Connecticut Historical Society" (Hartford, 1860), I, 131–161.

Ensign Leeds

Sergeant Leeds, with a few Indians, entered the Royal Battery, May 1, and with 16 men drove back 80.

At the Lighthouse we did erect a Fascine Battery,

This was built by Colonel Gorham's regiment, and was accomplished with great difficulty.

A JOURNAL

Of the Taking of

CAPE-BRETON,

Put in Metre, by *L. G.* one of the Soldiers in the Expedition.

[*I.*]

THat *Regiment* from *Connecticut* at *New-London* came down
And a Battalion drew up in the middle of the Town,
And Articles they were read off at the Head of all the men,
Which *were well pleasing* unto *us all* when we came to hear them.

[*II.*]

Our Regiment it was all Ordered directly on Board
Of the Transports that did ly Anchor'd there in the Road,
And was to be Convoy'd by the *Tartar* and *Defence*
And all the Charges of the same at the *Governments* Expence.

[*III.*]

It was the Fourteenth day of *April* † our Fleet it did set Sail,
And bore away to the Eastward with a fair pleasant Gale.
The *General* and some on Board and Officers all round,
And the *very next day* the Fleet arriv'd in *Martins Vineyard Sound*.

[*IV*]

From thence we stood for *Canso* & we join'd the *Boston* Fleet,
And Anchor'd in the *Harbour* there, they much *rejoic'd* to see it.
Our Forces being all well agreed resolved to make no Stay,
We soon all became under Sail & stood for *Chipperague*-Bay

[*V.*]

It was the last of *April* that we did Arrive in the Bay,
With abundance of Prosperity, the whole Army will say.
Our Enemies they march'd down, being in a most dismal heat,
We soon landed part of our men which caus'd them to retreat.

[*VI.*]

St. *Georges* Colours we did hoist upon the Land so high,
Which caused the *French* Foes to look upon us very shy,
They being so much in Surprize & in such a dismal Fright,
That they never dar'd to Sally out to give us a Field Fight.

[*VII.*]

Soon after that then Ensign *Leeds* was sent with *Eighteen* Men,
And espied the Grand-Battery and boldly March'd in:
(He being the first of our Army that ever marched therein)
And we hold it to this very day *for the Honour of George our King.*

[*VIII.*]

So then the *Bombs & Cannon shot* flew from all parts of the Town,
They fir'd briskly upon us, *brave Boys*, but did us but *little* wrong.
Then our Batteries we did Erect and we drew up our Guns,
And so we paid them the old debt, we sent them two for one.

[*IX*]

Our Battery's we did advance under their Walls so nigh,
And batter'd down part of their Walls which *they built so high*:
Their *Flag staff we cut down three times*, which caus'd them to fear
For to Fight us any longer it would prove never the near.

[*X.*]

At the Lighthouse we did Erect a Fascine Battery,
And fired briskly with our Guns right into the City:
We hove our Bombs & our Cannon shot right in the *Island Fort*,
And made the *Frenchmen quit the spot*, for we shew'd 'em *fine sport*.

[*XI.*]

Within the Fort it was so hot they were all obliged to Flee,
There was *no place of shelter there*, they betook them'selves to the Sea:
They run up into the water to their Arm-pits so high:
For they had not courage to stand where the *Cannon-balls did fly*.

[*XII.*]

So then they saw they were all surrounded both by *Land & Sea*
And had no long time of abiding there, nor no where to flee:
Oh! they were a People *sore distrest, encompass'd round* with grief,
And none was able to come in to give them any Relief.

[*XIII.*]

Then a *Flag of truce* came out whilst we were incamp'd *at the Bay*
And desir'd a cessation of Arms until the very next Day:
To which our *Generals* did consent & return'd the *Flag* again,
And demanded of them an Answer by the next day at Noon.

[*XIV.*]

Accordingly the Flag returned by the prefixed Time,
With these Proposals they brought out, '*the City they would Resign*
'*If they might have the Plunder all, & be sent home to France*;
'*Then the City Gates they'd open to us & our Regiments might advance.*

[*XV.*]

To which our Generals did consent without the least delay,
And so drew off part of their Troops & bravely march'd away;
With beat of Drum & Colours flying *they bravely* marched in,
And so the day was ended in drinking *Healths to George our King.*

[*XVI*]

But now let us ascribe the Praise to whom it doth belong,
Knowing the Race is not to the swift, nor the Battle to be strong;
But it was the Lord that fought for us, *the world may see therefore*,
And so let us ascribe the Praise to Him for ever more.

Anno Domini, 1745.

F I N I S.

And demanded of them an Answer by the next day at Noon.

In addition to not being a rhyme, *noon* is inaccurate. According to Wolcott's journal, it was eight o'clock in the morning.

But it was the Lord

Wolcott's entry concerning the victory is of interest in view of the parallel to it in this closing stanza. He wrote, "But why do I speak of men, 'tis God has done it and the praise belongs to him alone."

No. 57
A BALLAD CONCERNING THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH, AT LAKE-GEORGE [SEPT. 8, 1755]

[*The Library Company of Philadelphia* (Ridgway Branch)]

SIZE, 7⅞ by 10 inches. From the note, this is a second impression. The verses were obviously written by one of the soldiers in the expedition, and were probably issued in Boston soon after the return of the Massachusetts troops. A rare imprint entitled "A Prospective Plan of the Battle fought near Lake George on the 8th of September 1755," is of interest in connection with this verse account. This "Plan" together with a pamphlet in explanation was made by a Boston shopkeeper, Samuel Blodget, "Occasionally at the Camp, when the battle was fought." It was reproduced by Mr. Samuel Abbott Green in his *Ten Fac-simile Reproductions*, pp. 35 ff.

As the only success in a disastrous year of fighting, this British victory occasioned much enthusiasm in England and America. On September 8, 1755, William Johnson, in command of some three thousand colonists and Indians, defeated a slightly smaller army of French regulars, on the shores of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament. The lake was forthwith renamed Lake George in honor of the King.

A [fa]tal Scheme our Foes had laid, . . .
W[e']d not a Thought so soon to meet . . .

A BALLAD concerning the Fight between the Engliſh *and* French, *at* Lake-George.

OH! Bleſs the God that gives Succeſs unto our *Engliſh* Nation,
Who granted us a Victory beyond our Expectation.
Our Enemies encounter'd us with ſuch undaunted Courage,
And fired ſo fierce on us at firſt, that they our Hearts diſcourag'd.
A fatal Scheme our Foes had laid, and cunningly deviſed,
Of which, if we had known in Time, we had not been ſurprized.
A Thouſand then of choſen Men, were ſent from our Encampment,
And when we on three Miles had gone, we had our hot Engagement.
They'd Notice of our coming out, and placed themſelves in Order,
Would not a Thought ſo ſoon to meet ſuch Knaves within our Border.
In Ambuſh they were laid ſo Cloſe, and by the Path ſo near,
Their reg'lar Troops in Order ſtood, all placed in their Rear.
Their Orders were to let us march, till all them ſurrounded,
Then we ſhould be their eaſy Prey, all taken kill'd or wounded.
But Providence our Fate prevents, and fruſtrates their Deſign,
Too ſoon their Signal it was given, Thanks to the Power Divine.
Brave *Williams*, ſtood in Front while Guns, loud roar'd, and Balls (were flying,
And there he for his Country died, and purchas'd Fame by dying.
Judicious *Whiting*, took his Place, and led us back retreating;
In ſpite of our more numerous Foes, all their Deſigns defeating.
An Hundred Men we loſt before, we to our Camp arrived
And there our Friends they look'd ſo bold, that they our Hearts (revived.
Our Enemies they puſhed ſo cloſe, and followed us ſo near,
We thought they were our own Men, a bringing up the Rear.
Brave *Johnſon*, then directs the Fight, as bold as *Alexander*,
Reſolv'd to do his Country Right, as being chief Commander:
He in the Battle riſk'd his Life, when Bullets they were flying,
Too warmly bent on Victory, to have a Thought of dying,
Brave *Lyman* now, well ſkill'd in Law, a new Cauſe had undertaken,
Not ſuch as thoſe he uſed to plead, and ſeldom be miſtaken;
Moſt Hero-like he did appear, and fought with Zeal unfeigned,
And never did he give it o'er, until the Cauſe he gained.

Our Colonels all, with Sword and Spear, appear'd in Pomp and (Splendor,
They bid Defiance to the *French*, and *Jemmy* the Pretender.
Our Engineer deſpis'd all Fear, his Courage I muſt mention,
Which never can diſputed be, what e'er was his Intention.
The Cannons with continual Noiſe, roar'd like to Claps of Thunder;
They kill'd 'tis true, not many Men, which need not be a Wonder:
But ſtill the threatning Sounds they ſpoke, made all the *Indians* ſcatter;
(Stunn'd with the Noiſe, and Fire and Smoke) *Canadians* they fled after.
And now my Friends I will relate, while Cannons loud did rattle,
How our brave Soldiers did behave, amidſt the flaming Battle.
Like Lions, they diſdain'd to fear, in fighting for our Nation;
Our King, our Properties and Laws, againſt a *French* Invaſion.
'Twas in the Morn at eight o'Clock, the Engagement firſt begun.
'Twas ſix o'Clock in the Afternoon, before the Fight was done.
About that Time, our wearied Foes march'd heavily retreating;
And e'er they had got far from us, received another beating.
Our *Hampſhire* Friends from **Edward Fort*, came out to our Aſſiſtance,
They riſk'd their Lives to help their Friends, nor fear'd their Foes (Reſiſtance.
The *French* were like the wearied Sheep, juſt fitted for devouring,
They ſcatter'd them on every Part, this was their final ſcouring.
Their ſhatter'd Forces now diſpers'd, in Woods by Streams and (Fountains; (Mountains.
Like Sheep who from the Shepherd ſtray, and wander o'er the
One Thouſand and eight Hundred Men, of which their Force (conſiſted, (reſiſted.
Are ſunk to Nought tho' once they thought, they could not be
They thought they ſhould our Country drive, but found themſelves (miſtaken, (taken.
Some few by Flight eſcap'd the Fight, but moſt were kill'd or
Their Chief we have a Priſoner made, and Major General killed;
The Aid Decamp reſign'd himſelf, with Grief their Hearts were (filled.
Then let our Hearts encourag'd be, and let us not ſurrender,
Our Rights, Religion, Liberty, unto a falſe Pretender.
And ſince the Victory we 've won, and brought the *Monſieurs* under;
We gladly would be marching back, to carry home the Plunder.

* This was call'd *Fort Frederick* by miſtake in the former Impreſſion.

No. 58

ON THE VALIANT NEW-ENGLAND GENERAL, APR. 5, 1756

BY ABIEZER PECK

[*The John Carter Brown Library*]

SIZE, 8⅛ by 13 inches. The printer is unknown.

The General was John Winslow (1702–1774), who with a small army took Fort Gaspereau and Fort Beau Séjour in June, 1756. The forced emigration of the Acadians began in September of the same year.

Little is known of Abiezer Peck, except that he was a resident of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, and the son of Samuel Peck, a zealous Baptist minister of that town. He lived until 1800.

Brave W——w's hast'ning on his Race,

General Winslow had embarked with the Massachusetts troops, May 20, 1756.

Maz'roth

Mazzaroth, the twelve constellations of the zodiac. Job 38.32.

Barack

Barak, a Naphtalite, who, with Deborah, defeated Sisera, leader of the Canaanites. Judg. 4.6–16.

Jabin

Jabin, king of Canaan, and oppressor of Israel. Judg. 4.2. Sisera was captain of his army.

Deb'rah

Deborah, prophetess and judge of Israel. Her song is given in Judg. 5.1–31.

Sisera flee alone

He fled to the tent of Jael, and was killed by her. Judg. 4.21.

in Carthagenia Port

General Winslow had had a command under Admiral Vernon at the siege of Carthagena in Spanish America during the spring of 1741.

Three Hundred dreadful Teeth of Brass,

Boca Chica, the narrow entrance to the port of Carthagena, was strongly defended by several forts.

Son of Rapha's Head

Rapha was reputed to be a great giant among the Philistines. His four sons were slain by David and his servants. II Sam. 21.15–22.

On the VALIANT

NEW-ENGLAND

GENERAL.

I.

PRAY why ſuch Tranſports in each Breaſt
and Smiles in ev'ry Face?
Is all our Coaſts in Health and Reſt,
and Plenty crown each Place?

II.

Brave *W——w*'s haſt'ning on his Race,
to lead *New-England* Bands;
That cauſeth Joy in every Place,
and Gladneſs through our Lands.

III.

From Eaſt to Weſt his Chariots run,
to give the Nations Play;
The Circu't that the rad'ent Sun
performs from Day to Day.

IV.

The Range the Moon and Stars compleats,
in their unwearied Round;
The Courſe that Pleiades reſpects,
and Path that Maz'roth found:

V.

'Twas this ſame Courſe they roll'd along,
when glor'ous *Barack* led:
When *Iſra'l* pray'd, and *Deb'rah* ſung,
proud *Jabin*'s Army fled.

VI.

Megiddo Streams, and *Kiſhon* Flood,
join'd the ætherial Throne;
To fight againſt old *Canaan*'s Brood,
while *Siſera* flee alone.

VII.

O *W——w*, may thy Conqueſt gain,
to Places yet unheard;
While our French Foes are cloath'd with Shame,
and ev'ry Native ſear'd.

VIII.

To this Intent may Saints ariſe,
to plead the righteous Caſe;
And ſcale the Walls above the Skies,
with Pray'rs of holy Dreſs.

IX.

O thou, thrice bleſt, who reins above,
and rules th' Affairs of Man;
May *W——w* feel the quickning Love,
of thine eternal Lamb.

X.

LORD, ſet him ſtedfaſt as a Seal,
on thy dear Heart and Breaſt;
And grant his Soul may ever feel
thou art his King and Prieſt.

XI.

Renew that Mark of Love divine,
and ſeal him on thine Arm;
Enſure him, LORD, that he is thine;
and lead him ſafe from Harm.

XII.

And when he heads our Army out,
do thou thy Banner ſpread,
And caſt thy Shield all round about,
to ſcreen and guard his Head.

XIII.

Direct his Mind in each Attempt,
to truſt in thy dear Name;
And purge the Things from ev'ry Camp,
that's curſed or prophane.

XIV.

Come *W——w*, take the ſolemn Charge,
to lead our warlike Bands:
Go drive the Foes of ſov'reign GEORGE,
to ſkulk in foreign Lands.

XV.

Remember how fierce the Lion was,
in *Carthagenia* Port;
Three Hundred dreadful Teeth of Braſs,
in Boco Checo Fort.

XVI.

Think how you ſeiz'd his trembling Bones,
and rent his Jaws to Racks;
Th' expiring Breath and dying Groans,
reſembling Thunder-Cracks.

XVII.

Again remind the ſurly Bear,
At *Chequenecto* ſlain;
Go forwards now, O *W——w*, dear;
thy Keeper's ſtill the ſame.

XVIII.

Whene'er the Sling of Faith is took,
with the ſmooth promiſe Stones,
Pick'd out of Humiliations Brook,
'twill wreck *Goliah*'s Bones.

XIX.

I truſt at your Return to ſing,
as th' Hebrew Females did;
When *David* brought to *Iſr'el*'s King,
the Son of *Rapha*'s Head.

Rehoboth, *April* 5, 1756.

ABIEZER PECK.

No. 59

AN ENDEAVOUR TO ANIMATE AND INCOURAGE OUR SOLDIERS, FOR THE PRESENT EXPEDITION [1758]

BY M. B.

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7½ by 12¼ inches. Green and Russell moved to Queen Street in 1758. The sheet was probably issued in that year.

The identity of M. B. has not been established.

The "Present Expedition" had for its object the capture of Louisburg. An earlier attempt had been planned in 1757 under the leadership of Lord Loudon, but he had become alarmed at the reported strength of the French garrison and had turned back, after proceeding as far as Halifax. The enthusiasm of New England in raising an army for the second expedition was intense. The crusading spirit which had animated the soldiers of the 1745 expedition was revived, and hatred of popery again became a motive for enlistment, along with loyalty to King George.

Cape-Breton

The earlier siege. Cf. the ballad on p. 119, *supra.*

Accada

Acadia. The emigration had begun in September, 1756.

Lake-George

The battle had taken place September 8, 1755. Cf. the ballad, p. 121, *supra.*

To Papists utter Ruin.

The preaching of Whitefield had had much to do with the arousing of antipapist sentiment in the earlier campaign. Some attempt was made in 1758 to revive this antagonism.

An Endeavour to animate and incourage our Soldiers, for the preſent Expedition.

Made, and Fitted to the *Tune* of GEORGE's CORONATION.

THE Trumpet, and the warlike Drum,
Calls once again, brave Gallants come,
To Arms, to Arms Boys all as one,
And with true *Engliſh* Valour:
In haſte advance for *Canada*,
And ſet the Battle in Array,
There ſtrike their Hearts with ſore Diſmay.
And win immortal Honour.

Nor, let it e'er Proclaimed be,
That we ſhould turn the Back, and Flee,
From ſuch as vilely bow the Knee,
To *Romiſh* Superſtition:
But let our Bold Heroick Train,
The BRITISH Spirit ſtill Retain,
To form their Manners once again,
'Tis laudible Ambition.

Once *France* was our's, but did Rebel,
And now we muſt their Force Repel,
And ſend old *Lewis* to his Cell,
Or elſe to Purgatory;
There let him lie, and loud Complain,
To *Popes* and *Fryars*, all in Vain,
The Virgin *Mary* will not dain,
To hear his Mournful Story.

Think how our Brave Renowned *Drake*,
The *Spaniſh* Armado did Break,
And round the World rich Prizes take,
There-with to Bleſs the Nation;
As if the Seas were all his own,
Did rival *Neptune* on his Throne,
Diſcovering Coaſts, before unknown,
Worthy of Imitation.

Of late our Young, our Princely *Duke*,
Gave the *Pretender* a Rebuke,
While vengeful Juſtice overtook
Them in the laſt Confuſion;
With great Precipitance they Fled,
But left near half their Armies Dead,
And ſoon the bloody Plots they laid,
Were brought to a Concluſion.

Once more they muſter all their Pow'r,
America for to Devour,
With mighty Fleets our Seas they Scour;
Our Hopes almoſt Expire:
But Heaven with a Stormy Blaſt,
And Peſtilence did lay them Waſte;
Some Slew themſelves, the reſt in haſte
Were forced to Retire.

Brave Hearts of Gold, loſe not your Fame,
Which at *Cape-Breton* you did gain,
And *George*'s Rights did well Maintain,
And gain'd his Royal Favour:
Yea *Accada* we did Reclaim,
And at *Lake-George* the Vict'ry gain,
And ſent the *Gallics* off with Shame,
To teach them good Behaviour.

Once more we never may forget,
The Planters of *New-England*'s Seat,
Our bold Advent'rors ſet their Feet,
In a new World of Dangers;
Where Numberleſs, and Mighty Foes,
On either Side did them Encloſe,
Our Infant Bands in Armour roſe,
And cruſh'd theſe warlike Rangers.

And may theſe Motives all Excite,
Their true Heroick Sons to Fight,
Since ev'ry Bleſſing will Requite,
Through ev'ry Age Enſuing;
And may ſome kind propitious Stars,
Aſſiſt you in the Field of Mars,
And Heaven Crown our righteous Wars,
To *Papiſts* utter Ruin.

M. B.

FINIS.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by GREEN and RUSSELL, in Queen-ſtreet.

No. 60

ON THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS IN BOSTON, SEPT. 13, 1758

[*The American Antiquarian Society*]

SIZE, 9½ by 14½ inches. The Newbury Street address probably identifies this as an imprint of John Draper, who was printing there in 1758.

These were the troops from Louisburg, commanded by Major General Amherst, who had led the successful expedition against Cape Breton. The *Boston Weekly News-Letter* for September 15, 1758, had a statement of their arrival and entertainment in Boston.

. . . He [General Amherst] was received and congratulated upon his Arrival, with the Respect and Esteem due to so brave a Commander.—On this Occasion, the Guns at Castle-William, those of the Batteries in the Town and at Charlestown, &c. were discharged, and the Bells of the Town were rung. . . .

Thence took a View of Ships and Town,

There were between thirty and forty transports in the fleet.

The Tents around, most beautiful,

The soldiers were encamped on the Common.

But now, the Day, the Day is come,

They left on Saturday, the 17th.

Relate, how FRONTENAC we took,

The reduction of Frontenac was accomplished under the leadership of Colonel Bradstreet, who, with an army of three thousand men, arrived August 17, forced a surrender of the garrison on August 25, destroyed the fort and all but two of the French ships, and returned to Albany in triumph. His achievement was important in that it put Lake Ontario entirely under British control.

The Women out with Tongs did run,

According to Colonel Bradstreet's report of the taking of Frontenac, there were in the Fort at the time of its capture, "110 Men, some Women, Children, and Indians. . . ." This report as contained in the Canadian Archives, is included in *The Journal of John Knox*, "Publications of the Champlain Society" (Toronto, 1914, 1916), I, 265–266.

Relate, how Dawn with Army great,

An allusion to contemporary events in Germany. Count Daun was commander of the Austrian forces in opposition to Frederick during the Seven Years' War. This is probably an allusion to the battle of Kolin, June 18, 1757, unless the ballad was written late enough for the author to be thinking of the more important battle of Hochkirk, October 14, 1758. His reference is not clear.

On the Landing of the Troops in *Boſton*, 1758.

September 11*th*. Their March out *Sept*. 16*th*. And the Reduction of FRONTENAC, *Auguſt* 28, To which is added, The preſent State of *EUROPE*.

1 WHAT Sounds are theſe of gen'ral Joy,
That on my Ear-Drums beat ?
Each Face proclaims a merry Heart,
And Frolicks fill the Street.

2. The Troops are come, Huzza! Huzza's
Is eccho'd thro' the Croud ;
Guns from the Caſtle flaſh and roar,
The Bells all ring aloud.

3. Then to the lofty 'ſpiring Top,
of Beacon-Hill we went ;
Thence took a View of Ships and Town,
a Show magnificent !

4 Some with Laughing ſplit their Sides,
others with Singing roar ;
While ſome 'tis fear'd in Taverns drink
'Till they can drink no more.

5. 'Tis hop'd none ſtagger round the Street,
Nor dance nor caper high ;
In Frolicks drink whole Bottles up,
Then toſs them to the Sky.

6. And thus with jolly Mirth they ſpend,
The twice, thrice welcome Day ;
The Night in Town-Houſe-Street ſome ſtand,
To ſee the Fire-works play.

7. The next Day, was a Day of Joy,
It was a Thankſgiving :
The Forces land, and add new Cauſe,
For us aloud to Sing.

8. The Tents around, moſt beautiful,
Form a delightſome Scene,
And thus they lye, all free from Care,
Quite placid and ſerene.

9. The next Day, Sports of various Kind,
and Buſineſs fill'd their Hand :
And while on the Green Graſs they lay,
Them *Zephyrs* gently fan'd,

10. Some viewing were a Monkey Play,
and others a Baboon ;
Such antic Poſtures pleas'd them ſo,
They miſs'd to dine at Noon.

11. Here ſome that left their Sweet-Hearts dear,
In doleful Dumps cry'd, "Oh!
"Pray little Cupid how could you,
"Pierce my poor, fond Heart ſo !"

12. The Women mind theſe proper Work,
Tho' there were none a Spinning ;
Yet they were looking up their Meat,
Or waſhing out their Linning.

13. No Brauls or Fighting was there ſeen,
None wiſh'd his Brother ill :
Their Swords were made the *French* to cut,
And not each other Kill.

14. Some ſiſtring were to Muſick's Charms,
Which ſoftly mov'd along :
It breath'd inſpiring o'er the Plain,
And pleas'd th' attentive Throng.

15. But now, the Day, the Day is come,
That They muſt take their March :
The Sun glows bright, and pours its Beams,
Thro' all the Heav'ns wide Arch.

16. Buſy as Bees, down go their Tents,
The Carts receive their Store ;
To leave the Town themſelves prepare,
To Victory to ſoar.

17. Nor loitering in their Work are they ;
But at the Hour of Six,
They all are ready for their March,
Not one Thing need they Fix.

18. The Drum now beats, "*Prepare to Arms !*"
They joyful at the Sound ;
"*We go to Victory*," (they cry)
"*And make our Name renown'd.*"

19. "*Le CANADA ſhall ſoon be our's,*"
(They to each other ſay ;)
Encouraging themſelves in this,
They chearful go away.

20. The Streets all full to view the Sight,
Each Window crouded is ;
While They majeſtic onward march,
Their Hearts are big with Bliſs.

21. See, all the Guns, they gliſten bright,
At Diſtance ſeem to blaze ;
While the loft Muſick's gentle Sound,
In charming Concert plays.

22. Behold them while they march along,
In dazzling Armour dreſt ;
True Courage ſhines in every Face,
Undaunted is each Breaſt.

23. But now they're gone ; O may Succeſs,
On all their Ways attend !
May their bright Arms victorious prove,
And Conqueſts crown their End !

24. With Pleaſure they will hear the News
[illegible] ways we have won :
And with true Emulation fir'd,
Will ſcorn to be out-done.

25. Relate, how FRONTENAC we took,
Down fell the high thick Walls ;
Th' Inhabitants all with Fear,
Are ſcatter'd by our Balls.

26. The Women out with Tongs did run,
The Cookmaids with their Spits ;
Then from our Guns a Bullet flies
Which ſcares them into Fits.

27. The Men are frightn'd and diſmay'd,
Some down the Cellars fled ;
And there, for fear they ſhould be ſcalpt,
Do feign themſelves as dead.

28. Some leave their Cannon, Fort and all,
And plunge into the Sea :
While others roar and cry aloud,
"*What will become of We !*"

29. Such diſmal Terrors were they in,
When march'd our gallant Men ;
They took their Fort and Plunder too,
And nothing let remain.

30. Relate, how *Daun* with [illegible]
Reſiſted *PRUSSIA*'s KING :
HE took their Army, with Count *Daun*,
Who look'd like any Thing.

31. O, may our Forces all do thus,
Return with warlike Spoils,
And thus with glorious Fame we will
Reward them for their Toils.

SOLD at the Printing-Office in Newbury-ſtreet.

No. 61

THE DEATH OF GEN. WOLFE [1759]

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8¾ by 10½ inches. There is no clue to the printer or the date of printing. Several issues of the same verses are extant. (Cf. Ford, 1156–1160.)

General Wolfe was killed at the battle of the Plains of Abraham, an engagement which brought Quebec into the hands of the English, and marked the end of the French power in Canada. The English army entered Quebec September 18, having laid siege to the city under Wolfe's leadership for over two months. James Wolfe was born January 2, 1727, and had been a soldier from boyhood, his military career having begun in his father's regiment. He had been commissioned second lieutenant at the age of fourteen, and was a major general at the time of his death. His exploits continued to be sung in America until the heroes of the Revolution displaced him in the popular thought.

I went to see my love only to woo her,

After Wolfe's return to England, following the siege of Louisburg, he had become engaged to Katherine Lowther, afterward the Duchess of Bolton.

Love, here's a diamond ring

The present writer probably did not know that in the first sentence of his will, Wolfe directed that Miss Lowther's miniature be returned to her, set in jewels to the amount of five hundred guineas. He would also have been pleased to know that, according to tradition, the Duchess always wore a jewel (possibly this one), in memory of her lover. See Beckles Willson, *The Life and Letters of James Wolfe*, London, 1909, pp. 503–505.

When shot from off his horse, fell this brave hero,

The wound that proved fatal was the third Wolfe had received that day.

He lifted up his head while guns did rattle,

Many claimants are on record for the honor of supporting Wolfe as he lay dying, and many versions of his last words have been reported. Although the quoted words differ slightly, all accounts agree in this, that when his own sight failed, Wolfe asked a question as to the progress of the battle, and being assured that the French were giving way, expressed himself content to die. An entire chapter is given to this subject in A. Doughty and G. W. Parmlee's *The Siege of Quebec* (1901), III, 201–237. The chapter is entitled "Wolfe's Dying Moments."

The second poem was written by Thomas Paine, supposedly in 1759, the year of Wolfe's death. The elaborate conceit around which it is built, the bookish vocabulary, and the artifice of the whole, make it seem out of place on a broadside sheet, adorned with so crude a cut, but the piece was very popular and was printed many times. During the Revolution it was modified to fit Generals Warren and Montgomery and was again popular.

The Death of

GEN. WOLFE.

CHEER up your hearts young men let nothing fright you;
Be of a gallant mind, let that delight you;
Let not your courage fail 'till after trial,
Nor let your fancy move at the first denial.

I went to see my love only to woo her,
I went to gain her love, not to undo her;
Whenever I spake a word my tongue did quiver,
I could not speak my mind while I was with her.

Love, here's a diamond ring long time I've kept it,
'Tis for your sake alone, if you'll accept it,
When you the posy read, think on the giver,
Madam, remember me, or I'm undone forever.

Brave Wolfe then took his leave of his dear jewel,
Most sorely did she grieve, saying don't be cruel;
Said he 'tis for a space that I must leave you,
Yet love, where'er I go, I'll not forget you.

So then this gallant youth did cross the ocean,
To free America from her invasion,
He landed at Quebec, with all his party,
The city to attack, both brave and hearty.

Brave Wolfe drew up his men in form most pretty,
On the plains of Abraham, before the city;
There just before the town the French did meet them,
With double numbers they resolv'd to beat them.

When drawn up in a line, for death prepared,
While in each other's face their armies stared;
So pleasantly brave Wolfe and Montcalm talked,
So martially between their armies walked.

Each man then took his post at their retire,
So then these numerous hosts began to fire;
The cannon on each side did roar like thunder,
And youths in all their pride were torn asunder.

The drums did loudly beat, colours were flying,
The purple gore did stream and men lay dying—
When shot from off his horse, fell this brave hero,
And we lament his loss in weeds of sorrow.

The French began to break their ranks and flying,
Brave Wolfe then seem'd to wake as he lay dying,
He lifted up his head while guns did rattle,
And to his army said, how goes the battle?

His aid-de-camp reply'd, 'tis in our favor,
Quebec with all her pride, we soon shall have her;
She'll fall into our hands, with all her treasure,
O then reply'd brave Wolfe, I die with pleasure.

Death of Gen. WOLFE.

IN a sad mould'ring cave where the wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care;
She mourn'd for her Wolfe and exclaim'd against fate,
And gave herself up to dispair.
The walls of her cells she had sculptur'd around
With deeds of her favorite son;
And even the dust as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The fire of the gods from his christaline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And mov'd with her tears he sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came,
Britannia, forbear! not a sigh nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd;
Your tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
For thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.

The sons of the east, the prouds giants of old,
Have crept from their darksome abodes,
And this is the news as in heav'n we're told,
They were marching to war with the gods.
A counsel was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was the final decree,
That Wolfe should be call'd to the armies above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec, with the orders I flew,
Where Wolfe with his army then lay;
He cry'd, O forbear! let me victory view,
And then thy commands I'll obey.
With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore for his own native shore,
Should tempt him again to return.

No. 62

LIBERTY, PROPERTY, AND NO EXCISE, AUG. 14, 1765

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 14 by 18½ inches. For obvious reasons, the printer omitted his name. These verses were reprinted in *The Magazine of History*, Extra No. 83, Vol. XXI (1922), No. 3, pp. 41–47.

The sight referred to was the effigy of Andrew Oliver, Stamp Distributor for Boston, together with a boot (for the Earl of Bute), found hanging on the Great Tree opposite Boylston Market in Boston on the morning of August 14, 1765. The effigies remained throughout the day, and at nightfall were taken down by the Sons of Liberty, who had placed them there, and solemnly carried through the streets at the head of a long procession. The citizens engaging in this pageant marched through the State House, shouting, "Liberty, Property, and No Stamps," and thence proceeded to demolish the frame of a building in Kilby Street, intended by Oliver for a stamp office. With the wood from this structure, they built a funeral pyre and burned the effigies in front of Oliver's house on Fort Hill. This demonstration was the beginning of America's organized defiance. Henceforth, the Great Tree was known as the Liberty Tree, and was the rallying place for patriotic celebrations throughout the war.

The Stamp Act was passed by Parliament March 22, 1765, to take effect November 1, following. It was repealed March 18, 1766, to take effect May 1, following.

[*In*] *spite of knaves*
LIBERTY and PITT

William Pitt, the Elder, popularly known as The Great Commoner. "Pitt and Liberty forever" was the popular cry in England at the time of these verses.

'till thousands fill'd the place,

The *Boston Weekly News-Letter*, in detailing the day's events, mentioned the "great concourse of people, some of the highest reputation."

Behold the man, whose heart was set on gain,

George Grenville. Back of his policy of taxation was the necessity to retrieve England's losses in the Seven Years' War. He appears to have thought chiefly in terms of revenue.

Curst be the man that leaves the bodies here

The morning placard had read, "Whoever takes this down is an enemy to his country."

In solemn order

Contemporary accounts indicate that except for the assault on Oliver's house, the demonstration was carried through in an orderly manner.

Down to the court

The Boston State House.

the appointed hill

Fort Hill.

Liberty, Property, and [redacted]*xciſe.*

A Poem,

Compos'd on occaſion of the SIGHT ſeen on the GREAT TREES, (ſo called) in BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND, on the 14th of AUGUST, 1765.

LET *Albion*'s ſons in praiſe their tongues employ:
New-England ſmile, and *Boſton* ſhout for joy:
Spite of knaves, their politics and wit,
She ſtill enjoys her *LIBERTY* and *PITT*.
She reſts ſecure from ev'ry foreign foe,
Derides their plots, and ſees their overthrow;
And ſoon ſhall ſee the wretch completely curs'd
Who ſtrove to *STAMP* her glory in the du[ſt].
" Freedom, (ſhe cries) I cannot cringe to knaves,
" My ſons are free, and never will be ſlaves:"
Let tyrants rule with arbitrary ſway,
Villains command, and whining fools obey:
Let daſtards live in infamy and ſhame,
While *Britons* fight for liberty and fame:
Let all her foes like bees prepare to ſwarm;
Old *Pluto* rage, and *Purgatory* ſtorm:
Let *Charon* raiſe his oars and long-boat take,
And force with fury down the torrid lake.
Speak *Proſerpine*, thy will ſhall be obey'd,
Bid ev'ry fiend forſake the gloomy ſhade:
Give theſe commands to each infernal ghoſt,
" Go ſpit your venom on the *Britiſh* coaſt;
" Haſte there and ſpread contention wide and far,
" Perplex her iſle, and ſet her ſons at war:
" Then to *America* with vengeance go,
" Let them in ſlavery own the powers below."
Suppoſe this done, and all the winged bands
At this new world with thunder in their hands:
Our hardy youth would ſtill their force repel,
Defeat their wiles and drive them back to hell;
Theſe ſons of *Mars* their courage would confound,
A conqueſt gain and ſtill maintain their ground.
[illegible] devils be compell'd to own
Our ſovereign lives and God ſupports his throne:
Thus blaſt his foes in ev'ry baſe deſign
All-gracious heaven, and bleſs the royal line.
O give us favor in our monarch's eyes,
Defend our rights, remove the late *EXCISE*:
Let truth prevail and fierce oppreſſion ceaſe,
And bid our Prophet ſpeak the words of peace.
Lo! here he comes, ſoftly he ſeems to tread,
Now rolls his eyes, now bows his rev'rend head:
He like a God appears in form divine,
Whoſe very aſpect ſpeaks ſome deep deſign;
Hither he comes, on purpoſe to relate
Each ſacred truth, and tell ſome hidden fate,
" *Boſton*, (he cries) your woes are at an end,
" Your foe ſhall fall and times ſhall quickly mend;
" With ſhame o'erwhelm'd he ſoon ſhall hide his face,
" Then hark while I predict the time and place.
" The day now dawns, the gloomy night is ſpent,
" And ſoon your eyes ſhall ſee the grand event.
" See fair *Aurora* from her couch ariſe,
" Whoſe chearful bluſhes paints the morning ſkies:
" The ſhades are chac'd, the ling'ring ſtars are fled,
" And yonder *Phabus* lifts his golden head:
" (Then cries the Prophet) I muſt haſte away,
" The Gods command and mortals muſt obey."
No more I heard from out his ſacred mouth,
He took his leave and went towards the *South*:
Then I beheld amazing wonders there,
Saw human ſhapes and monſters in the air.
A ſtately elm appear'd before my eyes,
Whoſe lofty branches ſeem'd to touch the ſkies;
It's limbs were bent with more than common fruit,
It bore the Devil, *O*——*r*, and *B*--*te*.
Well then, ſaid I, my doubts are wholly fled,
I find the truth of what the father ſaid:
But while I ſtood to gaze upon the tree,
Another and another came to ſee;
Each moment I beheld a diff'rent face,
For on they preſt 'till thouſands fill'd the place,
Here ſtands a child and looks with wond'ring eyes,
And there a champion of gigantic ſize;
Yonder a maid at humbler diſtance ſtands,
And here a jilt with lifted eyes and hands.

This pleaſing proſpect entertains the throng,
All join as one, and thus begin their ſong,
" With graceful joy, O *Boſton*, now behold
" Thoſe truths fulfill'd, which lately were foretold:
" With thankful hearts now ſee the villains hing,
" Who hate their country, and would ſell the king:
" Behold the man, *whoſe heart* was ſet on gai[n]
" And view the wretch, who wiſh'd ſome tyrant's reign."
Thus they obſerv'd they entertain'd the day,
In ſongs and chat they paſt the hours away:
Now *Sol* retires, and journies down the Weſt,
And weary nature ſeems in ſable dreſt.
And now a hero lifts his voice aloud,
Stretches his hand, and ſpeaks to all the crowd.
" Hear me, (he cries) and be not too ſevere,
" Curſt be the man that leaves the bodies here
" Expos'd to all the dangers of the night,
" Then bear them hence with every fun'ral right."
Thus having ſpoke, they all with willing hands
Began to execute their chief's commands:
With rapid haſte ſome to the tree repair,
And on their ſhoulders bear a ladder there.
One draws his knife, and running to their aid,
Aſcends the limbs, that bear each lifeleſs ſhade;
Then cuts the ropes in preſence of them all,
And as he cuts the ghaſtly *objects* fall.
Down on the earth in horrid form they lie;
A frightful ſight to each beholding eye:
What now, (ſaid I) is all compaſſion fled?
Can none be found, that will relieve the dead?
Their chief reply'd, " Go place them on the bier;
" Prepare yourſelves and quickly bring them here."
This done, he cries, " Let ev'ry man reſort
" In ſolemn order with the corps to *court*:"
" March then, (ſaid he) in one united throng,
" And as you march, be this the fun'ral ſong.
" *Great trees, great trees, and ſo theſe mortals muſt*;
" *'Tis all that's worth, and STAMP 'em in the duſt.*"
Then [illegible]ove, the words are ſung by all,
Down [illegible]e *court* and thro' the pompous *hall*:
Soon [illegible] this aroſe a grand debate,
(Such [illegible]attend the fun'rals of the great)
And wild diſorder ſeizes all the band;
Forth ſome advance, while others make a ſtand.
One bids them halt, another " ſtill march forth"
" And viſit all the regions of the *North*."
A third proclaims, " Let theſe be firſt convey'd
" In peaceful ſilence to the dreary ſhade."
Then ſpake their head, (the regent of the night)
" Alas! our hoſt is in a ſhameful plight:
" Is this the way to get a hero's name?
" The road to honor and immortal fame?
" Ceaſe wrangling then, let each in order ſtand,
" Join arm to arm, like one eternal band;
" Then here (he cries) be all contention fled,
" Come follow on, your chief bear the head."
Thus having ſpake, all hear the wond'rous *man*,
And forth they move; (the champion leads the van)
All ſeem impatient to obey his will,
And bend their courſe for the appointed *hill*,
Whoſe lofty ſummit once contain'd a *fort*,
To this they haſte and quickly leave the *court*.
Freedom and friendſhip [illegible] in each ſoul,
They ſhout and ſing without the leaſt controul:
Here then we find no obſtacles aroſe,
Noiſe could offend, and nothing dare oppoſe,
(Nothing) except a ſtately *EDIFICE*,
This ſtops their courſe, but ſoon they down with that,
Low in the duſt they made the ſtructure lie,
Then *STAMPT* the bricks, and bore the wood away,
Now from the ruins ev'ry one retire,
Up to the *mount* and raiſe the fun'ral fire.

* Suppoſed to be built for a STAMP-OFFICE.

No. 63

ON THE DEPARTURE OF AN INFAMOUS B - R - - - T [1769]

[*The American Antiquarian Society*]

SIZE, 9¾ by 14½ inches. Probably issued soon after Governor Bernard's departure. The printer is not known.

Francis Bernard, Governor of Massachusetts since 1760, had made himself disliked in America by his policy of coercion and antagonism. Opposition had increased when he asked that troops be quartered in Boston, and had urged the forfeiture of the charter. When the opposition to him became more insistent, he was recalled to England. Though continued as nominal Governor of Massachusetts for a time, he never returned to America. His departure, July 25, 1769, was the occasion for a noisy demonstration in Boston. Bells were rung, cannon fired, the Liberty Tree decked out with flags, and a great bonfire built on Fort Hill. Various abusive verses were published, and, for a time, the word "baronet" became a term of ridicule and opprobrium. Bernard had received the title in April, 1769.

Tom-cod

A young cod. Applied to human beings as a term of ridicule.

Could those brave heroes . . .

A very frequent subject of eloquence in patriotic verses and speeches of the day.

And be a Tyrant, Verres, . . .

Verres was a Roman official, who as Governor of Sicily in 72–71 B.C. plundered the island of art treasures, was prosecuted by Cicero, went into exile, and was finally put to death by Antony, 43 B.C.

Tyburn

Until 1783 the place of public execution in London.

Ketch

A common appellation for a hangman. From Jack Ketch, a notoriously cruel hangman of a century earlier.

ON

The DEPARTURE of an infamous B-R---T.

GO B------d, thou minion !--- to thy country go,
For BOSTON, loud proclaims you, Freedom's foe ;
Why will you ſtay, where mankind ſcorns your name
Where ev'ry year adds blackneſs to your fame,
Where if you die, few friends your deeds will bawl,
In Britiſh cries, or ditties of Fingall ?
Haſte, haſte O B------d, and betake your way,
Where ſnows eternal chill the face of Day :
Where torped rocks and mountains threat' the ſkies,
And hills o're hills in barren pomp ariſe ;
Where poverty ſupreme for ever reigns,
Nor envy'd wealth, diſturb the peaſants brains.
E'en croaking ravens, will rejoice your flight,
And join in chorus with the birds of night :
The rav'nous tyger, with the hind will play,
And glad with joy, th' unfeeling aſs will bray.
If thus all nature for your abſence long,
What wonder then, if I ſhould join the throng :
When yet of evils, I more feel can name,
Enough to blaſt you to the lateſt fame :
Of ills ! that half the northern world annoys,
That mars their trade, their liberty deſtroys,
That makes them ſlaves, or meer mechanick tools,
To work for nought, as fools do work for fools.
Go on ye Pilferer, with all the rage
That half-ſtarv'd ſpaniels for a bone engage,
Be like your brothers here, a tyrant crew,
Do all that fell rapacious ſouls can do ;
Make right and wrong an equal ballance hold,
And prove or diſapprove, as weighs the gold.
Like theſe, in all the majeſty of deſt,
Look big, command, and ſtour, and jeer the beſt.
As you have done, the laſt paſſing year,
Made the new world in anger ſhed the tear ;
Unmindful, of their native once lov'd iſle,
They'll bid All-g--nce ceaſe her peaceful ſmile,
While from their arms, they tear Oppreſſion's chain,
And make laſt LIBERTY once more to reign.
Could thoſe brave heroes, who now ſleep in reſt,
But know how much their children are oppreſs'd,
Methinks they'd riſe and murmur fro n their graves,
" Were we not wretched ! muſt our ſons be ſlaves !
" Are there no ſtores of vengeance for that race ?
" That long have dar'd th' Almighty to his face,
" Who to half earth have prov'd ſo fell a peſt,
" That living, dying, and the dead can't reſt ;"
And as they vaniſh'd, pray ; " Hear, oh my God !
" Preſerve this country from a TYRANT's rod."
Shall ſuch low vagrants, whom ſome L--D has rais'd
For ſuch harſh conduct be eſteem'd or prais'd ?
Are they more faithful to the S-te or C-- n,
Than thoſe whoſe honeſty, with friendſhip join ?
No ! I proclaim that man at once a knave,
Who ſcorns thoſe virtues which adorn the brave :
Honour can't bind him, that no friendſhip knows,
He's ſure a villain, that delights in woes,
And proves or diſapproves as profit flows.
Muſt it not fill all men of ſenſe with ſcorn,
To ſee a muckworm of the earth, low born,
The chance production of ſome am'rous ſpark,
In ignorance ſupreme, profoundly dark ?
To ſee him ſeat his mighty ſelf in ſtate,
With arms a-kimbo, deal to each its fate.
Fly cringing minion ! from all converſe fly,
Den with the wolves, and learn the wolv'rins cry,
Go join in concert with the croaking frogs,
Or howl in chorus with a pack of dogs ;
With monkeys go, and chatter on a ſtage,
Or turn a maſtiff, and each curr engage.
Better do worſe ! turn pandor, pimp or ſlave,
Turn highway-man, turn murderer, or knave ;
All do, that thy fell ſoul can think as evil,
And be a Tyrant, Verres, or a Devil.
What are ſuch crimes ? when ballanc'd with the woes,
That from the vagrant ! to thy country flows ;
Meer nought and trifling, light as empty air,
They harm but few, but theſe whole countries ſhare ;
On one on all, th' oppreſſive evil lights,
And like a tyrant robs them of their rights.
Can jealouſy extend its horrid ſway
To harm the tender offspring of a day,
To hurt a country, but in opening bud,
A people link'd by ſtrongeſt ties of blood ?
It can, it does, all kindred ties begone ?
Nought here but riches pleaſe the rav'nous throng ;
A golden fury, rages in each breaſt,
Let ſink who will, or ſwim, they will be bleſt.
Like fools they've plan'd, it is to keep you down,
To make you love them, and to fear their frown.
Were I a K***** ! I'd think it noble ſport.
To kick ſuch mongril tyrants from my C*****.
No knaviſh ſoul, that's aggrandiz'd by wealth,
Obtain'd by force, or got by meaneſt ſtealth ;
Should tread the threſhold of the R---l dome,
But like a robber, be exil'd from home ;
Or ſhare, what beſt becomes a thieviſh wretch,
A Tyburn ſalutation from a Ketch,

No. 64
DESCRIPTION OF THE POPE, 1769

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 5½ by 11 inches. The margins have been considerably trimmed. The same cut had appeared before, also on Pope-Night verses. (Cf. Ford, 1467.)

This anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot had been annually celebrated in America for many years. It was the occasion for pageantry and the exhibiting of effigies denoting hatred of popery. With the approach of the Revolution, resentment of the Stamp Act and other measures combined with this abhorrence of popery to make these demonstrations even more spirited. Obnoxious political characters were added to the familiar figures of the devil, the pope, and the Pretender, and carried through the streets in a procession. Prior to 1765, Boston had had two celebrations, one for the North End, and one for the South, but in 1765 the two parties formed a union, and celebrated jointly thereafter. The 1769 celebration very naturally reflected the antagonism of Massachusetts toward Governor Bernard, who had been recalled several months before. Apparently the authorities, realizing the state of unrest, had issued a proclamation threatening punishment in case of a Pope-Night riot, for the *Boston Gazette* of November 13 noted with satisfaction that no such disturbance had arisen: ". . . for the Pageantry was carried on with Decorum, as has been usual for a Number of Years past."

John Mein

A Boston printer and book dealer, who because of his importation of British books during the non-importation excitement of 1768 and 1769, became the object of hatred and calumny. His name was printed week after week in the *Boston Gazette* and other patriotic sheets in "A List of the Names of *those* who AUDACIOUSLY continue to counteract the UNITED SENTIMENTS of the Body of Merchants thro'out NORTH AMERICA; by importing British Goods contrary to the Agreement." In the *Boston Chronicle*, of which he was one of the publishers, Mein recorded his defense from August to October, 1769, but this in turn became the target for indignant and abusive comment. His name appears scores of times and was a synonym for disloyalty. Shortly after this Pope-Night celebration, he was forced into hiding until he could take secret passage back to Europe.

Wilkes and Liberty, No. 45.

This was the slogan with which doors and shutters had been chalked at the time of the expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons in 1764. *No. 45* was the issue of the *North Briton* in which he had censured the King's speech at the opening of Parliament, an offense for which he had been sent to the Tower. His attack on the ministry of Lord Bute had gained him much sympathy in America, and various details of the Wilkes's demonstrations in England were borrowed by his American admirers. The exhibiting of a jackboot, in punning derision of Lord Bute, was one of these.

Informer

No term was applied with more contempt and hatred at this time. Cf. "The Life and Humble Confession of Richardson," p. 95, *supra.*

Deſcription of the POPE, 1769

Toaſts on the Front of the large Lanthorn.
Love and Unity.---The American Whig.---Confuſion to the Torries, and a total Baniſhment to Bribery and Corruption.

On the Right Side of the ſame.---An Acroſtick.

J nſulting Wretch, we'll him expoſe,
O 'er the whole World his Deeds diſcloſe,
H ell now gaups wide to take him in,
N ow he is ripe, Oh Lump of Sin.
M ean is the Man, M--N is his Name,
E nough he's ſpread his helliſh Fame,
L nfernal Furies hurl his Soul,
N ine Million Times from Pole to Pole.

Labels on the Left Side.

Now ſhake, ye Torries! ſee the Rogue behind,
Hung up a Scarecrow, to correct Mankind.
Oh had the Villain but receiv'd his Due,
Himſelf in Perſon would here ſwing in View:
But let the Traitor mend within the Year,
Or by the next he ſhall be hanging here.
Ye Slaves! ye Torries, who infeſt the Land,
And ſcatter num'rous Plagues on ev'ry Hand,
Now we'll be free, or bathe in honeſt Blood;
We'll nobly periſh for our Country's Good,
We'll purge the Land of the infernal Crew,
And at one Stroke we'll give the Devil his Due.

Labels on each Side the ſmall Lanthorn.

WILKES and LIBERTY, No. 45.

See the Informer how he ſtands, If any one now takes his Part,
An Enemy to all the Land He'll go to Hell without a Cart

May Diſcord ceaſe, in Hell be jam'd,
And factious fellows all be dam'd.
From B-----, the vrieſt monſter on earth,
The fell production of ſome baneful birth,
Theſe ills proceed,---from him they took their birth,
The Source ſupreme, and Center of all Hate.
If I forgive him, then forget me Heaven,
Or like a WILKES may I from Right be driven.
Here ſtands the Devil for a Show,
With the I--p---r in a row,
All bound to Hell, and that we know.
Go M--n lade deep with Curſes on thy head,
To ſome dark Corner of the World repair,
Where the bright Sun no pleaſant Beams can ſhed,
And ſpend thy Life in Horror and Deſpair.

Effigies,---M--n, his Servant, &c.--A Bunch of TOM-CODS.

No. 65

A NEW SONG, CALLED THE GASPEE [1773]

[*The Rhode Island Historical Society*]

SIZE, 9⅜ by 14 inches. The date is conjectural. The line in Stanza 2, "In seventeen hundred and seventy-two," might suggest that 1772 was past. But the line in Stanza 6, "Here on the tenth day of last June," would imply that the succeeding June had not yet come. If the sheet were printed in 1773, it would have issued from the press of John Carter, the only printer in Providence at that time. It is so assigned in *Rhode Island Imprints* (Providence, 1914).

The burning of the *Gaspée* took place June 8, 1772, and resulted from the resentment aroused in Rhode Island over the British attempt to enforce the revenue laws, so distasteful to the colonists. The immediate occasion was the pursuit of the American schooner *Hannah* by the *Gaspée*. The *Hannah*, in command of Captain Lindsey, having reported her cargo at Newport, was proceeding up the river to Providence, when the *Gaspée* gave chase. The *Hannah* succeeded in crossing the shallow water at Namquit Point, but the *Gaspée* ran aground in attempting to follow. On the evening of the same day, citizens of Providence, having learned of the *Gaspée's* plight from Captain Lindsey, set out in boats for Namquit Point, six miles away. They boarded the *Gaspée* by night, removed the crew and set fire to the vessel. Upon their approach, William Duddingston, in command of the *Gaspée*, fired shots, and was wounded by a return shot. These shots are said to be the first to be fired in the Revolution. Governor Wanton issued a proclamation offering reward for the discovery of the citizens involved; the British Government subsequently offered larger rewards; a court of inquiry was appointed, but in accordance with the prophecy of the concluding stanza of this ballad, the identity of the participants was never revealed. A complete account of this whole affair is included in *Records of the Colony of Rhode Island* (Providence, 1862), VII, 55–192. These verses, which are printed at the end of the record, have been attributed to Captain Swan of Bristol, one of the alleged participants in the affair. The ballad is also reprinted in Wilfred H. Munro's *The History of Bristol* (Providence, 1880), pp. 172–174.

[*That play'd the parts of pirates there;*]

Belial

Strictly, a worthless person, but in the New Testament and in later usage, the term is treated as a proper name for the personification of evil or Satan. In Milton, the name of one of the fallen angels.

insert

Apparently for assert, as indicated in the marginal correction.

Some Narragansett Indianmen,

The citizens participating in the Boston Tea Party were also disguised as Indians.

if I remember

Annotated by the note at the bottom of the sheet.

Theodore Foster's

NEW SONG,

CALLED THE

GASPEE.

'TWAS in the reign of George the third,
Our public peace was much disturb'd
By ships of war, that came and lay
Within our ports, to stop the trade.

2.
In seventeen hundred and seventy-two,
In Newport harbour lay a crew,
[illegible] pair of pirate-men,
The sons of freedom could not bear,

3
Sometimes they'd weigh and give them chace;
Such actions sure was very base;
No honest coasters cou'd pass by,
But what they would let some shot fly;

4
And did provoke to high degree,
Those true born sons of liberty;
So that they cou'd no longer bear
Those sons of Belial staying there,

5
But 'twas not long 'fore it fell out,
That William Duddingston, so stout,
Commander of the Gaspee tender,
Which he has reason to remember;

6
Because as people do assert,
He almost had his just desert
Here on the tenth day of last June,
Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,

7
Did chace the sloop call'd the Hannah,
Of whom one Linsey was commander;
They dog'd her up Providence sound,
And there the rascal run a ground.

8
The news of it flew that very day
That they on Namquit point did lay:
That night about half after ten,
Some Narragansett Indianmen,

9
Being sixty-four if I remember,
Which made this stout coxcomb surrender;
And what was best of all their trick,
They in his britch a ball did fix,

10
Then set the men upon the land,
And burnt her up we understand;
Which thing provokes the King so high,
He said those men shall surely die.

11
So if he could but find them out,
The hangman he'll employ no doubt;
For he's declared in his passion,
He'll have them tri'd, a new fashion.

12
Now for to find these people out,
King George has offer'd very stout;
One thousand pounds to find out one
That wounded William Duddingston.

13
One thousand more he says he'll spare
For those who say they sheriffs were:
One thousand more there doth remain,
For to find out the leaders name.

14
Likewise five hundred pound per man
Of any one of all the clan,
But let him try his utmost skill,
I'm apt to think he never will
Find out any of those hearts of gold,
Though he should offer fifty fold.

FINIS.

Providence: Printed for the Purchasers.

"I Jeremiah" Dennison [illegible] Author of the above one of the [illegible]
[illegible] 2
Presented to R.I. Hist. Society
by Jeremiah Hunewell

No. 66

TEA, DESTROYED BY INDIANS [After 1773]

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8⅛ by 12¾ inches. Printer and date of printing are unknown.

The Boston Tea Party took place December 16, 1773. The details of this episode are well known. Under cover of night some fifty residents of Boston, disguised as Indians, emptied the entire cargo of three tea ships into Boston Harbor, thereby ending a long controversy as to the enforcement of the tea tax, so obnoxious to the colonists. This tax, imposed by Townshend six years before, had not been repealed April 2, 1770, when the duty on certain other articles was withdrawn. This occurrence, which was the subject of much comment in the press and in other contemporary annals, was also frequently memorialized in verse, most of which was printed in the newspapers during the early months of 1774, rather than in broadside.

T E A,

DESTROYED BY INDIANS.

YE GLORIOUS SONS OF FREEDOM, brave and bold,
That has ſtood forth----fair LIBERTY to hold ;
Though you were INDIANS, come from diſtant ſhores,
Like MEN you acted-----not like ſavage Moors.

CHORUS.

Boſtonian's SONS keep up your Courage good,
Or Dye, like Martyrs, in fair Free-born Blood.

Our LIBERTY, and LIFE is now invaded,
And FREEDOM's brighteſt Charms are darkly ſhaded :
But, we will STAND---and think it noble mirth,
To DART the man that dare oppreſs the Earth.

Boſtonian's SONS keep up your Courage good,
Or Dye, like Martyrs, in fair Free-born Blood.

How grand the Scene !----(No Tyrant ſhall oppoſe)
The T E A is ſunk in ſpite of all our foes.
A NOBLE SIGHT---to ſee th' accurſed T E A
Mingled with MUD----and ever for to be ;
For KING and PRINCE ſhall know that we are FREE.

Boſtonian's SONS keep up your Courage good,
Or Dye, like Martyrs, in fair Free-born Blood,

Muſt we be ſtill--- and live on Blood-bought Ground,
And not oppoſe the Tyrants curſed ſound ?
We Scorn the thought----our views are well refin'd
We Scorn thoſe ſlaviſh ſhackles of the Mind,
" We've Souls that were not made to be confin'd."

Boſtonian's SONS keep up your Courage good,
Or Dye, like Martyrs, in fair Free-born Blood.

Could our Fore-fathers riſe from their cold Graves,
And view their Land, with all their Children SLAVES ;
What would they ſay ! how would their Spirits rend,
And, Thunder-ſtrucken, to their Graves deſcend.

Boſtonian's SONS keep up your Courage good,
Or Dye, like Martyrs, in fair Free-born Blood.

Let us with hearts of ſteel now ſtand the tak,
Throw off all darkſome ways, nor wear a Mask.
Oh ! may our noble Zeal ſupport our frame,
And brand all Tyrants with eternal SHAME.

Boſtonian's SONS keep up your Courage good,
And ſink all Tyrants in their GUILTY BLOOD.

No. 67

THE FARMER AND HIS SON'S RETURN FROM A VISIT TO THE CAMP [1775]

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SIZE, 11⅛ by 6⅞ inches. The printer is unknown. These same stanzas are also extant under other titles. Another issue, entitled "The Yankey's Return from Camp," has the same cuts as the present imprint. There are slight differences in spelling and printing. A third issue is entitled "A Yankee Song." It is probable that this version, printed under these several titles, represents the earliest form in which the verses appeared in print. For a list of the issues which survive, see Ford, 1940–1941 and 3417–3420. The present broadside was reproduced in *The Saturday Evening Post* of June 15, 1929.

Commentary on this song and speculation as to its origin have filled many pages. The earliest version is thought to have emanated from the British camp during the French and Indian Wars, and to have been inspired by the ludicrous appearance of the colonials in their assorted garbs. If so, no one of the original stanzas survives in the present version, which was clearly born of Revolutionary times. Their author was said by Edward Everett Hale, in his *New England History in Ballads* (Boston, 1904), to have been Edward Bangs, a member of the class of 1777 of Harvard College. No contemporary support of this attribution appears to have come to light. But whoever the author, the verses contain what would seem to be unmistakable evidence of an origin at the provincial camp early in the Revolution, possibly in 1775. The most complete and authoritative treatment of this much-discussed song is contained in Oscar George Theodore Sonneck's *Report on "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "America," "Yankee Doodle,"* published by the Library of Congress, 1909.

The Farmer and his Son's return from a viſit to the CAMP.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we ſee the men and boys
As thick as haſty pudding.
Yankey doodle keep it up, yankey doodle dandy,
Mind the muſic and the ſtep,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we ſee a thouſand men,
As rich as 'ſquire David,
And what they waſted every day,
I wiſh it had been ſaved.
Yankey doodle, &c.

The 'laſſes they eat every day,
Would keep an houſe a winter;
They have as much that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're mind to.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And there we ſee a ſwamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a ducid little cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And every time they ſhoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noiſe like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Yankey doodle, &c.

I went as nigh to one myſelf,
As 'Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the duce was in him.
Yankey doodle, &c.

Couſin Simon grew ſo bold,
I thought he would have cock'd it;
It ſcar'd me ſo I ſhriek'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And ſtuck a crooked ſtabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And there I ſee a pumpkin ſhell,
As big as mother's baſon,
And every time they touch'd it off,
They ſcamper'd like the nation.
Yankey doodle, &c.

I ſee a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon with little clubs,
And call'd the folks together.
Yankey doodle, &c.

And there was captain Waſhington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They ſay he's grown ſo tarnal proud,
He will not ride without them.
Yankey doodle, &c.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a ſlapping ſtallion,
He ſet the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.
Yankey doodle, &c.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They look'd ſo taring fine ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.
Yankey doodle, &c.

I ſee another ſnarl of men,
A digging graves they told me,
So tarnal long, ſo tarnal deep,
They 'tended they ſhould hold me.
Yankey doodle, &c.

It ſcar'd me ſo I hook'd it off,
Nor ſtopt as I remember,
Nor turn'd about 'till I got home,
Lock'd up in mother's chamber.
Yankey doodle, &c.

No. 68

A SONG, COMPOSED BY THE BRITISH BUTCHERS, AFTER THE FIGHT AT BUNKER-HILL ON THE 17TH OF JUNE, 1775

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7½ by 11½ inches. The margins have been trimmed. The address in the colophon was the printing office of the sons of Thomas Fleet. Their sign had been changed about this time from the Heart and Crown to the Bible and Heart. These verses were printed numerous times, and in their several versions show both Tory and colonial sympathies. The word *butchers* in the title of this version is an example of such variants. It is written *soldiers* in other issues. With the minimum of change, the story was told from the point of view of either side. For other issues, see Ford, 1931–1934.

The Battle of Bunker Hill, fought June 17, 1775, was a costly British victory. The British were commanded by General Gage, and the Americans by Colonel Prescott. The British took the offensive. On the third assault, the Americans were forced to withdraw, because their ammunition was exhausted.

With their strong works they [*had*] *thrown up*, . . .
Like rebels stout they stood it [*out*] *and thought* . . .
With expedition we embark'd, [*our*] *ships kept cannonading.*
Where showers of balls like [*hail did*] *fly*, . . .
Brave William Howe on our [*right wing*], . . .
You soon will see the rebels fle[*e*], . . .
To our grape shot and musquet [*hot,*] . . .
For making hay with musquet [*pil*]*ls*, . . .
He allows us half a pint a day, [*to*] *rum we are not strangers;*

A Song:

Compoſed by the Britiſh Butchers, after the Fight at Bunker-Hill on the 17th of June 1775.

IT was on the ſeventeenth by break of Day, the Yankees did ſurprize us,
With their ſtrong works they had thrown up, to burn the town and drive us;
But ſoon we had an order came, an order to defeat them,
Like rebels ſtout they ſtood it out, and thought we ne'er could beat them.

About the hour of twelve that day, an order came for marching,
With three good flints and ſixty rounds, each man hop'd to diſcharge them;
We marched down to the long wharf, where boats were ready waiting,
With expedition we embark'd, our ſhips kept cannonading.

And when our boats all filled were with officers and ſoldiers,
With as good troops as England had, to oppoſe who dare controul us;
And when our boats all filled were, we row'd in line of battle,
Where ſhowers of balls like hail did fly, our cannon loud did rattle.

There was Cops-hill battery near Charleſtown, our twenty-fours they play'd,
And the three frigates in the ſtream, that very well behav'd;
The Glaſgow frigate clear'd the ſhore, all at the time of landing,
With her grape ſhot and cannon balls, no Yankees ne'er could ſtand them.

And when we landed on the ſhore, we draw'd up all together,
The Yankees they all man'd their works, and thought we'd ne'er come thither;
But ſoon they did perceive brave *Howe*, brave *Howe*, our bold commander,
With grenadiers and infantry, ſo made them to ſurrender.

Brave William Howe on our right wing, cry'd boys fight like thunder,
You ſoon will ſee the rebels run, with great amaze and wonder;
Now ſome lay bleeding on the ground, and ſome full faſt a running,
O'er hills and dales and mountains high, crying zounds brave *Howe*'s a coming.

They began to play on our left wing, where *Piggot* he commanded,
But we returu'd it back again, with courage moſt undaunted;
To our grape ſhot and muſquet balls, to which they were but ſtrangers,
They thought to come with ſword in hand, but ſoon they found their danger.

And when the works we got into and put them to the flight, ſir, &c.
Some of them did hide themſelves, and others died with fright, ſir;
And when their works we got into, without great fear or danger,
Their works we made ſo ſtout and ſtrong, the Yankees are great ſtrangers.

But as for our artillery, they all rotated dinty,
For while their ammunition held, we gave it to them plenty;
But our conductor he got broke, for his miſconduct ſure ſir,
The ſhot he ſent for twelve pound guns, was made for twenty-four ſir.

There is ſome in Boſton pleaſe to-day, as we the field were taking,
We went to kill their countrymen, while they their hay were making,
But ſuch ſtout whigs I never ſaw, to hang them all I'd rather,
For marching they were mad as bulls, and buck-ſhot mix'd together.

Brave Howe is ſo conſiderate, as to prevent all danger,
He allows us half a pint a day, ſo rum we are not ſtrangers;
Long may he live by land and ſea, for he's belov'd by many,
The name of *Howe* the Yankees dread, we ſee it very plainly.

And now my ſong is at an end, and to conclude my ditty;
It is the poor and ignorant, and only them I pity;
And as for their king that *John Hancock*, and *Adams* if they're taken,
Their heads for ſigns ſhall hang up high upon that hill call'd Bacon.

Sold at the BIBLE and HEART in Cornhill, BOSTON.

No. 69

POETICAL REMARKS UPON THE FIGHT AT THE BOSTON LIGHT-HOUSE, 1775

BY E. R. [ELISHA RICH]

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 9½ by 15½ inches, with margins trimmed. The same cut was used by Nathaniel Coverly, the printer, on another set of verses signed E. R., issued in the following year. These were entitled "A Poem On the late distress of the Town of Boston." (Cf. Ford, 2037.)

The initials E. R., following the note of explanation beneath the heading of this sheet, appear to be those of Elisha Rich, "Minister of the Gospel," as he signed himself on the "Poem On the Bloody engagement that was Fought on Bunker's Hill," also an imprint of Nathaniel Coverly. (Cf. Ford, 1922.) In the "Poem On the late distress of the Town of Boston," his initials are included in the last line of the last stanza.

This "fight," occurring on July 31, 1775, was one of several skirmishes which had for their purpose the cutting off of supplies to the British, encamped in Boston. The lighthouse was destroyed. When an attempt was made by Tory carpenters and a guard of marines to rebuild it, American volunteers, commanded by Major Tupper, killed or captured all of the workmen. General Washington praised the volunteers for their valor.

Tho' many of your Sons this year are slain,
This was the year of the battles of Lexington and Concord, and Bunker Hill.
[*And may with ease tread down their enemies.*]
For which if you give God his proper [*praise,*]
The BOSTON Light-House that did help our foe,
The lighthouse on Thatcher Island, commonly called Cape Ann Light, and the lighthouse at the entrance of Boston Harbor, were both destroyed.
[*W*]*ho were defeated i*[*n their wi*]*cked plot,*
Fetter'd in Chains it's [*hop'd will be*] *their Lot.*

Upon the Thirty-[*first of last July,*]
Brave Tupper [*and his Troops with*] *speed did fly,*
And drawing near [*the Light-House where*] *they found*
Our Bloody foe who [*fain would kept*] *their ground,*

[*They can't escape a common despot's*] *lot,*
[*Since they their*] *country's wealth and Blood have sought.*

Their Freedom now cannot be bought with B[*ail,*]
But must be kept [*confin'd*] *in closer goal,*

Some of the [*Regulars*] *that taken were*
With chearful [*countenances*] *did appear,*
While Torr[*ies bore a mal*]*efactor's face,*
They feared [*Death deserv'd,*] *and sad disgrace.*

POETICAL

REMARKS upon the Fight at the BOSTON

LIGHT-HOUSE

WHICH happen'd between a Party of RANGERS belonging to the UNITED COLONIES, Commanded by Major TUPPER, and a Number of Regulars.

¶ Having wrote some POEMS on the Military operations in AMERICA this Year, I was requested among the rest to write one on the taking and demolishing the Light-House; if by this means the good Hand of Providence towards the American Forces may be more particularly noticed and kept in MEMORY, perhaps it may apologize for my attempt. So I rest a Friend, &c. R.

BRAVE Valiant Soldiers of AMERICA,
Whose eyes beho'd the troubles of the Day,
While Tyrants frown and spread their terrors wide,
You keep your ground, and do not fear their pride.

Tho' many of your Sons this year are slain
Yet all undaunted courage you retain,
While Liberty your generous hearts admire
You fight to quench oppressors raging fire.

Americans attend and pray now view,
The mighty arm that hath appear'd for you,
Who by degrees doth give the victories,
[illegible]

Amidst the ills you this year sustain,
Yet there's God's blessing victory you gain,
For which if you give GOD his proper
Your LAND above oppressive pow'r may raise,

The BOSTON Light-House that did help our foe,
By GOD's assistance thou did'st overthrow,
By means of which in danger they must be,
Should other Ships of WAR come against thee,

But when thy fire this BUILDING would repair
That they may pass the Channel without fear,
They met with sore repulse to their surprise,
Their works were all destroy'd before their eyes.

AMERICANS behold with joyful eyes,
The lofty LIGHT-HOUSE now in ruin lies,
It gives no light to Bloody TYRANTS here,
And tho' they fight this should not move thy fear,

This narrative I will in brief relate,
And shew some of the TORRIES shameful fate,
Who were defeated [illegible] plot,
Fetter'd in Chains it's [illegible] their Lot,

Upon the Thirty-[illegible]
Brave TUPPER ar[illegible]ceed did fly,
And drawing near th[illegible]e they found
Our Bloody foe wa[illegible]r their ground,

When TUPPER and his men had landed there
Their enemies to fight them did prepare,
But all in vain they could not them withstand
But fell as victims to our valiant hand.

Three TORRIES there, they killed on the spot,
And five MARINES were wounded by our shot,
Who fighting for a cruel TYRANT KING,
Our LAND in SLAVERY they fain would bring.

A Lieutenant of the MARINES there dy'd
Two private Soldiers fell down at his side,
Who wallow'd in their bloody crimson gore,
And dyed fighting for TYRANICK power.

All those who were not kill'd and wounded there,
Were taken captive by our men we hear,
Tho' numbers came to set the captives free,
They kill'd but one we hear, and wounded three.

Their sad example well may others dread,
Who heard the fate of them that were shot dead,
And warning take least they at last should share,
The fate of those who fowl oppressors were.

Among the PRISONERS that they brought here,
Eleven TORRIES then, there did appear,
With guilt & shame they through our Towns were led,
Their visage told all men their fear and dread,

By guards they were convey'd to Worcester town,
Where Sons of Liberty did on them frown,
[illegible]
[illegible] they met Country's wealth and Blood have sought.

Their FREEDOM now cannot be bought with Br[illegible]
But must be kept [illegible]'d in closer goal,
There to reflect their BLOODY treachery,
Without respect from Friends to LIBERTY,

Some of the R[illegible] that taken were
With chearful [illegible] did appear,
While TORR[illegible] Defacter's face,
They feared [illegible], and sad disgrace.

One Captain White of Marshfield we hear say,
A noted foe of North-America,
Among the rest was then a PRISONER made,
Whose fate may make such as himself afraid.

A noted Torry from New-York we hear,
A master Carpentar that worked there,
Was forc'd to lay his Adz and Hammer by,
And like a murderer bound in chains must lie.

Mere nature must reveal to see their fears
Filled with shame and rackt with pannic fears,
Yea tender hearts concerning them agree
That their deserts for future, warnings be,

Should future ages hear how they did fall,
And their unhuman deeds to memory call
May serve to stop such treachery in the bud
Before oppression roles her swelling flood.

Before this narrative I had not pend,
Had I not hop'd 'twight answer some good end
Should it cause us to fear a tyrants path,
It might secure us from impending wrath.

Give GOD the glory of what thou dost gain
And he thy glorious leader will remain,
Who like a friend shall lead your Marshal bands,
And give thy tyrant foes into thy hands.

If thou on GOD doth truly rest thy cause,
Thou need not dread thy Foes oppressing laws,
Give GOD the glory that his work do claim,
And thou thine enemies shall put to shame,

Then shall the vile oppressors hide their head,
The Job the innocent shall be afraid
While those who love true Peace & Liberty,
With honor shall be crown'd and seated high.

CHELMSFORD: Printed and Sold by Nath[illegible]el Coverly, where may be had Verses by the Gross or Single. PRICE

No. 70

TWO SONGS ON THE BRAVE GENERAL MONTGOMERY, AND OTHERS, WHO FELL WITHIN THE WALLS OF QUEBEC, DEC. 31, 1775

[*The Essex Institute*]

SIZE, 8 by 13¾ inches, with margins trimmed. Probably an imprint of Ezekiel Russell, who was printing in Danvers at this time in a house known as The Bell Tavern. It is of course possible that another printer had a printing office "Next the Bell-Tavern," as the advertisement states. Both of these cuts were frequently used.

Richard Montgomery, in command of the northern division of the colonial army, was killed in an unsuccessful attack upon Quebec, December 31, 1775. Although not yet forty years old, he was an experienced soldier, and had already distinguished himself by his exploits. During the French and Indian Wars he had fought at Louisburg and Montreal. In 1772 he sold his commission and became a resident of America. Because of the illness of General Schuyler, his superior, he became commander in chief of the northern army, and had already been victorious in several engagements. He was greatly beloved and his death caused widespread sorrow in America and England. Though a "rebel," he was eulogized in Parliament by Burke, Chatham, and others.

Domestic happiness resign'd,

He had married, and purchased a large property on the Hudson shortly before he assumed active command of the colonial troops.

Carlton

The British general, who permitted Montgomery to be buried with military honors.

Warren

Joseph Warren, a physician, and one of the most able leaders of the colonial forces in the early days of the Revolution. He was killed at Bunker Hill.

Putnam

Israel Putnam, a veteran of the French and Indian Wars, made a major general in the colonial army for distinguished service at Lexington and Concord and at Bunker Hill.

Lee

Charles Lee, second major general under Washington. His later career was hardly such as to number him among ballad heroes. He was court-martialed in 1778.

Two SONGS on the Brave GENERAL

MONTGOMERY,

and others, who fell within the Walls of QUEBEC, Dec. 31, 1775, in attempting to Storm that City.

COME Soldiers all in chorus join,
To pay the tribute at the ſhrine
Of brave MONTGOMERY, &c.
Which to the memory is due,
Of him who fought and dy'd for you,
Might live and yet be free, &c.

With chearful and undaunted mind,
Domeſtic happineſs reſign'd,
He with a choſen band, &c.
Through deſarts wild, with fixt intent,
Canada for to conquer went,
Or periſh ſword in hand, &c.

Six weeks before *St. John*'s they lay,
While cannon on them conſtant play,
On cold and marſhy ground, &c.
When *Preſcott* forc'd at length to yield,
Aloud proclaim'd it in the field,
Virtue a friend had found, &c.

To *Montreal* he wing'd his way,
Which ſeem'd impatient to obey,
And open'd wide its gates, &c.
Convinc'd no force could e'er repell
Troops who had juſt behav'd ſo well,
Under ſo hard a fate, &c.

With ſcarce one third part of his force,
Then to *Quebec* he bent his courſe,
That grave of *Hero* ſlain, &c.
The pride of *France* the great *Montcalm*,
And *Wolfe* the ſtrength of *Britain*'s arm,
Both fell on Abraham's plain, &c.

Having no leſs of fame requir'd,
There too *Montgomery* expir'd,
With *Cheeſeman* by his ſide, &c.
Carlton 'tis ſaid, his corps convey'd
To earth, in all the grand parade
Of military pride, &c.

HARK! Hark! the joyful news is come,
Sound ſound the trumpet, beat the drum,
Let manly mirth abound, &c.
Where *Freedom*'s ſacred enſigns wave,
Supported by the *virtuous brave*,
There *Victory* is found, &c.

From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north,
American's brave ſons ſtep forth,
All terrible in arms, &c.
Their *Rights* and *Freedom* to maintain,
They dauntleſs tread the bloody plain,
And laugh at war's alarms, &c.

Montgomery gains our applauſe,
He to aſſiſt fair *Freedom*'s cauſe,
Domeſtic peace forſakes, &c.
The ſword he graſps goes boldly on,
Nor quits 'till life is fairly done,
The war he undertakes, &c.

Kind providence the troops inſpire,
With more than *Greek* or *Roman* fire,
Therefore our cauſe prevails, &c.
Favor'd by Heaven the virtuous few,
Tyranniſh legions ſhall ſubdue,
For juſtice ſeldom fail, &c.

Let joyful temperate bowls flow round,
With ſongs to their juſt fames reſound,
Who have their bravery ſhewn, &c.
To *Warren* and *Montgomery*,
To *Putnam* and the gallant *Lee*,
To glorious *Waſhington*, &c.

Printed and Sold next the Bell-Tavern, in DANVERS: Where Travelling-Traders, &c. may be ſupplied with ſundry Pieces on the Times.—Cash paid for LINNEN RAGS.

No. 71
ON THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON BY THE BRITISH TROOPS, MARCH 17, 1776

[*The Bostonian Society*]

SIZE, 7¾ by 13⅞ inches. This same cut had been used by Thomas Fleet on "New England Bravery" in 1745. (Cf. Ford, 833.) There is another imprint, measuring 9 by 16 inches, with the same cut, and almost the same text. It is entitled "Two favorite Songs made on the Evacuation of the Town of Boston." The differences between the two imprints are very slight, involving chiefly changes in spelling and in type, but these show that either the sheet was issued from another press or that the verses were reset. The Essex Institute possesses an original of the second imprint. (Cf. Ford, 2040, 2041.) There is still another issue of the same verses, printed by Thomas Fleet and entitled "Two new Songs: On the disgraceful Flight of the Ministerial Fleet & Army From Boston and Bunker-Hill on March 17, 1776." The sheet has no cut. The William Clements Library possesses an original of this imprint.

The evacuation of Boston by the British troops on March 17, 1776, was the first decisive victory of the war for the colonists, and was accordingly the occasion for enthusiastic demonstration. It was the result of one of General Washington's most brilliant maneuvers and was accomplished almost without loss of life on either side. With amazing speed Washington threw up fortifications on Dorchester Neck during the night, thereby putting the British ships in peril, and making the position of Howe's army untenable. He had begun to lay siege to the city on March 5, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre.

Pilgarlic

A bald head, ludicrously likened to a peeled head of garlic. Applied to Howe in this instance.

In burning the Castle as they pass'd along,

The British in making their escape, burned the blockhouse on Castle Island and blew up the fortifications.

ON THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON

by the *British Troops*, March 17th, 1776.

IN seventeen hundred and seventy six,
On March the eleventh, the time was prefix'd,
Our forces march'd on upon Dorchester neck,
Made fortifications against an attack.
The morning next following, as HOWE did espy,
The banks we cast up were so copious and high,
Said he in three months, all my men with their might,
Cou'd not make two such forts as they've made in a night.
Now we hear that their Admiral was very wroth,
And drawing his sword, he bids Howe to go forth,
And drive off the Yankees from Dorchester hill,
Or he'd leave the harbor and him to their will.
Howe rallies his forces upon the next day,
One party embark'd for the castle they say,
But the wind and the weather against them did fight,
On Governor's Island it drove them that night.
Then being discourag'd they soon did agree,
From Bunker and Boston, on board ship to flee:
Great Howe lost his senses, they say for a week,
For fear our next fort should be rais'd in King-street,
But yet notwithstanding the finger of God,
In the wind and the weather that often occurr'd;
Still Howe, Pharaoh like, did harden his heart,
Being thirsty for victory to maintain his part.
He gives out fresh orders on Thurday it's said,
Forms his men in three branches upon the parade;
Acknowledging it was a desperate case,
In their situation the Yankees to face:
Yet nevertheless being haughty of heart,
On Friday one branch of his men did embark:
A second stood ready down by the sea side:
His Dragoons were mounted all ready to ride.
Great Howe he now utters a desperate oration,
Saying fight my brave boys for the crown of our nation;
Take me for your pattern, and fight ye as I,
Let it be till we conquer, or else till we die.
But all of a sudden with an eagle ey'd glance,
They espied a fire being kindled by chance,
In a barrack at Cambridge, as many do know,
And then in confusion they ran to and fro.
Moreover as Providence order'd the thing,
Our drums beat alarm, our bell it did ring,
Which made them cry out, O the Yankees will come!
O horror they'll have us! so let us be gone.
Then hilter skilter they ran in the street,
Sometimes on their heads, and sometimes on their feet,
Leaving cannon and mortars, packsaddles and wheat,
Being glad to escape with the skin of their teeth.
Now off goes Pilgarlic with his men in a fright,
And altho' they show cowards, yet still they show spite,
In burning the Castle as they pass'd along,
And now by Nantasket they lie in a throng.
Let e'm go, let e'm go, for what they will fetch,
I think their great Howe is a miserable wretch;
And as for his men they are fools for their pains,
So let them return to Old England again.

IT was'nt our will that Bunker Hill,
From us should ne'er be taken,
We thought 'twould never be retook,
But we find we are mistaken.

The soldiers bid the hill farewel,
Two images left sentries,
This they had done all out of fun
To the American Yankies.

A flag of truce was sent thereon,
To see the hill was clear,
No living soul was found thereon,
But these images stood there.

Their hats they wave, come if you please,
There's none here to molest us,
These wooden men that here do stand,
Are only to defy us.

These images they soon threw down,
Not one man's life was lost then,
No sooner they were on the hill,
But some landed into Boston.

The women come and children run,
To brave PUTNAM rejoicing,
Saying now is the time to man your lines,
For the soldiers have left Boston.

The troops you've fairly scar'd away,
On board the ships they're quarter'd,
The children laugh'd, saying over the wharf,
They threw their best bomb-mortar.

With the blazing of your guns that night,
And roaring of your mortars,
The soldiers cry'd the Yankees come
To tear us all in quarters.

The barracks being set on fire,
Which made the soldiers quiver,
They soon embark on board their ships,
May they stay there forever.

Soon after this the fleet fell down,
It's what we long desir'd,
We think their Gen'rals were afraid,
That they'd be set on fire.

The shipping now have all set sail,
No cause have we to mourn,
But seem afraid because 'tis said
That they will soon return.

Some say they're sail'd for Halifax,
And others for New York;
Howe let none know where he was bound,
When the soldiers did embark.

Where they are bound there's none can tell,
But the great GOD on high,
May all our heads be cover'd well,
When cannon balls do fly.

No. 72

SONG MADE ON THE TAKING OF GENERAL BURGOYNE [1777]

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 9¼ by 12¼ inches. There is no clue to the printer or the date of printing, but this version of the song would appear to be earlier than others which survive. The author was apparently a soldier in the campaign. There is another broadside issue of these verses, owned by the Boston Athenaeum, which has cuts of four mounted soldiers in the act of charging. Half of the sheet is torn away, leaving only the four soldiers and eleven stanzas in the first column of the song. The verses are nearly identical with those of the present imprint. The half sheet measures 5½ by 17¼ inches.

Burgoyne's expedition had for its purpose the weakening of Washington's position on the Hudson by an attack from the north. After an indecisive skirmish at Bemis Heights, and a defeat at Stillwater, he attempted a retreat, but was surrounded and decisively defeated at Saratoga by General Gates, to whom he surrendered his six thousand men on October 17, 1777. This victory was particularly important to the Americans at this time in that it encouraged the French to lend assistance.

Come all you gallant heroes, of courage stout and bold,
When General St Clair
Then in command of Ticonderoga.
Hubbard Town
Hubbardton.
[*Our rear guards he defeated, which he thought great renown.*]
[*And that we had retreated*] *near Albany to rest;*
[*With*] *Hessians* [*and*] *Canadians . . .*
[*With*] *Savages* [*and*] *Tories . . .*
Commanded [*by a*] *Tory . . .*

We took all their artillery
In an engagement at Hoosick, New York, August 16.
The fifteenth [*of Septem*]*ber, . . .*
Brave Gates he [*said unto his men*], . . .
Burgoyne he [*now advances and*]
But to main[*tain our country's*] *right, . . .*

The news [*was quickly brought*] *us, . . .*
And our [*brave boys did m*]*eet them, . . .*
At Stillwater. Burgoyne was defeated here October 10.
To send out General Arnold
Benedict Arnold, to whose daring offensive the American victory was largely due.
[*Which he at last completed and set our country free.*]

SONG
made on the taking of
General Burgoyne.

COME all you gallant Yankees, of courage ſtout and bold,
Who ſcorn as long as life does laſt ever to be controul'd:
Give ear unto my ditty, for I the truth will tell,
Concerning many a ſoldier that for his country fell.

Brave General Burgoyne from Canada ſet ſail,
With eight thouſand brave Regulars, he thought would never fail,
With Indians and Canadians, and Tories as we hear,
Beſides a fleet of ſhipping o'er lake Champlain did ſteer.

Before Ticonderoga, the firſt day of July,
Their fleet and and army did appear and ſoon we did them ſpy:
Their motions we obſerved full well both night and day,
And our brave boys prepared all for a bloody fray.

Our garriſons they viewed and ſtraight their troops did land,
When General St. Clair he came to underſtand,
That the great Mount Defiance they then would fortify,
He found we muſt ſurrender or every man muſt die.

It was on July fifth that we had orders to retreat,
And the next morning left our forts, Burgoyne he thought us beat,
And cloſely did purſue us, it was near to Hubbard Town,
[illegible]

When our Congreſs came to hear that we our forts had left,
And that we had retreated near Albany to reſt;
Our General Gates they ſent us our country to retrieve,
With ſhouts and acclamations, with joy we him receive.

Burgoyne ſent out a party of fifteen hundred men,
With Heſſians Canadians came near to Bennington,
With Savages Tories our cattle for to ſeal,
Commanded Tory, they call'd him Colonel Skeen.

Brave Gates our bold commander, hearing of Skeen's conduct,
He ſent out a ſmall party his march for to obſtruct;
We took all their artillery, and Skeen his fate may mourn,
For of fifteen hundred men, ſcarce five hundred did return.

Burgoyne then finding out that his ſchemes would not ſucceed,
He then with his artillery and army did proceed,
Thinking for to frighten us and make us for to fly,
Soon he found out his miſtake, he found we would ſooner die.

The fifteenth [illegible]ber, the morning fair and clear,
Brave Gates he [illegible]oon, my boys be of good cheer,
Burgoyne he [illegible] we will never fly,
But to main[illegible] right, we'll fight until we die.

The news w[illegible]ght us, their army it was near,
And our brave b[illegible]eet them, all without dread or fear.
It was about *Stillwater*, we met about noon day,
And quickly you ſhall hear my boys, began a bloody fray.

We fought them full ſix hours like valient hearts of old,
Each party ſcorn'd for to give way, we fought like Britons bold
Until the leaves with blood were ſtain'd, our General then did cry,
It is diamond cut diamond, fight on until we die.

The night being coming on, to our lines we did retreat,
Which made the Britons for to think our army it was beat,
But early the next morning they beheld before their eyes,
We were ready to engage again, which did them much ſurpriſe.

Then fighting they ſeem'd tired of, therefore to work they go,
To bury all their dead, and intrenchments up they throw,
Thinking thereby with ſhot and ſhells our army to deſtroy,
But Gates he kept ſuch orders that we did them deſy.

They began a cannonading from every mountain hill,
And our brave boys return'd the ſame, and with a right good will;
And there they threw both ſhot and ſhells enough to terrify
Our hearts [illegible] been Cæſars, yet neither part would fly.

The great Almighty God he inſpired great Gates's mind,
To ſend our General Arnold to ſee if he could find,
A paſſage through the enemy, and make them for to flee
[illegible] and ſet our country free.

They burned all their baggage they fled with haſte and fear,
And up to Saratoga, Burgoyne with his troops did ſteer,
Brave Gates our bold commander ſoon after him did hie,
Reſolving for to take them or every man to die.

Then ſoon we overtook them, it was near to Saratogue,
Which they had burnt, as they had done all houſes in their road;
The ſixteenth of October was forc'd to capitulate,
Burgoyne and all his army they were our priſoners made

As for the Britiſh ſoldiers, they fought like hearts of gold,
And ſcorn'd as long as life does laſt ever to be controul'd;
But as for the proud Heſſians they prov'd cowardly of late,
For they refus'd to fight us, which cauſed their defeat.

Here's a health unto our army, and our commander Gates,
To WASHINGTON and Lincoln, but all the tories hate;
Likewiſe unto the CONGRESS, God ſend them long to reign,
To do our country juſtice, our rights for to maintain.

So to conclude my ditty, my ſong is at an end,
I hope no bold American will ſlight what I have penn'd,
Our cauſe is juſt, in God we truſt, therefore my boys ne'er fear,
Brave Gates will clear America before another year.

No. 73

BATTLE OF THE KEGS [1778]

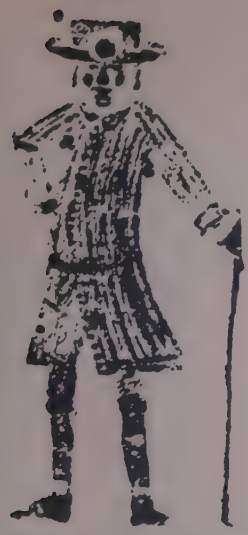
BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 8¼ by 11 inches. The margins have been trimmed. These verses were first printed in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, March 4, 1778, and they may also have appeared in broadside at that time. If so, no imprint is known to have survived. The present issue is undated, and may be later than 1800, although the verses were advertised as printed in broadside in 1799. (Cf. Ford, 2919.)

The occasion for this ballad was the consternation caused among the British soldiers by a number of kegs set afloat in the Delaware River by the Americans during the British occupation of Philadelphia in 1778. Rumor had it that these were filled with powder and fitted with springs so that they would explode upon striking obstacles. Alarmed at the peril to their ships, the British manned the wharfs and fired at the kegs.

Francis Hopkinson, the author, was a resident of Philadelphia and an accomplished gentleman who occasionally turned his versatile pen to the writing of satires and burlesques in the cause of Independence. He was born September 21, 1737, was a graduate of Princeton, a member of Congress, a judge, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a lifelong patron of the arts, especially music and painting. He composed airs for some of his own songs, and is said not to have greatly enjoyed the reputation the present ballad, sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," brought him.



BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

GALLANTS attend, and hear a friend,
I trill forth harmonious ditty :
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.
'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood, on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.
As in a maze, he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be deny'd, sir,
He spy'd a score—of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.
A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischiefs brewing.
These kegs now hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring :
And they're come down t'attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.
The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.
Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted :
And some ran here, and some ran there
Like men almost distracted.
Some fire cry'd, which soon deny'd,
But said the earth had quaked :
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked.
Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L——y.
Now in affright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter ;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake what's the matter?"
At his bed side, he then espy'd
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, sir.
Arise ! arise ! Sir Erskine cries ;
The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat, are all on float,
And rang'd before the city.
The motly crew, in vessels new,
With satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide sir.
Therefore prepare for bloody war ;
These kegs must all be routed ;
Or surely we despis'd shall be.
And British courage doubted.
The royal band now ready stand,
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.
The cannons roar, from shore to shore ;
The small arms make a rattle :
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.
The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter ;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay;
'Mongst folks above the water.
These kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops. sir,
Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.
From morn to night, these men of might
Display'd amazing courage ;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge:
An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valour to record, sir.
Such feats did they perform that day
Upon these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

No. 74
CAPT. PAUL JONES'S VICTORY [After 1779]

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 8⅜ by 10½ inches. The imprint is undated, but is probably much later than the date of the event. For another issue, cf. Ford, 3004.

This ballad concerns a desperate battle fought by night in the North Sea, on September 23, 1779. The combatants were the *Serapis*, a British ship commanded by Captain Pearson, and the *Bon Homme Richard*, commanded by John Paul Jones. The battle became a hand to hand conflict, as the two vessels were so close to each other that the muzzles of their guns touched, and their spars and rigging became entangled. Under such conditions, the fight went on for over three hours, Captain Pearson surrendering only when his main mast was cut in two. When the ships were disentangled, the *Bon Homme Richard* sank. For this victory Congress gave John Paul Jones a medal and named him commander of the *America*, a ship which was later given to France. Still later, Captain Paul Jones entered the service of Russia. He died July 18, 1792. America paid him further honor by interring his body in the crypt of the chapel at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

the Poor Richard

An example of ballad carelessness with reference to facts.

Percy came along side,

Another such example. The captain's name was Pearson.

We fought them eight glasses,

In nautical usage, a *glass* is a half hour.

Capt. PAUL JONES'S VICTORY:

Capt. Paul Jones of the ſhip called the Poor Richard, of 40 guns, took an Engliſh ſhip called the Serapis of 44 & a 20 gun ſhip called the Lion, at one engage. ment.

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AN American frigate, a frigate of fame,
With guns mounted forty, call'd the Richard by name,
For to cruiſe in the channel of old England,
And a valiant commander, Paul Jones is the man.

We had not ſail'd long before we did eſpy,
A large forty four and a twenty ſo nigh,
Well mann'd with bold ſeamen, & plenty of ſtore,
They quickly purſu'd us from old England's ſhore.

About twelve at noon, Percy came along ſide,
With a long trumpet whence came you? he cry'd,
Give me an anſwer, for I hail'd you before,
Or this moment a broadſide into you I'll pour.

Then Paul Jones he ſmil'd, and bid every one,
To keep up his courage, and ſtand to his gun.
A broadſide it came from the bold Engliſh man,
Then the ſons of America return'd it again.

The conteſt was bloody, both decks ran with gore,
The ſea ſeem'd to blaze when the cannon did roar;
Fight on my brave boys, then Paul Jones he cry'd,
We ſoon will humble this bold Engliſhman's pride.

Stand firm to your quarters, your duty don't ſhun,
The firſt man that quits them, thro' his body I'll run,
Tho' their force is ſuperior, yet they ſhall know,
What true brave American ſeamen can do.

We fought them eight glaſſes, eight glaſſes ſo hot,
Till ſeventy bold ſeamen lay dead on the ſpot,
And ninety bold ſeamen lay bleeding in their gore,
While the pieces of cannon like thunder did roar.

Our gunner in a fright, to Paul Jones he came,
We make water quite faſt, and our ſide's in a flame,
Then Paul Jones he ſaid in the height of his pride,
If we can't do no better boys ſink along ſide.

Then Paul Jones he ſmil'd and ſays to his men,
Let every brave ſeamen ſtand faſt to his gun.
The Lion bore down while the Richard did rake,
Which cauſed the heart of poor Percy to ake.

To us they did ſtrike, their colours pull'd down;
The fame of Paul Jones will be heard with renown,
His name will be rank'd among heroes that's brave,
Who fought like a freeman our county to ſave.

Now all you brave ſeamen whoever you be,
Who hear of this battle that's fought on the ſea,
Like them may you do, when call'd to the fame,
And your names be enroll'd on the pages of fame.

Your country will boaſt of ſons that's ſo brave,
And to you ſhe will look her rights for to ſave,
She'll call you dear ſons, your names they will ſhine,
And about your brave brows bright laurels entwine.

So now my brave boys, we have taken a prize,
A large forty four, and a twenty likewiſe.
Then God bleſs the mother that cauſe has to weep
For the loſs of her ſon in the ocean ſo deep.

Here's a health to the girls that cauſe has to mourn,
For the loſs of their lovers that's overboard thrown.
With a health to Paul Jones and all his brave crew,
And give them great praiſe, for its truly their due.

No. 75
DEATH OF MAJOR ANDRE [After 1780]

[*The John Hay Library*]

SIZE, 9¼ by 10¼ inches. This is a late imprint of verses written soon after the death of Major André in 1780. Copied from a ballad sheet of 1783, the present version was included in Frank Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution* (New York, 1856), pp. 316–321. The ballad was entitled "Brave Paulding and the Spy." The present issue may have come from the press of Henry Trumbull, a Providence printer, who, according to a directory of 1828, was doing business at 25 High Street at that time.

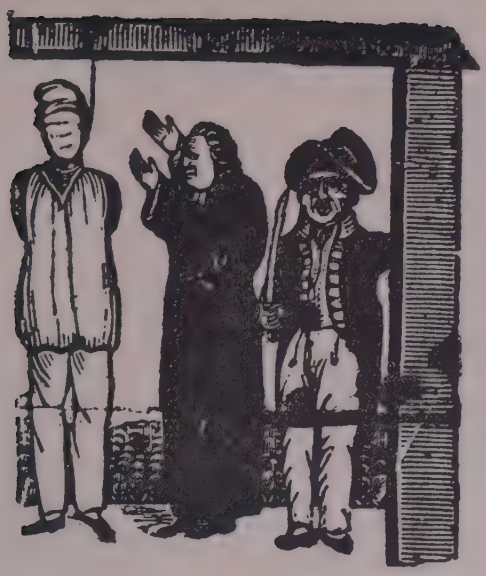
Major John André, a British officer belonging to the staff of Sir Henry Clinton, was captured by the Americans near Tarrytown, New York, as he was returning from an interview with Benedict Arnold concerning the betrayal of his country. André was tried as a spy and convicted. His execution took place October 2, 1780. John Paulding was one of his three captors.

O then up steps John Spalding

The name was John Paulding.

They wished that Andre was set free . . .

Regret at André's fate was general in America.



Death of Major Andre.

COME all you brave Americans I pray you lend an ear,
I will sing you a short ditty your spirits for to cheer,
Concerning a young gentleman whose age was twenty-two,
He is fit for North America, with a heart that's just and true.

The British took him from his lodging and did him close confine
They in strong prison bound him & kept him there sometime,
But he being something valient resolv'd there not to stay,
He got himself at liberty and from them come away.

And when that he had returned home to his own country,
There was many a plan contriving to undo America;
Plotted by General Arnold, and his bold british crew,
They tho't to shed our innocent blood and America to undue.

It was of a scouting party that sail'd from Tarrytown,
They met a British officer of fame and high renown;
And said to this young gentleman you are of the british core,
And I trust that you can tell me if the dangers are all o'er.

O then up steps John Spalding saying you must dismount,
And where you are agoing you must give a strict account;
I am a British flag sir, I've a pass to go this way,
Upon an expedition in North America.

O then up steps John Spalding saying you must dismount,
And where you are agoing give me a more strict account;
For I will have you searched before that you pass by—
On a strict examnation he was found to be a British Spy!

"There take my gold and silver and all I have in store,
And when down to New. York I come will send you thousands more!
I scorn your gold and silver, I've enough of it in store,
And when my money it is gone I will bodily fight for more.

O then he found that all his plans were like to be bro't to light,
He call'd for pen and paper and begged leave to write
A line to General Arnold to let him know his fate,
He begged of him assistance but alas, it was too late!

When Arnold he this letter read it made his heart relent,
He called for his barge, down to New York quickly went;
There he is amongst the Britons a fighting for his king
He has left poor Major Andre on the gallows for to swing!

If you are a man from Britain with courage stout and bold,
I'le fear no man of valour tho' he be cloth'd in gold;
This place it is improper our valour for to try,
And if we take the sword in hand one of the two must die!

When he was executed he being both meek and mild,
Around on the spectators most pleasantly did smile,
I fill'd each one with terror and caus'd their hearts to bleed,
They wished that Andre was set free and Arnold in his stead.

Success unto John Spalding, let his health be drank around,
Likewise to those brave heroes who fought against the crown
Here is a health to every Soldier who fought for liberty,
And to the brave and gallant Washington of North America.

Printed and Sold at N0, 25, High Street, PROVIDENCE, where may be obtained 100 other kinds.

COMMENTS ON LOCAL INCIDENT

No. 76

UPON THE DRYING UP THAT ANCIENT RIVER, THE RIVER MERRYMAK, JANUARY 15, 1719/20

S. S. [SAMUEL SEWALL]

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7¾ by 12 inches. Sewall's own record makes possible the dating of this imprint. He does not record the fact of the Merrimac's drying up, only the writing and printing of his verses on this subject. The entries are as follows (*Diary*, III, 240, 279, 283–284):

[Jan. 16, 1719/20.]
16.7. Writ to Mr. Williams of Derefield, inclosed Dr. C. Mather's Sermon of the 5th of Novr., and my Verses on Merrimak River finish'd yesterday. By a Wonderfull Thaw the Ferry Boat goes again.
Febr. 8 [1720/21.] Merrymak is printed off, about 300. I give Sam. Mather two of them.
March 7.3. I go to the funeral of Mary Pratt . . . Mr. Prince and I go next the Relations. I gave him Merrimack; he desired me to give him copies of all my performances. . . .

Sewall's *Letter Book* includes a letter to Timothy Woodbridge of Hartford, under date of February 1, 1719/20, in which he says,

. . . Inclosed *Merrimak* dry'd up, with the occasion of it. The remembrance of your going into the Waters of Merrimack near Pike's pond, will render them not ingratefull to you. "Massachusetts Historical Society Collections" (6th series), II, 104.

The companion piece, "Connecticut's Flood, on Merrymak's Ebb," is printed on the other side of this same sheet. It was probably written by one of Sewall's friends to whom he sent his own verses. When both poems were printed in the *New-England Weekly Journal*, June 23, 1735, this second piece was signed J. W.

Samuel Sewall, best remembered for that chapter in his career which he most bitterly repented, his part in the Salem witch trials, was active in American public life for nearly sixty years. He was born in England, March 28, 1652, and came to America as a child, first living with his parents at Newbury, Massachusetts. He took a degree from Harvard in 1671, entered the ministry, and preached until 1677. He began his public career as printer of the colony currency, and was successively a member of the Board of Assistants for the colony, Judge of the Superior Court, Member of the Executive Council, Judge of the Probate Court, and Chief Justice. For his part in the Salem witch trials, he made public confession of error, and asked pardon. Among his numerous writings, his *Diary*, which was never intended for publication, is, from the point of view of a later day, his most valuable contribution to American writings. It covers the years 1674–1729, and is a record of colonial life both public and private during that time.

Upon the drying up that Ancient River,

THE RIVER

MERRYMAK.

LONG did *Euphrates* make us glad,
Such pleaſant, ſteady Courſe he had:
Fight *White*, fight *Cheſnut*; all was one,
In Peace profound our River Run
From his remote, and lofty Head,
Until he with the Ocean Wed.
Thouſands of Years ran parallel,
View'd it throughout, and lik'd it well.
Herbs, Trees, Fowls, Fiſhes, Beaſts, and Men,
Refreſh'd were by this goodly Stream.
Dutiful *Salmon*, once a Year,
Still viſited their Parent dear:
And royal *Sturgeon* ſaw it good
To Sport in the renowned Flood.
All ſorts of *Geeſe*, and *Ducks*, and *Teal*,
In their Allotments fared well.
Many a *Mooſe*, and Thirſty *Dear*,
Drank to full Satisfaction here.
The *Fox*, the *Wolf*, the angry *Bear*,
Of Drink were not deny'd their ſhare.
The Strangers, late Arrived here,
Were Entertain'd with Welcom chear;
The *Horſe*, and *Ox*, at their own will,
Might taſte, and drink, and drink their fill.
Thus *Merrymak* kept Houſe ſecure,
And hop'd for Ages to endure;
Living in Love, and Union,
With every Tributary Son.
At length, an Ambuſhment was laid
Near *Powwaw* Hill, when none afraid;
And unawares, at one Huge Sup,
Hydropick *Hampſhire* Drunk it Up!
Look to thy ſelf! *Wadchuſet* Hill;
And Bold *Menadnuck*, Fear ſome Ill!
Envy'd *Earth* knows no certain Bound;
In HEAVN alone, CONTENT is found.

January 15,
1719, 20.

S. S.

CONNECTICUT's Flood,

ON

MERRYMAK's Ebb.

AND is old *Merrymak* come to an End?
CONNECTICUT remains yet to befriend;
Ancient as *Tiber*, *Sein*, or *Thames*;
Fertile as *Ganges*, *Nile* or *Volga's* Streams.
All Sorts of Creatures Range theſe Woods,
And Dainty Fiſh Dive in theſe Floods;
Beſide the *Salmon*, *Sturgeon*, and *Tautauge*.
Vaſt Shoales of *Azures* Swim the *Quinebauge*.
The Stately *Elke*, and Panting *Hart*,
Drink at a *Sunkepauge* before they part.
The Lowing *Bull* and Generous *Horſe*,
Up to the Eyes, Eat Clover Graſs;
On theſe Green Banks, Flowers all Winter do appear.
Rivers Glide on to *Neptune* with the Circling Year.
Here's Aged *Oakes* and *Cedars* Tall,
Which Zealous Axmen for the Temple Fall.
Among the Fether'd Tribe we've alſo *Teal*,
An Ample [illegible] to Steer the Common Weal.
This Happyneſs to Future Ages may Endure,
Till the *Chiliad* the Saints Secure.
[illegible] of *Foxes*, *Wolves*, and Hungry *Bear*,
That [illegible] he *Maſſachuſett* Herd do Tear,
Pequott has *Beavers*, *Otter*, and the wary *Hare*,
With *Noahs Dove!* and *Turtles* many a Pair.
When firſt our Fathers in the Deſert, Travel'd here,
Samp with Rich *Shell Fiſh* was their Daily Chear.
With Thanks they Supt the Treaſures in the Sand
Prais'd *Sions* GOD, for *Canaans* Fruitful Land.
Thus in Great Love they Merry made,
No Heathen Powwows made them ſore Afraid;
Their Faith was Stay'd on CHRIST our Rock,
And therefore Fear'd no Tribulations Shock.
O're Mountains, Valleys, Waters, Peace!
Content don't Envy the Gay Pride of Græce.
Famous *Euphrates*! ſhall Dry up,
And Martyrs, will Receive the Conſolation Cup.
But now I'm on *Wachuſetts* Lofty Top.
I'l paſs *Monadnuck* and in HEAVEN Stop.

Extempore, *March* 10.
1720, 21.

Anthropos.

N. B. *Quinebaug* the Name of *New-London* River.
Tautauge an Excellent Fiſh amongſt the Americans.
Sunkepauge the Natives call a Cold Spring.
Pequot: the Indian Name for the Town of *New-London*, &c.

No. 77
FATHER ABBEY'S WILL, DECEMBER, 1731

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

Size, 8½ by 13⅜ inches. Ten other issues of this burlesque legacy survive, in eloquent testimony to the hunger of the 1730's for a comic sheet. (Cf. Ford, 608–618.)

The supposed author of this doggerel was John Seccomb, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1728, and a minister in Cambridge after 1733. Evidence for this attribution was supplied by Mr. J. Langdon Sibley in connection with his reprinting of the verses in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, November 18, 1854. The New Haven letter, apparently written soon after its prototype, has been attributed to Col. John Hubbard of New Haven. "Father Abbey's Will" was printed without explanation in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1732, and the New Haven letter one month later. Both sets of verses later appeared in *The London Magazine*. It may well be imagined that the comment they caused was unfavorable to the American genius. No wonder the American bard had a reputation to live down as well as one to achieve.

Father Abbey, in real life Matthew Abdy, was a sweeper and bedmaker at Harvard College for many years. At the time of his death he must have been a very old man. He is supposed to have been born about 1650.

Calabash

A gourd used as a household utensil.

Burrage

An obsolete form of *borage*, a plant formerly much esteemed as a cordial.

Father Abbey's Will.

To which is added, A Letter *of* Courtſhip *to his ſeventeen & eighteenth Miſs.*

CAMBRIDGE, *December*, 1731.

Some Time ſince died here Mr. MATTHEW ABBEY, in a very advanced Age: He had for a great Number of Years ſerved the College in Quality of Pudmaker and Sweeper: Having no Child, his Wife inherits his whole Eſtate, which he bequeath'd to her by his laſt Will and Teſtament, as follows, viz.

TO my dear Wife,
my Joy and Life,
I freely now do give her,
My whole Eſtate,
With all my Plate,
Being juſt about to leave her.

My Tub of Soap,
A long Cart Rope,
A Frying Pan and Kettle,
An Aſhen Pail,
A threſhing Flail,
An Iron Wedge and Beetle.

Two painted Chairs,
Nine Warden Pears,
A large old dripping Platter,
This Bed of Hay
On which I lay,
An old Sauſe-Pan for Butter.

A little Mug,
A Two Quart Jug,
A Bottle full of Brandy,
A Looking Glaſs,
To ſee your Face,
You'll find it very handy.

A Muſket true,
As ever flew,
A Pound of Shot and Wallet,
A Leather Saſh,
My Calabaſh,
My Powder-Horn and Bullet.

An old Sword Blade,
A Garden Spade,
A Hoe, a Rake, a Ladder,
A wooden Can,
A Cloſe-Stool Pan,
A Clyſter-Pipe and Bladder.

A greaſy Hat,
My old Ram Cat,
A Yard and half of Linen,
A Pot of Greaſe,
A Woollen Fleece,
In Order for your Spinning.

A ſmall Tooth Comb,
An aſhen Broom,
A Candleſtick and Hatchet,
A Coverlet
Strip'd down with Red,
A Bag of Rags to patch it.

A ragged Mat,
A Tub of Fat,
A Book put out by Bunyan,
Another Book
By Robin Rook,
A Skain or two of Spunyarn.

An old Black Muff,
Some Garden Stuff,
A Quantity of Burrage,
Some Devil's Weed
And Burdock Seed,
To ſeaſon well your Porridge.

A chafing Diſh,
With one Salt Fiſh,
If I am not miſtaken,
A Leg of Pork,
A broken Fork,
And half a Flitch of Bacon.

A Spinning Wheel,
One Peck of Meal,
A Knife without a Handle,
A ruſty Lamp,
Two Quarts of Samp,
And half a Tallow Candle.

My Pouch and Pipes,
Two Oxen Tripes,
An Oaken Diſh well carved,
My little Dog,
And ſpotted Hog,
With two young Pigs juſt ſtarved.

This is my Store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My Years are ſpun,
My Days are done,
And ſo I think to leave it.

****

New-Haven, January 1731 2.

Our Sweeper having lately buried his Spouſe, and accidentally hearing of the Death and Will of his deceas'd *Cambridge* Brother, has conceiv'd a violent Paſſion for the Relict. As Love ſoftens the Mind and diſpoſes to Poetry, he has eas'd himſelf in the following Strains, which he tranſmits to the charming Widow, as the firſt Eſſay of his Love and Courtſhip.

MISTRESS Abbey,
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me,
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then gentle Dame,
Admit my Flame,
And grant me my Petition,
If you deny,
Alas! I die
In pitiful Condition.

Before the News
Of your dear Spouſe
Had reach'd us at New-Haven,
My dear Wife dy'd,
Who was my Bride
In Anno Eighty ſeven.

Thus being free,
Let's both agree
To join our Hands, for I do
Boldly aver
A Widower
Is fitteſt for a Widow.

You may be ſure
'Tis not your Dow'r
I make this flowing Verſe on;
In theſe ſmooth Lays
I only praiſe
The Beauties of your Perſon.

For the whole that
Was left by *Mat*,
Fortune to me has granted,
In equal Store,
I've one thing more
Which *Matthew* long had wanted.

No Teeth, 'tis true,
You have to ſhew,
The Young think Teeth inviting,
But ſilly Youths!
I love thoſe Mouths
Where there's no fear of biting.

A leaky Eye,
That's never dry,
Theſe woful Times is fitting,
A wrinkled Face
Adds ſolemn Grace
To Folks devout at Meeting.

Thus to go on
I would pen down
Your Charms from Head to Foot,
Set all your Glory
In Verſe before ye,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haſte away,
And make no ſtay;
For ſoon as you come hither,
We'll eat and ſleep,
Make Beds and ſweep,
And talk and ſmoke together.

But if, my dear,
I muſt move there,
Tow'rds *Cambridge* ſtrait I'll ſet me,
To towze the Hay
On which you lay,
If AOR and YOU will let me.

Thus Father Abbey *left his Spouſe,*
As rich as Church or College Mouſe,
Which is ſufficient Invitation,
To ſerve the College in his Station.

No. 78

A JOURNAL OF THE SURVEY OF THE NARRAGANSETT BAY, AND PARTS ADJACENT, TAKEN IN THE MONTHS OF MAY AND JUNE, A.D. 1741

BY W. C. [WILLIAM CHANDLER]

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 12¼ by 15⅛ inches. Printed at Newport, Rhode Island. At this date, the press of Anne Franklin, widow of James Franklin and his successor as colony printer, was the only printing press in Rhode Island.

The survey which these verses record had been authorized by the crown in connection with the settlement of a dispute between Rhode Island and Massachusetts, as to the eastern boundary of Rhode Island. The Royal Commission is printed in the *Records of the Colony of Rhode Island, 1707–1740* (Providence, 1859), IV, 587–590. The official report of the survey is included in the *Report of the Joint Committee upon the Boundary Line between the States of Rhode Island and Massachusetts* (Providence, 1849), pp. 24–25. The course of the survey as described in the present verses, can be very easily traced on a colonial map of Rhode Island.

The lines were written by Captain William Chandler, son of John Chandler of Woodstock, Connecticut. He was born November 3, 1698, in New London. His father, who was Woodstock's most distinguished citizen, and his grandfather before him, had also been surveyors. William owned a farm consisting of a thousand acres on the line of what is now Thompson, Connecticut, and was justice of the peace as well as farmer and surveyor. He died June 20, 1754. This *Journal*, which seems to be his only extant attempt in verse, was printed in *The Narragansett Historical Register*, July, 1885, and in Gertrude S. Kimball's *Pictures of Rhode Island in the Past* (Providence, 1900), pp. 41–46.

Crossing a Harbour, we came to the Town

A reference to the town of Warwick, whose particularly mixed religious history dates from the time of Samuel Gorton, who had bought the site from the Indians in 1643. The town had been founded out of hostility to Puritanism.

Next we ascended Philip's Royal Seat,

King Philip was driven into a swamp near Mount Hope and shot through the heart by a treacherous Indian. His head was sent to Plymouth where it remained, set up on a pole, for twenty years. One hand was sent to Boston as a trophy, and the other given to Alderman, the Indian slayer. The body was quartered and hung upon four trees at the spot where Philip died.

A JOURNAL

OF THE

Survey of the *NARRAGANSETT* BAY, and Parts adjacent, Taken in the Months of *May* and *June*, *A. D.* 1741.

By Order of the Honourable Court of

COMMISSIONERS Appointed by his Majesty KING GEORGE the Second.

Poetically Described by one of the Surveyors.

These Lines below, describe a full Survey
Of all the Coasts, along the 'Ganſett Bay:
Therefore attend, and quickly you shall know
Where it begins, and how far it doth go.

FRom *Pawcatuck* we ſteer'd our Courſe away
And to *Watch Hill* we went without delay;
Which gave a Proſpect of the Neighbouring Shore
And diſtant Iſles, where foaming Billows roar.
Here *Fiſhers Iſle* appears, and looks juſt by
And *Montauk Point* we plainly could deſcry;
Block Iſland alſo near us did appear,
We took their Courſe, and how each Place did bear.
From hence our Courſe did lead us on the Sands,
The utmoſt Bounds the Billows here Commands,
Whoſe raging Waves careſs the Beach and Shore
With endleſs Motion, and a murmuring Roar:
Then paſſing o'er the Breaches in our way
Made by the Surges of the raging Sea.
Where in the Land Calm Ponds we here eſpy'd
Which riſe and fall exactly with the Tide.
Within theſe Ponds are Fiſh of Various Kird,
Which much delight and pleaſe both Taſte and Mind,
And many Fowls the Induſtrious Archer gains,
Which amply doth Reward his Time and Pains,
(Here in a Pond, our Caution to oppoſe
A Horſe did launch and wet his Owners Cloaths,
The frighted Jade ſoon tack'd himſelf about
Which made us laugh as ſoon as he came out.)
Then round *Point Judith* which was in our way
The Courſes there, and Length we did Survey,
Then *Boſton Neck* along that pleaſant Shore
We next ſurvey'd, and found how each part bore;
(*Connaticutt* we alſo view'd full well,
And other Parts too tedious here to tell.)
Went on this ſhore, round points of Lands and Coves
Thro' various Fields and moſt delightful Groves,
From hence along unto *North Kingstown* ſhore
Croſſing the Meads, which Verdant Greens now wore.
And then for *Greenwich* next, we ſhap'd our way,
(Paſſing more Iſlands which lie in the Bay,
As *Hope* and *Prudence* that moſt pleaſant Iſle,
And *Patience* alſo, a moſt fruitful Soil)
Croſſing a Harbour, we came to the Town
Which ſeems to be a Place of great Renown,
For Liberty of Conſcience they here take
Here's Church and Baptiſt, alſo thoſe that Quake.
From hence we went along with our Survey
By various Turns and came to *Warwick* Bay
And in that Town did of their Dainties eat
And in ſoft Slumbers paſs'd the Night with Sleep.
Here neighbouring Orchards in their verdant Blooms
The gentle Air ſweetens with their Perfumes;
Which pleaſing Proſpect did attract our ſight
And charm'd our Senſe of ſmelling with Delight.
From hence we went on our Survey again
By fertile Meads which join the watry Main,
Turning more Points, and paſſing on our way
Came to a Place on which a Dead Man lay,
A dreadful ſight it was, our Blood ran chill
It damp't our Joys and made our Spirits thrill,
Ah! what is Man? when he by Natures Laws
Is fall'n a Prey, to Death's relentleſs Paws
But Vanity? His mortal Part I mean
But ſtop my Muſe, and quit this mournful Theme.
From hence by Fields, and now and then a Ridge
We came at length unto *Potuxett* Bridge,
The Southern Bounds which *Providence* does claim
And does divide fine *Warwick* from the ſame.
Paſſing along ſtill by the flowing Tide
The Famous Town of *Providence* we ſpy'd,
To which we came, viewing how Nature made
(with Art allied) this for a Place of Trade.
This Pleaſant Town does border on the Flood
Here's neighbouring Orchards, & more back the Wood,
Here's full ſupply to chear our hungry Souls
Sr. Richard (ſtrong) as well as Wine in Bowls.
Here Men may ſoon any Religion find
Which quickly brought brave *Holland* to my Mind.
For here like them, one with the greateſt Eaſe
May ſuit him ſelf, or quit all if He pleaſe.
Our haſte in Buſineſs call'd us from this Town,
By *Seaconk* ſhore, away to *Barrington*
Paſſing that Ferry, ſomething did accrue
Which the next Lines ſhall give unto your view,
Here jumping out our Horſes from the Boat
One blundering ſpring which rais'd up each Man's note
And tumbling o'er the Horſe fell on his Back
Into the Deep and wet his Maſters Pack.
For *Briſtol* Town we ſhap'd our Courſe away,
And *Poppaſquaſh* we quickly did ſurvey,
But on this ſhore we turn'd a while to rove,
And went to *Viols* and walk'd thro' his Grove.
This charming Place was neat and clean, a Breeze
Attend the ſhade made by black Cherry Trees,
On either ſide a Row of large extent
And nicely ſhading every ſtep We went:
Methinks young Lovers here with open Arms
Need no young Cupids to inſpire their Charms,
For what can raiſe the Nymphs or Swains to love
In ſweet Careſſes, ſooner than this Grove.
From hence (with Air) we paſt thro' *Briſtol* ſtreets,
Where Generous Hearts did give their liberal Treats;
Yet ſoon we found one of another Mould
For here a Crabbed Jade at us did Scold.
Her gravel'd Notes yet made ſome of us ſmile
whoſe impious Talk was near to *Prattle Iſle*,
Which Place we nam'd to memorize this Scold
And for her ſake this ſtory I have told.
Now next we took our Courſe to *Caſtle Iſle*
And paſs'd away ſoon from this pleaſant Soil
Finding exactly low *Hog-ſland* bare
With Courſe and Diſtance to *Aquetneſt* ſhore,
Mount-Hope from hence we plainly now eſpy'd
Which was hard by, or near the flowing Tide,
To which we came taking the Courſes here
To neighbouring ſhores, and Iſlands that are near.
Turning aſide we ſaw the Royal Spring
Which once belong'd unto an Indian King,
To chear our Hearts we drank the cooling ſtream,
In memory of *Philip* and his Queen.
Next we aſcended *Philip's* Royal Seat,
Where he was ſlain, and all his Armies beat
We ſaw the Place where quartered he did hang,
Where joyful notes of Praiſe thoſe Victors ſang.
Upon this Mount the wandring Eye may gaze
On diſtant Floods, as well as neighbouring Bays
Where with one Glance appears Ten Thouſand Charms
With fruitful Iſlands, and moſt fertile Farms.
Now from this Mount we went (like Men well ſkill'd)
By Flocks and Herds which verdant Paſtures fill'd,
Unto *Aſſonet* took the Diſtance here
And turn'd about new Courſes now to ſteer.
From hence we went by various Towns in haſte,
And by *Rhode-Iſland* ſhore we alſo paſt
Where every Turn and Cove We noted down
Shaping our Courſe unto *Seconet* Town.
When we came near that pleaſant place and ſoil
I heard a ſtory which will make you ſmile.
A worthy Friend who lately had great Loſſes
Amongſt his Stock, but chiefly in his Horſes,
By evil Men, who haunts his Fields by night
When he's from home and kills them out of ſpight,
This friend relates [whoſe Daughter was before me]
With chearful Air the following Famous Story:
" One Evening clear (ſaid he) ſhe took up Arms
" Laying aſide a while her Virgin Charms,
" And walk'd abroad ſome of my Fields to view
" The Flocks and Herds to ſee what would enſue
" Then inſtantly with Courage being inſpir'd
" She at an Armed Rogue her Piſtol fir'd
" Crying aloud you Wretch begone from hence
" Or ſtand and fight me in your own Defence.
" But guilty Creature, he took to his Heels
" And left this Maiden in the Conquer'd Fields
" Who joy'd a while for this brave Action done,
" And then return'd unto her Peaceful Home.
From hence we paſs'd along *Seconet* ſhore,
Unto its Point where Dreadful Billows roar,
Whoſe rolling Waves come tumbling from the main
And kiſs the Shore, and then retire again.
Here may the Eye ſurvey the toſſing Sea
And ſport the ſight with Ships that ſailing be
Upon this Coaſt, which come from diſtant Lands;
And then may turn and view the Beach and Sands,
True Gratitude forbids I ſhould be mute,
Where Generous Souls, our Spirits do Recruit,
Now ſure this Town deſerves our beſt of Praiſe,
Since none more ſtriv'd our Spirits ſoon to raiſe.
But ſtop my muſe, let's haſte to our Survey
And ſtretch our Courſe along the Eaſtward Bay.
So then from hence we meaſur'd by the Sands
An Eaſtward Courſe along thoſe pleaſant Lands,
And came to *Dartmouth* a moſt liberal Town
Whoſe liquid Treats their generous Actions crown.
Here is the place where we did end our Work
Here we left off, (and did it with a Jirk)
And then retired, our Field Book for to ſcan,
And of this large Survey to make a Plan.

By Capt Wm Chandler of Thompſon in Connecticut. W. C.

FINIS.

Printed at Rhode Island

No. 79

A MOURNFUL LAMENTATION FOR THE SAD AND DEPLORABLE DEATH OF MR. OLD TENOR, A NATIVE OF NEW-ENGLAND, WHO . . . EXPIRED ON THE 31ST DAY OF MARCH, 1750

[*The Essex Institute*]

SIZE, 7½ by 13¼ inches, with margins trimmed. Advertised for sale in the *Boston Evening Post*, April 2, 1750, as published that day. The printer was Thomas Fleet. In 1751 a broadside having almost the same title, "A sad and deplorable Lamentation, &c. . . .," was the occasion for a Royal Proclamation offering a reward for apprehending Robert Howland of Duxbury, and Fobes Little of Little-Compton, the suspected printers and authors thereof, because their verse contained "sundry expressions tending to bring into Contempt and Subvert the Constitution of the Government." (Cf. Ford, 938.) For various documents involved in this procedure, see the "Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings" (1910), XLIII, 255–260. The present broadside is reproduced in connection with the discussion. The verses were also reprinted in *The Magazine of History*, Extra No. 90, Vol. 23 (1923), No. 2, pp. 35–40. Another set of verses entitled "The Dying Speech of Old Tenor" had been issued in 1750. (Cf. Ford, 912.) This broadside is reproduced on page 128 of Mr. Ford's volume. (Cf. also 913.)

These mock-serious compositions had been occasioned by the withdrawal from circulation of certain issues of paper currency issued by the province of Massachusetts. The bills, which had been authorized in order to pay the soldiers who had served in the Canadian campaign, had depreciated in value to such an extent that recall was necessary. In the following year, Parliament put an end to further issues of such currency in the colonies.

The present verses have been attributed to Joseph Green (1706–1780), a noted wit, and the author of various satires and lampoons greatly admired in his day.

A

Mournful Lamentation

over the ſad and deplorable Death of

Mr. Old Tenor,

A Native of *New-England*, who, after a long Confinement, by a deep and mortal Wound which he received above Twelve Months before, expired on the 31ſt Day of *March*, 1750.

He lived beloved, and died lamented.

To the mournful Tune of, *Chevy-Chace.*

A Doleful tale prepare to hear,
As ever yet was told:
The like, perhaps, ne'er reach'd the ear
Of either young or old.
'Tis of the ſad and woful death
Of one of mighty fame,
Who lately hath reſign'd his breath;
OLD TENOR was his Name.

In vain ten thouſands intercede,
To keep him from the grave;
In vain his many good works plead;
Alas! they cannot ſave.
The powers decree, and die he muſt,
It is the common lot,
But his good deeds, when he's in duſt,
Shall never be forgot.

He made our wives and daughters fine,
And pleaſed every body;
He gave the rich their coſtly wine,
The poor their flip and toddy.
The labourer he ſet to work;
In eaſe maintain'd the great:
He found us mutton, beef and pork,
And every thing we eat.

To fruitful fields, by ſwift degrees,
He turn'd our deſart land:
Where once nought ſtood but rocks and trees,
Now ſpacious cities ſtand.
He built us houſes ſtrong and high,
Of wood, and brick and ſtone;
The furniture he did ſupply;
But now, alas! he's gone.

The merchants too, thoſe topping folks,
To him owe all their riches;
Their ruffles, lace and ſcarlet cloaks,
And eke their velvet breeches.
He launch'd their ſhips into the main,
To viſit diſtant ſhores;
And brought them back, full fraught with gain,
Which much increas'd their ſtores.

Led on by him, our Soldiers bold,
Againſt the foe advance;
And took, in ſpite of wet and cold,
A ſtrong CAPE BRETON from *France.*
Who from that *Fort* the *French* did drive,
Shall he ſo ſoon be ſlain?
While they alas! remain alive,
Who gave it back again.

From houſe to houſe, and place to place,
In *paper doublet* clad,
He paſs'd, and where he ſhew'd his face,
He made the heart full glad.

But cruel death, that ſpareth none,
Hath rob'd us of him too;
Who thro' the land ſo long hath *gone*,
No longer now muſt *go*.

In *Senate* he, like *Cæſar*, fell,
Pierc'd thro' with many a wound,
He ſunk, ah doleful tale to tell!
The *members* ſitting round.
And ever ſince that fatal day,
Oh! had it never been,
Cloſely confin'd at home he lay,
And ſcarce was ever ſeen.

Until the laſt of *March*, when he
Submitted unto fate;
In anno Regis twenty three,
Ætatis forty eight.*
Forever gloomy be that day,
When he gave up the ghoſt:
For by his death, oh! who can ſay
What hath *New-England* loſt?

Then good OLD TENOR, fare thee well,
Since thou art dead and gone;
We mourn thy fate, e'en while we tell
The good things thou haſt done.
Since the bright beams of yonder ſun,
Did on *New-England* ſhine,
In all the land, there ne'er was known
A death ſo mourn'd as thine.

Of every rank are many ſeen,
Thy downfal to deplore;
For 'tis well known that thou haſt been
A friend to rich and poor.
We'll o'er thee raiſe a SILVER tomb,
Long may that tomb remain,
To bleſs our eyes for years to come,
But wiſhes ah! are vain.

And ſo God bleſs our noble ſtate,
And ſave us all from harm,
And grant us food enough to eat,
And cloaths to keep us warm.
Send us a laſting peace, and keep
The times from growing worſe,
And let us all in ſafety ſleep,
With SILVER in our purſe.

* Mr. OLD TENOR was born in the Year 1702.

FINIS.

Sold at the *Heart* and *Crown* in Cornhill, *Boſton*; Price *Three Half Pence.*

No. 80

A NEW AND TRUE RELATION, OF A LITTLE GIRL IN THE COUNTY OF HARTFORD, . . . WHO ACTED IN A STRANGE MANNER, SUPPOSED TO BE BEWITCH'D, MARCH, 1763

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

Size, 8¼ by 13⅞ inches. In 1766 the Milk Street address would probably mean the printing office of Seth Adams and John Kneeland, who printed there 1765–1772.

Exactly a hundred years earlier, in the spring of 1662/3, the accusations of a child, the daughter of John Kelley, had precipitated a witchcraft excitement in Hartford, which had in the end led to three executions. This was forty years before the Salem witch trials. Since 1692, with the retracting of many of the Salem confessions and the public admission of error on the part of several of those responsible for the trials, active persecution of supposed witches had largely ceased, but it was many years before the "delusion" was entirely a matter of the past. Strange behavior, such as that detailed in these verses, continued to arouse the suspicions of the credulous far into the eighteenth century.

A New and

TRUE RELATION,

Of a little Girl in the County of *Hartford*, at *Salmon-Brook* in *Simsbury* who acted in a *Strange* Manner, ſuppoſed to be bewitch'd, in *March* 1763.

HARK! hark! come liſten to my theme,
'Tis really true, it is no dream;
In *Simſbury* famous town doth dwell,
A gentleman who's known full well.
To tell his name I ſhall forbear,
In writ from me you ſhall not hear;
This man he hath a little daughter,
As by my Song you'll know hereafter.
Alas! alas! we well may fear,
To write the news of her we hear;
She to her parents is moſt dear,
No doubt of her they take good care.
'Twas in the year ſeventeen hundred ſixty three,
As you may know if you'll b'lieve me;
And in the boiſt'rous month of March,
When cold Boreas doth all nature ſearch.
O then, alas! this pretty child ſo dear,
Was ſeiz'd with frantic fits we hear;
Which did her parents doubtleſs grieve,
While nothing could her pain relieve.
Some neighbours they are apt to ſay,
This child's bewich'd both night and day;
Sometimes ſhe'll roar and ſcream amain,
And then lie down to reſt again.
Sometimes ſhe'll jump and dance the room about,
And like one craz'd ſhe'll make a fearful rout;
Sometimes ſhe'll jump and climb the chair,
And there ſhe'll be, tho' no one's near.
Sometimes ſhe ſees black cats and crows that fly,
And other frightful ſights juſt by;
Sometimes ſhe's bit & ſcratch'd by hands unknown,
Which makes this child to ſigh and groan.
But alas! alas! to tell you all,
That doth unto this child befall,
Would take more lines than two or three,
Therefore I pray you to quit me.
Some neighbours they are fond to cry,
'Tis vapours is the reaſon why
This child is fill'd with frenzy fits,
But vapours 'tis which ill begets.
O then, alas! where is the cauſe,
We will inquire of nature's laws;
O let us call the ſyſtem near,
And ſee of them what we ſhall hear.
Come thou prolific ſun and ſay,
Hait thou ſuch poiſon in thy ray?
No, no, he makes us this reply,
Both man and beaſt I ſatisfy.
Come Mars and Jupiter and Venus too,
Tell what of all this rout you know;
They cry alas! and make their voices ring,
We like great heroes, ſerve our king.
And if we name them all around,
Among them all there can't be found,
No ſuch matters as we ſee,
For it with nature can't agree.
Alas! where ſhall we find the cauſe,
Since it's not writ in nature's laws;
Nor founded in the deep below?
Alas! who does the cauſe well know?
Some neighbours they alas! do cry,
She is bewich'd, alas! ſhe'll die;
They pity do this child moſt dear,
And ſay it is ſome neighbour near.
Some others they are bold to ſay,
And tell it round from day to day;
By which it may ſpread thro' the nation,
Beſure it is ſome near relation.
But who it is I cannot tell,
And you don't know I b'lieve full well;
Therefore forbear to tell the name,
And you'll be clear from any blame.
And now to you her parents dear,
Pray, unto God, now lend an ear;
And do not think to eaſe the ſmart,
By conjure or by fooliſh art.
But unto God, ſend up your cry,
For he's a God whoſe mercy's nigh;
And if in faith you do implore,
Behold, his mercy at the door!
For if to you the truth to tell,
I do believe ſhe'll ne'er be well;
'Till God by his almighty power,
Send ſome relief in the ſad hour.
Let chriſtians all, in faith ſo ſtrong,
For unto them it doth belong,
To ſend their cries unto the Lord,
That he his Mercy may afford
May God preſerve our Britiſh land,
From witchcraft, witches, and their band;
And ſend to us his gracious care,
And ſave us from the Devil's ſnare.
So then in glory we ſhall ſing,
And unto him great praiſes bring,
Who lives forever and for aye,
Amen, amen, the Angels ſay.

Boſton, Printed and Sold at the Head of Milk-ſtreet, 1766.

No. 81

A POEM, OCCASIONED BY HEARING THE LATE REVEREND GEORGE WHITEFIELD PREACH [1771]

[*The Boston Public Library*]

Size, 8½ by 13¾ inches. The Queen Street address was that of Green and Russell, who had a printing office and auction room there until 1775. The date of this sheet is conjectural, but it was probably issued early in 1771. Whitefield had died September 30, 1770. Mr. Ford points out that this cut had appeared on the *Poems* of Jane Dunlap, which were printed "next to the Writing School in Queen-Street in 1771." This was Green and Russell's printing office. The same cut was later used to honor other clergymen. It appears on a Connecticut broadside of about 1778, entitled "A Short Discourse Delivered by Mr. Abraham Camp, at the Funeral of Amasa Tinkham, A.B." (Library of Congress), and on "A Baptism Hymn" of 1791, printed by Ezekiel Russell. (Cf. Ford, 2607.)

pronogated

There is no such word. The author may mean *prorogated* in the sense of prolonged. There is also a rare use of the participle meaning *called* or *summoned*.

inades

There is no such word. *Invades* would hardly make sense.

A

POEM,

OCCASIONED

By hearing the late Reverend GEORGE WHITEFIELD preach.

THERE does the human ſeraph preaching ſtand,
Whoſe very looks th' attentive crowd command;
Divine perſwaſion, with a ſhining grace,
Sits on his lips and pity in his face;
No Preacher's eyes did e'er before reveal
Such tender love mix'd with ſuch ardent zeal:
That orator muſt certain be obey'd,
Whoſe mein is eloquent, whoſe hands perſwade;
See, now he ſpeaks, ſpectators do not fear,
For if you cannot, ſure his people hear,
Elſe how could every face ſuch paſſions wear;
With how much eagerneſs the liſt'ning throng
Gaze on his eyes, and hang upon his tongue.
On them his words like heavenly lightning dart,
They leave the body ſound, but melt the heart,
And to their minds the ſeeds of truth convey,
Which glow in them, and kindle into day.
Celeſtial meekneſs with ſuch ardour join'd,
Mild gravity, with ſo much fire comb n'd;
The moſt reluctant paſſions muſt controul
Pierce through the heart, and touch the inmoſt ſoul.
The Preacher with reſiſtleſs eloquence
Does as the Sun from his bright orb diſpence,
O'erflowing ſtreams of pure æthérial light,
That chaſes far away the ſhades of night.
He ſhews ſuch great concern ſuch ſacred awe,
As if the heavenly majeſty he ſaw,
By whoſe ſupreme commiſſion he was ſent
To treat with rebel man, and bring him to repent:
Only that Preacher can the affections touch,
Who's ſo in earneſt, and whoſe labours ſuch.
Plain WHITEFIELD now his hearers do inſpire,
With his own paſſions pronogated fire.
And while the Speaker with ſeraphic art
Divine enchantments ſends to every heart,
He, by his own, cloſe their devotion raiſe,
And to their breaſt his very ſoul conveys:
Then while with ſacred flames their boſom glow,
And ſtony hearts begin to melt and flow,
He to compleat his maſterly deſign,
On them imprints fair images divine.
See how he triumphs with reſiſtleſs ſkill!
How he inſtructs the mind, commands the will!
His breath, like winds, that on the ocean blow,
Moves all the waving multitudes below,
And drives the tide of paſſion to and fro.
This mighty power his creditors confeſs,
Who ſuch emotion in their looks expreſs.
Was more ſincere devotion ever known?
Did e'er the ſoul ſuch panted paſſions own?
Were e'er her various ſhapes to ſuch advantage ſhown?
The Preacher's words divine deſires produce,
And holy ferments through their breaſts diffuſe;
From man to man the bleſt contagion flies,
They catch it at their ears, and drink it at their eyes.
The harden'd wretch with thunder he inades,
And with the terrors of the LORD perſuades:
And as the hardy king his threats affright,
So his mild arts ingenious minds invite.
When they're enlighten'd and convinc'd of ſin,
Shew in their eyes what pangs they feel within,
Their conſcience binds them on their dreadful back,
And ſtretches all their heart-ſtrings till they crack.
By the diſturbance in his face appears
What pains he ſuffers, and what wrath he fears.
He's ſo undone ſo perfectly diſtreſs'd,
As melts with pity each ſpectators breaſt;
That figur'd mind, how much it does relent:
With ſadder looks can any face repent?
How juſt a trouble, what a pious grief,
Temper'd with hope of mercy and relief,
His melting eyes, that ſwim in tears declare
How deep his wounds, how ſharp his ſufferings are.
View the next face, ſpectator, thou wilt ſay,
Confuſion there does all its pomp diſplay.
Did ever man ſo much his guilt deplore,
Deteſt and hate himſelf ſo much before?
How that unfeign'd inimitable ſhame,
And oratorial grace advance his name.

SOLD OVER THE AUCTION-ROOM IN QUEEN-STREET.

ADMONITIONS AND TIMELY PREACHMENTS

No. 82

A LITTLE BEFORE BREAK-A-DAY, JAN. 1, 1701

BY SAMUEL SEWALL

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 6⅜ by 8⅛ inches. There is some doubt as to whether this sheet is properly included among broadside imprints, but the following entry from Sewall's *Diary* would imply that the 1701 version of this poem was printed separately at that time. The entry is as follows (II, 27) :

Jan. 2, 1700/1701.

. . . Just about Break-a-day Jacob Amsden and 3 other Trumpeters gave a Blast with the Trumpets on the comon near Mr. Alford's [In Margin—Entrance of the 18th Century]. Then went to the Green Chamber, and sounded there till about sunrise. Bell-man said these verses, a little before Break-a-day, which I printed and gave them. [In Margin—My Verses upon New Century.]

The three quoted stanzas which follow this entry differ slightly from the corresponding stanzas of the present version, which appears at the end of *Proposals touching the accomplishment of Prophesies humbly offered by Samuel Sewall, M.A., and sometime Fellow of Harvard College, in New England* . . . (Boston: Bartholomew Green, 1713). It is possible that these six stanzas were also issued separately, and that Bartholomew Green was the printer. The Boston Public Library copy, here reproduced, was bound at the end of Sewall's *Phaenomena quaedam Apocalyptica Ad Aspectum Novi Orbis configurata* (1727). This volume also was printed by Bartholomew Green.

WEDNESDAY, *January* 1. 1701.

A little before Break-a-Day, at *Boſton* of the *Maſſachuſets.*

ONCE more! Our GOD, vouchſafe to Shine:
Tame Thou the Rigour of our Clime.
Make haſte with thy Impartial Light,
And terminate this long dark Night.

Let the tranſplanted ENGLISH Vine
Spread further ſtill: ſtill Call it Thine.
Prune it with Skill: for yield it can
More Fruit to Thee the Huſbandman.

Give the poor INDIANS Eyes to ſee
The Light of Life: and ſet them free;
That they Religion may profeſs,
Denying all Ungodlineſs.

From hard'ned JEWS the Vail remove,
Let them their Martyr'd JESUS love;
And Homage unto Him afford,
Becauſe He is their Rightful LORD.

So falſe Religions ſhall decay,
And Darkneſs fly before bright Day:
So Men ſhall GOD in CHRIST adore;
And worſhip Idols vain, no more.

So ASIA, and AFRICA,
EUROPA, with AMERICA;
All Four, in Conſort join'd, ſhall Sing
New Songs of Praiſe to CHRIST our KING.

No. 83

A LAMENTATION OCCASION'D BY THE GREAT SICKNESS & LAMENTED DEATHS OF DIVERS EMINENT PERSONS IN SPRINGFIELD, APRIL, 1712

BY JONATHAN BURT

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7½ by 11⅛ inches. This may be a Connecticut imprint. Timothy Green was printing in New London in 1720, when the verses were issued.

Jonathan Burt, "Deacon Jonathan," as he was called, was one of the pioneer citizens of Springfield. He was born in 1632, probably in England, and came to Springfield as a child, before there was a town government or a church. Subsequently he had a large share in both. He was early made a deacon, and was one of the selectmen of the town for many years. He died October 15, 1715. A brief sketch of his life is included in *The Life and Times of Henry Burt of Springfield* (Springfield, 1893), pp. 115–160.

The sickness to which he refers is frequently mentioned in other records of that year. Apparently it was confined to Connecticut. The *Boston Weekly News-Letter* for January 21, 1711/12, has this item:

> We are inform'd that the Sickness in Connecticut Colony is so Mortal, that since the Last Session of their General Court, which was but some few Month's Past, Twenty four Members of the said Court are dead.

The issue of March 31 corrects an exaggerated report of the mortality as follows:

> By Misinformation we were lately told, that the Distemper in Connecticut had carried off 700 Persons; but last Post from a good hand we are well assured through Gods Goodness, that Distemper carried not off above 250, besides some that Dyed of other Distempers.

Cotton Mather, always timely in his utterances, published a sermon on the subject entitled, "*Some Seasonable Thoughts upon Mortality;* In a Sermon Occasioned by the Raging of a Mortal Sickness, in the Colony of *Connecticut;* and the many Deaths of our Brethren there." It was advertised for sale in the *News-Letter* of February 25, 1712. As late as November of the same year, there were allusions to the sickness, which seems also to have recurred in milder form for several winters following. Possibly the 1720 printing of Jonathan Burt's verses was occasioned by another outbreak of the disease.

Nominate
: Call by name.

John Holyock
: Another pioneer resident of Springfield. He died February 6, 1712.

John Hichcock
: A selectman of the town. He died February 9, 1712.

Japhet Chapin
: He had been selectman eight times. He died February 20, 1712.

A LAMENTATION

Occaſion'd by the

Great Sickneſs & Lamented DEATHS of divers Eminent Perſons in **Springfield.**

Compoſed by Mr. *Jonathan Burt*, (an Old Diſciple,) in his Fourſcore & Fifth Year.
(Since Deceaſed,) Left as a Dying Legacy to his Children, and Surviving Friends.

FRiends, I am now about to write,
a Mournful Elegy;
And therefore I all you Invite
therewith for to comply.
We need for Mourning Women call,
alſo that they make haſte;
And teach their Daughters to Mourn
for we do greatly waſte. (all;
Is there no Balm in *Gilead*?
nor no Phyſician there?
No Medicine for to be had
our Health for to repair?
Many a Friend GOD taken hath
away from us of late;
Lord, grant that it be not in wrath:
I ſhall ſome Nominate,
That godly Man *John Holyock*,
we are bereſt of thee,
Alſo good Deacon *John Hitchcock*,
Japhet Chapin, all three:
Gone off the Stage, ended their life,
unto their reſt we truſt;
It ſeem'd as if they were at ſtrife,
which ſhould injoy it firſt.
The Lord on us hath greatly frown'd
removing theſe by Death;
The Church it did moſt ſorely wound
it pants, it gaſps for breath.
Three Couples in this Town did die,
the Husband and the Wife,
Follow each other ſpeedily
ending their Mortal Life.
Some Young Men dyed in their prime
and flower of their Age,
Others that liv'd ſome longer time
ended their Pilgrimage.
Two Brethren dyed in one day
few Hours was between;
For Seventy Years the like, I ſay
in this Town was not ſeen.
It is too hard for me to make
a Record of them all,
For it doth make my heart to ake
when I theſe things recall.

My Soul keep ſilence and be mute
tho' of the Rod partaker,
Its not for Mortals to diſpute
nor Potſhreads with their Maker.
CHRIST can turn Water into Wine,
make all things turn to good;
Let God's dealings with me & mine
be rightly underſtood.
If that with our dear Ones we part
let's not Mourn to exceſs,
But let the Lord have all our heart
and give the Creature leſs.
But hath the Phyſick kindly wrought
doth it purge out our droſs?
Nearer to GOD hath it us brought
in HIM made up our loſs?
Methinks my Friends I ſee a Cloud
greater than a Mans hand,
GOD by His Rod doth ſpeak aloud
to us in *New-England*.
What GOD will do I do not know,
to His diſpoſe let's yield;
Good Lord do thou thy Mercy ſhow
to this poor Town *Springfield*.
What do theſe Providences ſpeak?
will GOD leave *Shilo*'s Tent?
The Staves of bands & beauty brake!
good Lord do it prevent.
O Friends its no time for to Sleep;
no not to take a Nap;
But on our guard a Watch to keep
and ſtand up in the Gap.
To my dear Children that ſurvive
I leave this Legacy;
I am now Fourſcore Years and Five,
therefore my Time draws nigh.
Avoid all Jarrs, and live in Love;
be Moderate in your Diet;
And be you like unto the Dove,
and ſtudy to be quiet.
And do not build upon the Sand
or any ſuch foundation;
For then your building will not ſtand
in an Hour of temptation;

But do you build upon the ROCK,
Chriſt Jeſus, He did dye
That ſo He might remove that block
that in our way did lye.
And unto *Chriſt* give all your Heart,
not only give your Name;
And with all other things to part
if He call for the ſame.
O take heed of bad Company
into it do not run:
Leſt you at laſt be forc'd to cry
alas! I am undone.
Of Worldly things have low eſteem;
it is a World of Sorrow:
Your preſent Time do you Redeem,
you can't promiſe a Morrow.
Your great Concern be ſure to Mind,
in that work make diſpatch;
An Intereſt in CHRIST to find,
and ſtand upon your watch.
But be not you like unto ſome
that chuſe things of this Life;
Nor unto him that could not come
who had Married a Wife.
But, Oh! do you take that adviſe
that GOD gives in His Word;
Do you be careful in your choice
to Marry in the Lord.
Let not things of this preſent world
up in your heart be ſet;
Neither in it be you ſo hurld
GOD & your Souls forget.
The Lord is pleaſed with the Rod
to viſit me when Old,
But yet the Arms of *Jacobs GOD*
under me do uphold.
It is from One in his Old Age,
that willeth you no hurt;
GOD take you for His Heritage,
your Father *Jonathan Burt*.

Writ, April, 1712.

Printed in the Year, 1720.

Potshreads

Potsherds, fragments of earthenware vessels.

I see a Cloud . . .

A sign given to Elijah when he prayed on Mount Carmel. I Kings 18.44.

Shilo's Tent

Shiloh, a city in Ephraim, was, until the time of Samuel, the seat of the Tabernacle.

To my dear Children that survive

Of Jonathan Burt's seven children, only two survived him. His son John died January 29, 1712, possibly of this same pestilence.

No. 84

THE MERCIES OF THE YEAR, COMMEMORATED: A SONG FOR LITTLE CHILDREN IN NEW-ENGLAND, DEC. 13, 1720

[*The John Carter Brown Library*]

SIZE, 7¼ by 12 inches, with edges trimmed. The first of these two poems was reprinted in 1910, by Mr. George Parker Winship, and both poems were reproduced in 1911 for the Club of Colonial Reprints, Providence, Rhode Island.

The printing of this sheet must have pleased Cotton Mather, to judge from an entry in his *Diary*, September 27, 1713, as follows:

> I am informed, that the Minds and Manners of many People about the Countrey are much corrupted, by foolish Songs and Ballads, which the Hawkers and Pedlars Carry into all parts of the Countrey. By way of Antidote, I would procure poetical Composures full of Piety, and such as may have a Tendency to advance Truth and Goodness, to be published, and scattered into all Corners of the Land. There may be an extract of some, from the excellent *Watts's* Hymns. "Massachusetts Historical Society Collections" (7th series), VIII, 242.

Mather's comment is of particular interest as suggesting that ballad sheets were circulating freely at this early date.

GREENWOOD'S bless'd Translation

This was apparently Thomas Greenwood of Cambridge, who died in 1720.

Th' Eastern Peace not lost

With the Indians.

THE *MERCIES* Of the YEAR, COMMEMORATED: A SONG for Little *CHILDREN* IN NEW-ENGLAND.

December 13th 1720.

[1]

HEaven's MERCY shines, *Wonders & Glorys* meet;
Angels are lost in sweet *surprize* to see't.
The *Circle* of the *Year* is well near Run
Earth's-*Conflagration* is not yet begun.

[2]

Heaven spares the *Bulwark* of our *Peace*, King GEORGE;
Our CHARTER holds; and *Privileges* large.
Our GOVERNOUR and SENATORS can meet;
And Greet, and *Join* in Consultations sweet.

[3]

Though *Great* our *Loss* in GREENWOOD's blest'd Tran-
Yet well fill'd *Pulpits* bless the *Little Nation*. [slation;
New Churches Gather'd; Th' *Eastern Peace* not lost;
And *Satan's* overthrown with all his Host.

[4]

Sickness from Distant Lands Arrives, and Fears;
JEHOVAH in the *Mount* as oft *Appears*.
Contagion stops with Precious *Captain* GORE;
How *Great* our *Loss*? But *Heav'n* will draw no more.

[5]

Tho' ripening HEAT came *late*, yet *Frost* held off,
We Reap the *Harvest*, and have *Bread* enough.
Provision's dear, Goods high, Bills low, Cash none;
And yet the *Suffering Tribe* is not *Undone*.

[6]

A *Miracle*! That Ocean-Seas of Sin,
Have not prevail'd to let a Deluge in!
That Earth's upheld to bear the heavy Load!
Adore the *Grace* of a Long suffering GOD!

[7]

Some Vices in the Church not yet subdu'd;
Old Barren Vines and Trees, not yet down hew'd.
Sinners, not sent to their Deserved Place;
A YEAR is added to their DAY of Grace.

[8]

The Fugitive may be returned home;
The Foe to GOD, a Favourite become:
Who have no shelter from Thy Jealous Eye,
JESUS! for shelter to thy Wounds may Fly.

[9]

The *whole Years space* for Faith, Repentance, Prayer;
The *Most* have not improved well, I Fear:
Look then, with broken Hearts, upon your ways;
And see, your *Future Lives*, JEHOVAH *Praise*.

PSALM CVII *last Part.* TRANSLATED by the Reverend Mr. *Isaac Watts* And by him Intitled, *A Psalm for New-England.*

[1]

WHen GOD provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the madness of the Times,
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And Drys the Rivers from the Land.

[2]

His Word can Raise the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains Green.
Send showry Blessings from the Skies;
And Harvests in the Desart rise.

[3]

Where nothing dwelt but Beasts of Prey,
Or Men as Fierce and Wild as they,
He bids th' Oppress'd and Poor Repair,
And Builds them Towns, and Cities there.

[4]

They Sow the Fields, and Trees they Plant,
Whole Yearly Fruit, supplies their Want.
Their Race Grows up from fruitful Stocks;
Their Wealth Increases with their Flocks.

[5]

Thus they are Bless'd. But if the, Sin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in;
A Savage Crew invades their Lands;
Their Princes Dye by Barbarous Hands.

[6]

Their Captive Sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpityed and Forlorn,
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd;
And Desolation spreads the Field.

[7]

Yet, if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again His Dreadful hand, He Turns;
Again He makes their Citys Thrive;
And bids the Dying Churches Live.

[8]

The Righteous, with a Joyful Sense,
Admire the Works of Providence:
And Tongues of Athe'ts shall no more,
Blaspheme the GOD that Saints Adore.

[9]

How Few with Pious Care, Record,
These wondrous dealings of the LORD?
But Wise Observers still shall find,
The LORD is Holy, Just and Kind.

FINIS.

No. 85

EARNEST EXPOSTULATION IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT & GLORIOUS GOD WITH THE INHABITANTS OF THIS LAND, ESPECIALLY THE RISING GENERATION, 1739

[*The American Antiquarian Society*]

SIZE, 8 by 11 inches. In 1739 Samuel Kneeland and Timothy Green had a printing house in Prison Lane, corner of Dorset's Alley.

There appears to be no overwhelming disaster which gave occasion for this entreaty to righteousness. The record of storm, fire, pestilence, and other so-called "judgments of God" is not more impressive for 1739 than for other years. The present author merely reflects the spirit of contemporary evangelical preaching incident to the Great Awakening.

The Nations I drave out,

Meaning the Six Indian Nations, of course.

My holy Sabbaths

In August, 1739, Governor Belcher had issued a Proclamation regarding Sabbath observance. This suggests that there had been some unusual laxity heretofore.

To visit you with Sicknesses,

If the author has in mind the sicknesses of the current year, he may be alluding to the smallpox which was epidemic in Rhode Island and in South Carolina during 1739. He may, however, be speaking only in general terms.

What Seas consume, what Wars destroy

England had declared war on Spain, August 19, 1739.

1758 March 20

Earneſt EXPOSTULATION

In the Name of the great & glorious GOD with the Inhabitants of this Land, eſpecially the Riſing Generation.

O Earth! Earth! Earth! attend!
The mighty GOD hath ſpoke
Why will you ſtill offend 'gainſt (me?

Why will you me provoke?
Have not I waited long,
upon a ſinful Land,
But ſtill my Calls they do refuſe,
and ſpurn at my Commands?

I've try'd you many a Year,
my Judgments you have ſeen,
But yet you've not return'd to me,
though afflicted you have been.

I've laid my gentle Hand
upon you many a Time,
From my Ways and Judgments ſtill
perverſly you decline.

Ungrateful Sons of Men,
your Fathers I have ſhown
The Way into this Wilderneſs,
And gave it for their own.

The Nations I drove out,
not by your Arm or Bow;
It 'twas my Might deliver'd you
from th' fierce inſulting Foe.

When raging Infidels
inclos'd you round about,
ſent mine Angel ſpeedily
to chaſe and drive them out.

Till I a noble Vine
your Fathers planted here;
Protected and ſupported them
'midſt all Diſtreſs and Fear.

Till they had taken Root,
and mightily had grown,
Abundance of this pleaſant Land
you planted have and ſown.

But O ungrateful Sons,
what are you now a doing,
Forſaking of your Fathers God
and ſeeking your own Ruin?

Long after you I've call'd,
and for your Fathers ſake,
Have not departed quite from you.
nor yet my Cov'nant brake.

With tender Pity I,
your great Diſtreſs have ſeen,
And in the Mount of ſore Diſtreſs,
your ſtedfaſt Friend have been.

I've ſent my Meſſengers
who faithfully did warn
This ſinful and rebelious Race,
unto me to return.

But to their earneſt Call,
you've ſtop'd and clos'd your Ear,
Tho' they've beſought you in my Name
And in my awful Fear.

My holy Sabbaths which
your Fathers highly priz'd
Are dreadfully prophan'd by you,
and wickedly deſpiſ'd

With holy Reverence,
they did adore my Name,
Which you their ſinful wicked Sons
moſt awfully prophane.

And now behold my Hand
is out againſt you ſtill,
Becauſe in wicked Ways you walk,
contrary to my Will.

My Thunders you have heard,
my Tempeſts you have ſeen,
And other Judgments which ſo long,
upon this Land have been.

Under your cruel Sins,
the Earth hath groaning ſtood,
And over you the Heav'ns like Fire,
I meant it for your Good.

But you've provok'd me ſtill,
to Heav'n your Sins have reach'd
But yet my ſtrong conſuming Arm
againſt you I've not ſtretch'd.

Your tender Children dear,
on them mine Hand I've laid,
But wherefore doth the Lord contend?
why hath the Iſſue made?

And now again I ſend
mine Angel through the Land,
To viſit you with Sickneſſes,
Which you can't withſtand.

O what can you expect
a People near to God,
If you will not obey his Word
nor hearken to his Rod.

Diſtreſſing Judgments ſtill
may faſt upon you come,
Till in his hot and fiery Wrath,
he utterly conſume.

A vile rebellious Race
unworthy and forlorn,
Who all Reproofs and all Rebukes
deſpiſe contemn and ſcorn.

Haſte now to the old World
and ſee what God did there;
And let it fill your guilty Souls
with trembling Dread and Fear.

Secure and ſafe they were,
and confidently ſtood,
Till they were ſwift conſum'd away
by a deſtroying Flood.

Away to Sodom now
a ſolemn View there take,
A famous City in one Day,
the next a burning Lake.

See Jeruſalem for their Sins,
tho' a People nigh to God,
Drave out and caſt away from him,
hated, deſpiſ'd, abhor'd

If on the green Tree ſuch
prodigious Judgments come,
How will the dry Tree fire and flame,
deſtroy, conſume and burn.

But not to go ſo far,
the daily 'counts we hear,
Are 'nough to fill a thinking Soul
with trembling Dread and Fear.

Of Europe's Tempeſt Storms,
Deſtructions they have made,
What Seas conſume, what Wars deſtroy
and Fire in Aſhes laid.

And ſee who of you dare
to ſtand it out 'gainſt GOD,
Who alone deſtroys, and who conſumes
by his all powerful Word.

Repent, repent O Land,
why will you ſtand it out,
Againſt the great eternal GOD,
till he ſhall drive you out.

Of all your fine Poſſeſſions
which he to you hath given,
And leave you not a Name nor Son,
under the Copes of Heaven.

And give your Land as once
he did that of Iſ'el,
To Strangers and to Foreigners
to take, poſſeſs, and dwell.

To Earthquakes and to Plagues
to Peſtilence and War,
Till for your vile Tranſgreſſions
you all conſumed are.

Note, I moſt earneſtly deſire that Parents would teach theſe Lines to their Children in the Fear of the LORD.

FINIS.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold at the Printing Houſe in Queen-Street over againſt the Priſon. 1759.

No. 86

BUY THE TRUTH, AND SELL IT NOT [1764]

[*The Massachusetts Historical Society*]

Size, 10⅜ by 14⅞ inches. The only clue to the date of this sheet is that in 1764 the same verses were issued by William Goddard of Providence, Rhode Island. (Cf. Ford, 1310.) The cut was different. It represented an open Bible, placed in the center of the heading. The colophon was as follows:

Providence: Printed in the Year 1764, by particular Request of a worthy honest old Gentleman, who is zealous for the Cause of Truth, and anxious for the Welfare of his Fellow-Creatures.

Such verses continued the colonial traditions for the instruction of youth. There is another broadside issue, of 1731, which borrows the Janeway-Mather title, "A Token for Children, That they may know to avoid the Evil, and chuse the Good." (Cf. Ford, 596.) Its theme is apparent from the closing lines,

> Children! May these few Lines you move,
> Christ to embrace, while young;
> You'll ne're repent that you have read,
> Or I have writ this Song.

Still another, undated, is called "The Parents Pious Gift, Or, A Choice Present for Children." This admonition takes the form of a "Dialogue betwixt a Religious FATHER and an Extravagant SON. . . . It being an excellent Pattern for all Young Persons to set before them, in our present Sinful Times." As might be expected, it concludes with a parental victory in argument.

BUY THE

TRUTH,

AND

SELL IT NOT.

AS I did walk, I heard a talk,
which founded in my ear;
Come fooliſh Youth and buy the truth
before it be too dear.
The price may riſe, your ſeaſon prize,
and to my voice attend;
For this I ſay, the market-day
may quickly have an end.
Its worth is great, I do intreat
you therefore now give heed,
The ſame to buy moſt ſpeedily,
a purchaſe 'tis indeed,
Which if you gain, you'l ſoon diſclaim
the beſt of earthly pleaſure.
You'l ſee earth's joys are fooliſh toys,
and but deceitful treaſure.
The pearl of price, and paradiſe
are thine, if thou get truth,
'Twill raiſe thee high to dignity,
and make thee a glorious Youth.
'Twill clean thy heart, whoe'er thou art
from all thy evil ways,
And ſet thee free from miſery
and bondage all thy days.
'Twill ſet a crown of high renown
for ever on thy head,
And make thee ſing like birds i'th' ſpring,
whoſe wings with joy are ſpread.
It doth excel the rich beryl,
The onyx and the ſaphire,
Rubies rare can't with it compare,
no, nor the gold of Ophir.
This bargain then do you young men
reſolve with ſpeed to buy,
That in your choice you may rejoice
to all eternity.
But you'l ſay, What (dear friend) is that
which we for truth muſt give;
'Tis ev'ry luſt which leave you muſt,
and holy you muſt live.
Self-righteouſneſs, I do confeſs,
you muſt part with alſo;
Yea, and in fine, whate'er is thine
with ſpeed you muſt let go:
Do not delay, time will not ſtay,
but take my good advice;
Whate'er you ſee the terms to be,
become ſtrait unto the price.
For I do fear, 'twill ſoon grow dear,
it much runs in my mind;
Or be ſo rare, you'l ſcarce know where
God's precious truth to find.
Satan doth ſtrive for to revive
each curſed hereſy,
And tries his wit to counterfeit
the ſame continually.
That ſcarce do, you hardly know
within a little while,
Truth's lovely face, from errors baſe
and hereſy moſt vile.
Men day and night begin to ſlight
God's holy truth alſo;
Thee graceleſs be, and hate I ſee
both it and conſcience too.
For which things ſake, God ſoon will make
the price of truth to riſe;
Its precious worth for to hold forth
i'th' midſt of enemies.
They don't believe, neither receive
what truth doth now declare;
But to condemn, and it contemn,
and that too ev'ry where:
But let ſuch know, their overthrow
and ruin is at hand,
Their day doth end, and God will ſend
truth to ſome other land;
Who joyfully, of certainty,
will it indeed embrace,
When ſuch ſhall howl, and much condole
in Hell their woful caſe.
Dear lambs beware, there is a bear,
and other evil beaſt,
In ambuſh lies, and by and by
on you they think to feaſt.
O watch, don't ſleep, beſure to keep
awake continually,
Again I ſay, watch night and day,
for ruin great is nigh.

The Child's Inſtructor.

O Child moſt dear incline thine ear
and hearken to God's voice;
His counſel take and it will make
God's angels to rejoice.
Be not like thoſe, which grace oppoſe
and give their mind to play;
But let thy mind be well inclin'd
in ſeeking wiſdom's way.
Learn in thy youth God's holy truth,
Chriſt's bleſſed croſs to bear;
And ſo ſhalt thou, though hated now,
in Heaven have a ſhare.
Don't lie nor ſwear, to ſteal don't dare
O fear ſuch grievous evils;
For ſuch muſt die, and in Hell lie,
with damned Souls and Devils.
In a right way thou muſt obey
thy Father and thy Mother;
'Tis alſo right in God's dear ſight,
to love Siſter and Brother.
Let no vain pleaſure, nor earthly treaſure
thy Soul ſeek and deſire;
For thoſe things know, God will o'erthrow
with his conſuming fire.
Spend all thy days in righteous ways,
God's holy name to hallow;
That at the laſt thy days being paſt,
a bleſſed end may follow,
And though thou die, and in grave lie,
yet raiſe Chriſt will thee make;
And Angels ſent thee to attend,
and into's Kingdom take
Where thou ſhalt reſt, with Saints the beſt
to all Eternity,
And have the Crown of bleſt renown,
God's name to magnify.
That thou with Chriſt, in paradiſe,
for ever mayeſt dwell;
Thus do thou may, both night and day,
and ſo good Child, farewell.

The Second Part.

O Then remember God above,
vain way do thou not take,
But learn betimes the Lord to love,
who did thee form and make:
For Sin the Lord doth greatly hate,
his nature is ſo pure,
That thoſe he doth abominate,
which can their ſins endure.
Let Sin therefore to thee appear
to be the vileſt thing,
And labour Chriſt to love moſt dear
that did Salvation bring.
And by all means ſee thou do ſtrive
againſt all youthful Luſt,
Leſt Sin do in thy Soul revive,
remember die thou muſt.
On earth thy days will be but few,
like as the ſwallow flies,
Or like unto the morning dew
doth paſs when ſun doth riſe.
So doth thy days, thy months and years
make haſte to fly away,
Much like the bloſſom that appears,
and quickly doth decay.
Or like the flower in the ſpring
which is for beauty rare.
Or as the birds in ſummer ſing,
I thee to them compare;
The glory of the flowers fail,
the ſummer ends alſo;
The birds do then themſelves bewail,
and know not what to do.
The bloſſom withers ſoon away,
like Jonah's gourd 'tis gone,
So thou ſprout'ſt up and ſhall not ſtay
thy life will ſoon be done.
Conſider then, young men I pray
the time which is to come;
Remember well thy dying day
and dread the day of doom.
There is no help, but thou muſt die,
alas, but that's not all;
Beyond the grave's eternity,
God will to judgment call.
The Trump will ſound, the dead to wake
before Chriſt to appear,
The wicked then will dread and quake
the Sentence for to hear.
Reform from ſin, therefore with ſpeed
all evil ways defy,
That ſo thy ſoul may then be freed
from Hell and Miſery

No. 87

SOME POETICAL THOUGHTS ON THE DIFFICULTIES OUR FORE-FATHERS ENDURED IN PLANTING RELIGIOUS AND CIVIL LIBERTY IN THIS WESTERN WORLD [After 1765]

[*The John Carter Brown Library*]

Size, 14¾ by 11⅛ inches. In all probability, this is a Connecticut, possibly a New Haven imprint, since the conditions described concern New Haven quite narrowly. The allusions to the policies of Lord North, as still effective, suggest a pre-Revolution date of composition, and yet the reference in Part II, Stanza 12, to an incident of 1765 as "Some years ago," would seem to indicate that at least four or five years had elapsed since the Stamp Act agitation. Certainly the verses were written before the outbreak of actual warfare, and since they constitute an appeal rather than a record, it is probable that they were printed at the time such admonition was necessary. The cut is an attempt to represent the first day in New Haven history, namely, the assembling of the colonists, newly arrived from Boston, in their first religious service, held on April 15, 1638, under a great oak tree. The gathering was the occasion for a sermon by John Davenport, one of the religious leaders of the colony. (Cf. the allusion to this scene in Part I, Stanza 12.)

28. *Which did the king's great fury raise,*
Not entirely accurate. The king was on Daniel's side. Dan. 6.16–24.

Part II, 10.

Thus from Lord North, there does come forth
The present tense is significant as suggesting a pre-Revolution date. The allusion to ships and men in the following stanza would apply to Boston conditions prior to the Massacre of 1770.

12. *Some years ago . . .*
This would seem to be quite clearly a reference to the mission of Jared Ingersoll, representative of the New Haven colony at the court of King George in 1765. After working with Benjamin Franklin to prevent the passage of the Stamp Act, Ingersoll accepted an appointment as Stamp Distributor for the colony. This action aroused the indignation of his townsmen, who, upon his return to New Haven, faced him with threats, burned him in effigy, and on September 19, 1765, forced him to resign the office.

20. *There is a number in this land,*
Probably a reference to the strong Tory element in New Haven itself.

27. *Will be like Judas in disguise.*
At the time of the resentment against Jared Ingersoll, much was made of the fact that his initials corresponded to those of Judas Iscariot. The present allusion to Judas, however, appears to have no such significance.

SOME POETICAL THOUGHTS

On the DIFFICULTIES our FORE-FATHERS endured in planting Religious and civil LIBERTY, In this Western WORLD.

With a few HINTS on the present STATE of AFFAIRS.

PART I.

1 When our fore-fathers were oppreſs,
In their fertile native land,
Then in their minds they could not reſt,
Until a paſſage they had plan'd.

2 How to remove unto ſome grove,
For to enjoy their liberty.
Thus they did form themſelves into
A true religious ſociety.

3 Thus they did put themſelves into
A method for them and their poſterity,
To find a place where they might go,
Where they might all obtain their ends.

4 Thus they did bear, as doth appear,
The was a place in Providence
Provided for ſuch as they were
In honeſty and innocence.

5 The place that now they had in view,
Was over the great ocean wide,
And how to gain a paſſage thro'
They ſought to God to be their guide.

6 What orders all that is above,
And alſo in this world below,
We are protected in his love,
And thus we gain'd our paſſage thro'

7 Thus we have gained our paſſage
Unto a place where we may reſt;
Let us give him praiſe which is his due,
That we may be forever bleſt.

8 Now we are come unto the ſhore
Where we have longed for to be,
Which ſatisfies our hearts much more
Than all the Indies we might ſee.

9 Now let us ſing to God our king,
Who hath preſerv'd us o'er the ſeas,
Now with our hearts our tributes bring,
Thro' faith and works that do him pleaſe.

10 Now we have ſung his praiſes here
Upon this happy happy ſhore;
Let love abound as to his fear,
When we recal his mercies o'er.

11 Now let us not forget him who
Has been ſo gracious and ſo kind;
Let's cov'nant with him anew,
And keep his mercies freſh in mind.

12 Thus happy we under the tree,
Began the worſhip of our God,
None to moleſt, thus happy we
Attending on his holy word.

13 Upon the firſt day of the week,
After that we arrived here;
Now of our G d we freely ſpeak,
We effected one thy above a year.

14 When we was in our native land,
We was oppreſs'd with popery,
But we are now a feeble band,
Our God he hears us when we cry,

15 Which gives us free acceſs to him,
As in and through his only Son.
'Tis not a fancy or a dream,
The victory that he has won.

16 Thus we eſteem what we enjoy
Above the things we left behind,
Nor Britain's glory doth annoy,
Nor fruſtrate our peaceful mind.

17 Thus happy we, with bleſſings free,
Both with our wives, alſo our ſons,
Our daughters in equality,
Alſo our deareſt little ones.

18 Now we are bleſt above the reſt,
Of all Great Britain's richeſt heirs,
Thus we have travell'd to the weſt,
So we remain the Almighty's care.

19 So was our father's happy here,
While they continued in the truth,
Their language was in praiſe and prayer,
Both in their old age and their youth

20 But O how awfully we've ſtray'd
From the good path our father's trod,
Nor kept the faith in love and pray'd,
But gone counter to his word,

21 Which is a tale for us to walk,
In civil and in ſacred things,
Therein we are to live and work,
Both for our princes and our kings.

22 Thus we have ſtrayed from the Lord,
By not obeying his commands
Now he doth threaten us with the ſword,
Both in Great Britain, and their lands.

23 But 'tis to be hoped in this land,
There's yet ſome heroes to be found,
That prays to God with heart and hand,
And with ſalvation ſhall be crown'd.

24 So notwithſtanding that our king
And parliament, and nobles rage,
He that doth rule in every thing,
Can eaſily their wrath aſſwage.

25 By ſacred writ in times of old,
When very few was to be found,
That ſerv'd and fear'd the Lord to hold,
So as to pray the bleſſings down.

26 When kings of old did ſet up gold,
And brought all nations thereunto,
Then did thoſe heroes appear ſo bold,
They to the image would not bow.

27 When muſic all did for them call,
To bow unto that image there,
They did not fear before them all,
Who was there God they did declare,

28 Which did the king's great fury raiſe,
He caus'd the furnace to be heat,
The boldeſt men thus in a rage,
Did caſt thoſe heroes into it.

29 But O the condeſcending Lord!
That God in whom they did believe,
Amidſt the furnace he appear'd,
Them from the fire he did relieve.

30 But when the king look'd in the fire,
For to behold there what was done,
He ſaw the three ſafe and entire,
The fourth appear'd like God the Son.

31 Now when the king ſaw what was done
Unto thoſe three that was preſerv'd.
A firm decree he made therefrom,
No other god there ſhould be ſerv'd.

32 Now we that are the offſpring from,
Such happy men as doth appear,
Now let us put ourſelves in form,
That we be the Almighty's care,

33 Now we are call'd from Britain's ground,
Both by our king and parliament,
Let heroic boldneſs now confound,
Requeſts to us they do preſent.

34 Thus let us proſecute, thoſe things
As for our right it doth appear,
It ſhall confound princes and kings,
Truſt in our God and do not fear.

35 Now we are happy in our choice,
So let us act our minds as free,
Let us go on with heart and voice
As the true ſons of liberty.

36 Thus I've compoſ'd theſe few lines,
To ſpeak of former and latter things,
Come all that are of peaceful minds,
True ſubjects to princes and kings.

PART II.

Now we are under ſuch reſtrictions from Great Britain, as doth appear unconſtitutional, the proceedings are anſwered by a Congreſs generally conſided in by moſt of this continent, tho' oppoſed by ſome.

1 The freemen general of this land,
Do proſecute thoſe things that are
Great importance and doth demand
Speedy and prudential care.

2 But tho' 's a few that doth not view,
What our fore fathers did poſſeſs,
Will not thoſe good things perſue,
Propoſ'd by our own Congreſs.

3 But they go counter to theſe men,
Who are true ſons of liberty,
Nor do appear what they pretend,
But ſtruggle for the victory.

4 While others are for love and peace,
Virtue and truth and piety,
Their oppoſition doth increaſe,
Therewith they will now comply.

5 Altho' the ſons of liberty,
Do proſecute thoſe things that are
For love and peace and harmony,
Their condeſcention is moſt rare.

6 We wait, we long with great deſire,
To ſee thoſe happy, happy days,
When we ſhall meet with love entire,
To ſing his praiſes and his praiſe,

7 So long as we are diſagreed,
The houſe divided cannot ſtand,
So let us take all care with ſpeed,
To dwell in love with heart and hand.

8 That we might ſhare among the reſt,
Thoſe towns that's in America,
From North to South, from Eaſt to Weſt
Our homage to our God we'll pay.

9 To him we'll ſeek, on him we'll wait,
Hoping for deliverance from
That viſitory and dismal fate,
That gathers round us like a ſtorm.

10 Thus from Lord North, there does come
Repeated ſtrokes of tyranny, (forth
That in his fury and his wrath,
He ſays the colonies ſhall comply.

11 Now he doth ſend both ſhips and men,
To bring us unde his command,
Thus doth his fury now extend,
Both in Great Britain and this land.

12 Some years ago, you had, ſir,
Both effects as doth appear,
Our agent went to him alſo,
This great fabric for to rear.

13 Thus with his ſword he went on board,
With graceful face he did appear,
Altho' his truſt was in the Lord,
They hoiſted ſail, the wind was fair.

14 He was preſerved o'er the ſeas,
And ſafely he was there conveyed,
The counſel preſented to him did pleaſe,
By him our cauſe it was betray'd,

15 Into the hands of him that would
Bring us all under tyranny,
Thus 'tis ſuppoſ'd, it was for gold,
That was preſented to his eye.

16 The ſum that was ſix hunderd pounds
Of ſterling money and alloy,
The ſight of which did him confound,
His faith and truſt it did deſtroy.

17 Thus he deſerted the truſt and cauſe
His agency it did demand,
And he went counter to our laws,
So he became a counterband.

18 Thus he was our pretended friend,
But prov'd himſelf our greateſt foe,
We fear theſe things will prove the end
Of his moſt fatal overthrow.

19 Now all you that will ſecond him,
And perſonate him in your hearts,
Let juſtice now take place and bring
Into the place of them deſerts.

20 There is a number in this land,
Who ever do purſue the ſin,
They ſo unite themſelves into a band,
That will they have they do declare.

21 Tho' they do go in their diſguiſe,
As the true friends of liberty;
But they are known by their true ſize,
The eyes of light do them deſpiſe.

22 But o the madneſs of ſuch men,
That will go on and keep their ears,
Againſt themſelves and their children,
The truth of this doth now appear.

23 Some of the ſeeds, from bitter words,
In ages paſt are ſow'n,
Thus by their practice and wicked deeds,
Their diſciples are they have procur'd.

24 But oh to them that have thus ſtray'd
From the true light and liberty,
Proviſion now is for you made,
On happy terms if you comply.

25 Thus we invite you with delight,
With all our hearts and minds as free,
That we do aim to walk upright,
As the true ſons of liberty,

26 And now to thoſe who do oppoſe,
The privilege that now comes forth,
Tho' they do dwell amidſt the roſe,
Muſt bear the fate with great lord North.

27 That doth pretend to be a friend,
Unto our king and nobles wiſe,
Like Abſalom we fear the end,
Will be like Judas in diſguiſe.

28 Now come all you that will be true
Unto the things you do profeſs,
Thus let us go on and thus perſue
The doings of our own congreſs.

29 Which doth appear both plain and clear,
A method for us in this land,
So let us go on with courage rare,
Tho' we are but a feeble band.

30 Tho' things look diſmal thick and dark,
Great oppoſition doth appear.
From our fore-fathers let us remark,
Truſt in our God and do not fear.

31 To Rulers of New-Haven town,
Under the preſent ſtate affairs,
Let equity and truth abound,
We ſhall be bleſſed and our heirs.

32 Now you that are inhabitants,
Within theſe bounds, let's live in love,
Let male and female with their's preſent,
With loyalty their things approve.

33 Now to the lawyers and merchants too
Let not your minds go to exceſs,
But keep theſe things always in view,
Appointed by our own congreſs.

34 Now to the holders of this town,
And thoſe that ſit upon the ſeas,
Now let good orders do abound,
As love and friendſhip ſhall increaſe.

35 Now to the farmers that till the ground,
Go on with a prudential eye,
Let equity and godlineſs abound,
And God will crown the ſeaſon year.

36 O that ſome heroes might ariſe,
And preach the goſpel as of old,
Viewing the ſouls that are more worth,
Than thouſands of ſilver and gold.

No. 88

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DEATH AND A LADY [Before 1775]

[*The American Antiquarian Society*]

SIZE, 8 by 12 inches. The date is conjectural, but it could not have been later than 1775, as the Heart and Crown imprint still remains unchanged. The sign became the Bible and Heart after that date. For other issues of verses under this same title, cf. Ford, 3058–3061, 3096. The John Carter Brown Library possesses another issue, not listed by Mr. Ford. It was printed at Windham, and has a different cut. Death, holding a scythe in one hand, is about to hurl his dart at the lady with the other. The imprint is later than the one here reproduced, as printing in Windham dates from 1791. These verses may originally have been issued on the occasion of the death of an individual, as the "Dialogue between Flesh and Spirit," included above (p. 43), but the "Very suitable for these Times" of the present issue, suggests that this particular sheet was intended rather as a timely reminder of mortality than as a funeral tribute. There are no allusions to events which make possible the dating of the verses.

Dives

> The Latin word for rich(man), occurring in the Vulgate, Luke 16, and therefore taken commonly as the name of the rich man in the parable. *NED.*

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Death and a Lady.

Very ſuitable for theſe Times.

Death.

FAIR Lady lay your coſtly Robes aſide,
No longer may you glory in your Pride;
Take Leave of all your carnal vain Delight,
I'm come to Summon you away this Night.

Lady.

What bold attempt is this, Pray let me know
From whence you came, or whither muſt I go;
Shall I, who am a Lady yield or bow,
To ſuch a pale fac'd Viſage, who art thou?

Death.

Do you not know me? Well, I'll tell you then,
'Tis I that conquer all the Sons of Men;
No Pitch of Honour from my Dart is free,
My Name is *Death*, have you not heard of me?

Lady.

Yes, I have heard of you time after time,
But being in the Glory of my Prime,
I did not think that thou wouldſt call ſo ſoon,
Why muſt my Morning Sun go down at Noon?

Death.

Talk not of Noon, you may as well be mute,
This is no time at all for to diſpute.
Your richeſt Jewels, Gold, and Garments brave,
Your Houſes, Lands they muſt new Maſters have,
Though thy vain Heart to Riches was inclin'd,
Yet thou, alas! muſt leave them all behind.

Lady.

My Heart is cold, I tremble at the News,
Here's Bags of Gold if thou wilt me excuſe,
And ſeize on thoſe, thus finiſh thou the Striſe,
With ſuch who are aweary of their Life.
Are there not many bound in Priſon ſtrong,
In bitter grief of Soul have languiſh'd long.
From all would find a Grave a Place of Reſt,
From all their Grief in which they are oppreſt?
Beſides there's many with their Hoary Head,
And Palſie Joynts, by which their Joys are fled,
Releaſe thou them whoſe Grief and Sorrow's great,
And ſpare my Life to have a longer Date.

Death.

Tho' they with Age are full of Grief and Pain,
While their appointed Time they muſt remain,
I come to none before my Warrant's ſeal'd,
And when it is they muſt ſubmit and yield:
I take no Bribes, believe me, it is true,
Prepare your ſelf to go, I come for you.

Lady.

Death, be not ſo ſevere, let me obtain,
A little longer Time to live and Reign;
Fain would I ſtay, if thou my Life wilt ſpare,
I have a Daughter Beautiful and Fair,
I'd live to ſee her Wed, whom I adore;
Grant me but this and then I'll aſk no more.

Death.

This is a ſlender frivolous Excuſe,
I have you faſt, and will not let you looſe;
Leave her to Providence, for you muſt go
Along with me whether you will or no.
I *Death* command great Kings to leave their Crown,
And at my Feet to lay their Scepter down;
If unto Kings this Favour I'll not give,
But cut them down, can you expect to live
Beyond the Limits of your time and ſpace?
No, I muſt ſend you to another Place.

Lady.

You learned Doctors now expreſs your Skill;
And let not Death of me obtain his Will;
Prepare your Cordials, let me Comfort find,
My Gold ſhall fly like Chaff before the Wind.

Death.

Forbear to call, their Skill will never do,
They are but Mortals here as well as you.
I give the fatal Wound, my Dart is ſure,
'Tis far beyond a Doctor's Skill or cure.
How freely can you let your Silver fly
To purchaſe Life, rather than yield to die:
But while you flouriſh'd here in all your Store,
You would not ſpare one Penny to the Poor.
In all your Pomp the Poor you then did hate,
And like rich *Dives*, ſcourg'd them from thy Gate.
But tho' you did thoſe whom thus you did ſcorn,
They like to you into this World were born;
Tho' for your Alms they did both cringe and bow,
They bore GOD's Image here as well as you.
Tho' in his Name their Suit to you they make,
You would not give one Penny for his ſake;
My Lord beheld wherein you did amiſs,
And calls you hence to give Account for this.

Lady

O heavy News! Muſt I no longer ſtay?
How ſhall I ſtand good God, in thy great Day
Down from her Eyes the dying Tears did flow
And ſaid, there's none knows what I undergo
Upon a Bed of Sorrow here I lie,
My carnal Life makes me afraid to die,
My Sins, alas! are many great and foul,
Which have deformed my immortal Soul;
And tho' I do deſerve the righteous Frown,
Yet Pardon, Lord and pour a Bleſſing down
Then with a dying Sigh her Heart did break
And did the Pleaſures of the World forſake.

Here we may ſee the High and Mighty laid,
For *Death* he ſheweth no Reſpect at all,
To any one of high or low Degree,
Great Men ſubmit to *Death* as well as we:
Tho' they are gay, their Lives are but a Span,
A Lump of Clay, ſo poor a Creature's MAN.

Sold at the Heart and Crown in Cornhill, Boſton.

No. 89

OPPRESSION: A POEM, OR, NEW-ENGLAND'S LAMENTATION ON THE DREADFUL EXTORTION AND OTHER SINS OF THE TIMES [1777]

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7¾ by 13¾ inches, with margins considerably trimmed. The exact date is unknown, but the theme *extortion* would suggest composition in 1777 or 1778, when this evil was the subject of much disaffection among the colonists, and the topic of many a sermon. The same cut was used on a sheet entitled "Predictions for the Year 1783," printed by Ezekiel Russell. (Cf. p. 193, *infra.*) It is probable that Russell also issued the present sheet. *The Diary of William Pyncheon of Salem* (Boston, 1890) contains various items relative to the conditions described in these verses. Typical entries are as follows:

May 16, 1777. (P. 31).

. . . Bought half a cord of wood, and am now richer in wood than 39/40 of the whole town, having part of two loads by me! We crawl about and exist, but cannot be said truly to live. It is said we have full enjoyment of our liberty, but where is the proof of it?

June 30. (P. 33).

. . . Broadcloth said to be £ 6. 3.4. per yard, and scarcely any to be had. B. tea at 7 and 8 dollars per pound.

July 22. (P. 34).

. . . Mob at Salem demand sugar, and the stores are open.

July 23. (P. 34).

. . . The ladies rise and mob for coffee; cart it and the owner, Boylston.

Mar. 8, 1778. (P. 52).

Tradesmen and salary-men grumble at the countrymen's extortion, and threaten to join the Regulars against them.

Mar. 24. (P. 52).

. . . Grumbling at the extortion of the farmers, the blunders of politicians and legislators, the ambition and selfishness of the ministry and of the demagogues, badness of the times, etc., etc.

Nor [*are*] *we yet alarmed, to Gospel Regulation;*
F[*or are*] *not men's desires . . .*
[*The*] *stronger are his wishes, . . .*
[*For there's*] *no skilful Physician . . .*
[*A more*] *destructive poison . . .*
If there's [*a combination among the sons of men,*]
If Sea-ports first oppressed, [*the County mayn't abuse,*]
Let all with [*protestation*] *abhor for to oppress,*
We are loth to be held [*short*] *to Laws of our own making.*
Who promises Salvation [*in all Transgressions.*]

OPPRESSION.

A POEM.

Or, NEW-ENGLAND's LAMENTATION on the dreadful EXTORTION and other Sins of the Times. Being a serious EXHORTATION to all to repent and turn from the Evil of their Ways, if they would avert the terrible and heavy JUDGMENTS of the ALMIGHTY that hang over AMERICA at this alarming and distressing Day.

COME all you Friends to Goodness, I pray you to attend,
I'll tell to you a Story on which you may depend,
If you will not believe it, I think you must be blind,
When it appears so evident to every serious mind.
There wants a Reformation throughout AMERICA,
And deep Humiliation, for it's a sinful day;
But how can we desire, or look for better times,
So long as we aspire to multiply our crimes!
The Law has been despised, the Gospel trampled on,
And we have been surprised by powerful *Britain*;
But they can go no farther than the length of their chain,
JEHOVAH is their Master, who can their Power restrain.
But while we are complaining of *England*'s Usurpation,
Iniquity is reigning throughout this Northern Nation;
So bad is our behavior, we grieve the Holy Spirit,
And if we fight our Savior, we cannot Heaven inherit.
We seem quite unconcerned about our souls salvation,
Nor are we yet alarmed, to God for Regulation;
The house of *Saul* grows stronger, as *David*'s house grows weaker,
And Satan will reign longer, if we are such self-seekers.
His kingdom is maintained and strengthened by sin,
By some the building's framed, and others drive the pins;
New England's Sons will venture to travel in the dark,
And do refuse to enter the New-Testament Ark.
A storm of wrath is ground, a flood will surely come,
And overtake the strongest, and drown the wicked ones;
Although they fly to mountains, and hide themselves in rocks,
Of wrath there is a fountain to sweep the mountain tops.
If we will not take warning, we must go down to hell,
Where like delight to scorning the great IMMANUEL;
Whose arms are always open, and bids us welcome there,
And shews the greatest token of love and friendship dear.
We have had publications, from the OMNISCIENT ONE,
A promis'd habitation, prepared by his Son;
At this Fountain of Treasure men might forever dwell,
But they refuse such pleasure, and damn themselves to hell.
'Tis very melancholy to hear of so much cheating,
To see men frisk and jolly while they are over-reaching;
But fish delight in water, for that's their element,
And if men are not cheating they cannot be content.
Extortion has been used too much for to relate,
The Poor have been abused for to increase estates;
When Extortion's increasing, and greedy Muckworms crawling,
By such unlawful Fleecing the Public Wealth is falling.
Extortioners and Tories, which of them is the worst,
One brings us a fair story, the other a blunderbuss,
And openly professes it, a musket or a gun,
The other acts more secret, and murders ten to one.
We need not much admire that these are such commotions,
For are not men's desires unbounded as the ocean?
The more a man possesses, the more he really craves,
Like unto the grave are his withes, voracious as the grave.
Much as skilful Physician can easily invent,
The destructive poison by long experiment,
Than some Merchants and Farmers in every State and Town,
Oppression and Extortion make up their gain and sum round.
If there's any mistaking [illegible]
To their State and Nation, let them look into their time;
If Seaports first oppressed, the Country may not mend,
The Evil the first Winter, does not exceed:
Let all with retribution abhor for to oppress,
Nothing exalts a nation so much as righteousness;
We are not so short-sighted but we may see to that,
If Christ is so much slighted God will enclose a wet.
We have an invitation to save ourselves and lands,
To practice invocation for this is GOD's command;
We hope to have fair days yet from the Savior true,
If there's no reformation *New England* is undone.
GOD gives us plain direction how we may come to rest,
And live in good satisfaction with our MAKER's Laws;
But we are so impolitic, and there are such out-breakings,
We are loth to be held out to Laws of our own making.
If we had just conceptions of sin which so abounds,
Should follow God's direction and resist corruption down;
Without much pains or labor we may know our duty,
And do by all our Nabors, as we would be done by.
This law is just and equal, we cannot it deny,
'Twill prove so in the sequel of life when we shall die;
If we believe the Story found in the Gospel Plan,
No one can enter glory that's a dishonest man.
Since God has given us reason let us use it for him,
And not commit high treason against the King of Kings;
Who is our Lord and MASTER, and him we ought to own,
He is our rightful SOVEREIGN, and to him we belong,
New England has been lucky, and many one have said,
We've earned Father, Grandfather, and called Mother Place;
Faith is now languishing, Repentance gives over,
Without a good Physician these two cannot recover.
Charity fast is cooling, and Virtue fainting away,
Ignorance is prevailing, but Knowledge doth decay;
Profaneness is in fashion, Religion lies ground,
Holiness is decreasing, Covetousness abounds.
Sincerity is wanting, Sagacity is fled,
And Wisdom lays expiring, and Piety is dead;
When Mercy is banished, Dishonesty's elected,
Justice and Truth condemned, Morality rejected.
How beautiful and god-like, delightful for to see
Princes and People walking in Love and Unity;
Remembering their MAKER, whom they are bound to love,
And to be wise as Serpents, and harmless as the Doves.
If we would be forgiven and live in Peace and Rest,
Be Favorites of Heaven, and be Heaven's Guest,
Then let us all be willing at the appointed Day
To be just in our Dealings, and pay what we owe away.
Behold the Invitation of GOD ALMIGHTY's Son,
Who promises Salvation [illegible]
Let every Son for LIBERTY [illegible] Lovers,
Accept the Invitation to an [illegible]

No. 90

A NEW TOUCH ON THE TIMES, WELL ADAPTED TO THE DISTRESSING SITUATION OF EVERY SEA-PORT TOWN [1779]

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8⅛ by 12¾ inches, with margins trimmed. The date of these verses cannot be fixed accurately. The conditions described would fit equally well any one of the years 1776 to 1780. The sufferings of the women and children in Marblehead during this time had been severe in the extreme, and had at various times been the basis of appeals for relief. It is probable, however, that the verses were written after the conditions described had been long endured. Mr. Ford lists the piece under 1779. (No. 2161.)

For they are gone the ocean wide,

Many of the men of Marblehead were in the marine service.

[*F*]*or which we* [*can't*] *get any ease,*
[*F*]*or they are gone to work for* [*us,*]
Wan't it [*for th*]*em we now should starve,*
To go thro' the world how can we [*do,*]
For times they sure grow worse and [*worse,*]
For money is not worth a pin,

Many of the soldiers had been paid in Continental notes which had depreciated to less than half of their face value.

Takes 20 weight of sugar for two foot of wood,

Shortage of fuel was one of the chief causes of suffering in Marblehead during this time, and many buildings and fences were torn down and burned to supply the lack. The situation was investigated by a legislative committee in 1780, and tax reductions made by way of adjustment.

By means of which we shake [*the head,*]
All we can get it is but [*rice,*]
And that is of a wretched [*price.*]
[*N*]*othing now-a-days to be got,*
To put in ket[*tle or in*] *pot.*

A NEW

TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

Well adapted to the diſtreſſing Situation of every Sea-port Town.

By a DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY, living in MARBLEHEAD.

OUR beſt beloved they are gone,
We cannot tell they'll e'er return,
For they are gone the ocean wide,
Which for us now they muſt provide.
For they go on the roaring ſeas,
For what we can't get any eaſe,
For they are gone to work for pay
And that it is to fill our purſe.
And to fill our houſes too,
What more could we then have them do?
They now do more than we deſerve,
Wan't it for them we now ſhould ſtarve,
Starve then we ſhould and periſh too,
And without them what could we do?
We muſt do as well as we can,
What could women do without man,
They could not do by night or day,
Go round the World and that they'll ſay
They could not do by day or night,
I think that man's a woman's delight.
It's hard and cruel times to live,
Takes thirty dollars to buy a ſieve.
To buy ſieves and other things too,
To go thro' the world how can we do,
For times they ſure grow worſe and worſe,
I'm ſure it ſinks our ſcanty purſe.
Had we a purſe to reach the ſky,
It would be all juſt vanity,
If we had that and ten times more,
'Twould be like ſand upon the ſhore.
For money is not worth a pin,
Had we but ſalt we've any thing,
For ſalt is all the Farmer's cry,
If we've no ſalt we ſure muſt die.
We can't get fiſe nor yet food,
Takes 20 weight of ſugar for two foot of wood,
We cannot get bread nor yet meat,
We ſee the world is nought but cheat.
We cannot now get meat nor bread
By means of which we make us glad,
All we can get it is but rye,
And that is of a wretched dye.

And as we go up and down,
We ſee the doings of this town,
Some ſay they an't victuals nor drink,
Others ſay they are ready to ſink.
Our lives they all are tired here,
We ſee all things ſo cruel dear,
Nothing now-a-days to be got,
To put in kettle or in pot.
Theſe times will learn us to be wiſe,
We now do eat what we deſpis'd,
I now have ſomething more to ſay,
We muſt go up and down the Bay.
To get a fiſh a-days to fry,
We can't get fat were we to die,
Were we to try all thro' the town,
The world is now turn'd up-ſide down.
But there's a gracious God above,
That deals with us in tender love,
If we be kind and juſt and true,
He'll ſet and turn the world anew.
If we'll repent of all our crimes,
He'll ſet us new new heavenly times,
Times that will make us all to ring,
If we forſake our heinous ſins.
For ſin is all the cauſe of this,
We muſt not take it then amiſs,
Wan't it for our polluted tongues
This cruel war would ne'er begun.
We ſhould hear no fife nor drum,
Nor training bands would never come,
Should we go on our ſinful courſe,
Times will grow on us worſe and worſe.
Then gracious God now cauſe to ceaſe,
This bloody war and give us peace!
And down our ſtreets ſend plenty then
With hearts as one we'll ſay Amen
If we expect to be forgiv'n,
Let's tread the road that leads to Heav'n
In theſe times we can't rub along.
I now have ended this my ſong.
MOLLY GUTRIDGE compoſitor
Be ſure it is no impoſition.

No. 91
PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1783

[*The John Carter Brown Library*]

SIZE, 9½ by 13¼ inches. The Essex Street printing office, near the Liberty Stump was that of Ezekiel Russell. As these verses would have had no sale other than at the time to which they apply, it may be assumed that they were printed around New Year's Day, 1783.

Bickerstaff

A pseudonym used by Benjamin West, a mathematician, in his Boston Almanacs, issued from 1763 to 1793.

Peace lead the front

The British evacuated New York, November 25, 1782. Peace was not formally ratified until September 3, 1783.

loobies

Awkward, clownish fellows.

Louid'rs

A gold coin issued from the reign of Louis XIII to Louis XVI. Early in the century, about 1717, it had been valued at 17*s*.

Pistereens

An American name for a small silver coin current at this time.

[*And bawl, "take me! for I'm a better bunch!"*]

We wade in cacavilla, port, [*and claret,*]

PREDICTIONS

FOR THE

YEAR

1783.

THE GAY YOUNG MUSE salutes the opening year,—
PEACE lead the front! and plenty bring the rear!
Felicity shall glitter all compleat,
And silver, gold, and jewels, pave the street,
We plump in saphires, emeralds and rubies,
All rich as Jews who once were Jours and Isaacs:
View far and wide with wonder, and behold
Trees bloom in silver, and mature to gold;
Whene'er in groves we seek the rural shades,
Ripe crowns drop down by millions on our heads;
No more in fields we walk o'er weeds and greens,
But tread on Louid'rs and pistereens;
In plumbs of pearls and garnets, we discern all,
The stones pure gold, and dimonds every kernal;
Brocades, and cambricks, keep us always hot,
Cold pinch no more, and winter be forgot;
When round the chimney roars our social mirth,
Carbuncles blaze on each refulgent hearth.
The iron pots and spits of every scullion,
And wooden cans, and earthen bowles all bullion,
But now our opulence is thus compleat
You ask, "*What shall we do for drink, and meat?*
What drink and meat?—See! showering down the skies
Chesecakes, cold hams, plumb-puddings, and mince-pies!
Each wind of Heaven o'er all the ground shall spread
Tarts, custards, and plumb-cakes, and gingerbread;
Partridge and pasty smoke, where'er we look,
With every sauce contriv'd by every cook.
Pigs, ready roasted, run along the street,
And grunt, and squeak, and squeal, "*come eat! come eat!*"
Beef a-la-mode, endu'd with language, cries,
"*You're welcome, gentlemen, pray take a slice;*"
Grapes, clust'ring forward, one another hinder,
And bawl, "*take me! for I'm better ripe!*"
For liquor, what profusion! never spare it!
We wade in cocavilla, port, and claret,
Sterling madeira, burgundy, and sack,
And all the gutters run with frontinac!
Hills shall be honey combs, the ocean ale,
Whipt-cream shall snow, and sugar plumbs shall hail!
Drink springs spontaneous, fit for every lip,
Grog, punch, raw-rum, and hyson-tea, and flip,
Soups, syllabubs, ragouts, and frigassees,
And nature change to chickens and green peases.
How? All things gems, all gold, all drink, all food too?
I own 'tis somewhat crouded: But pure good tho'.
'Tis transport all, all by inchantment plan'd!
Fair fairy-fields, and laughing lubber-land.
Thus we, all fun, while faithful FRENCH defend us,
Titter and giggle at our INDEPENDENCE.

Stop! GAY YOUNG MUSE! be serious ere we part,
And let me speak a language to your heart:
You, in your moral breast the answer find;
Can such vain bubbles bless the immortal mind?
This fallen earth can hold no happiness,
Bliss was not made for such a world as this
You draw perdition in with every breath,
Sin, sorrow, and old age, disease, and death:
Leave madmen o'er the illusive scenes to roam,
Seize thou thy raptures in a world to come.

Sold at the Printing-Office in ESSEX-STREET, near LIBERTY-STUMP.

No. 92

AS THE PIECE DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN HAS MET WITH A KIND RECEPTION, THE AUTHOR WOULD ADDRESS HER OWN SEX, JUNE 10, 1786

[*The Boston Athenaeum*]

SIZE, 6½ by 16¾ inches. The Liberty-Pole address identifies this as probably an imprint of Ezekiel Russell. The piece dedicated to the young gentlemen has not survived.

Bellona

The Roman goddess of war.

Columbian Daughters' skill

The future fame of America in all directions was one of the themes of the hour.

descry

Apparently in the sense of *reveal.*

Vacuna's soothing charms

A Sabine goddess who presided over the works of the garden and field.

and save a sinking land

Cf. this concern for the future of America with similar sentiments in the verses entitled "Home Industry," p. 199, *infra.*

As the Piece dedicated to the young GENTLEMEN has met with a kind Reception, the Author would addreſs her own SEX in the following manner; hoping it will have the like Acceptance with the young LADIES who are under the Tuition of the ſeveral SCHOOL-MISTRESSES in this State, more eſpecially in the Town of BOSTON.--Compoſed June 10, 1786.

THE early lark ſalutes the vocal groves,
With warbling ſongs the muſick ſweetly roves,
The ſun's prolifick rays illumes the ſkies,
With ſmiling accents bids young Ladies riſe.
See, by the clock, the Semptreſs waits for you,
Riſe, like the plants, fed with nectarine dew;
With elevation ſeize the balmy gale,
This will abide when other riches fail.
Minerva her profuſe endowments ſends
To her induſtrious and beloved Friends.
Bellona now unlocks her magazine,
And to the Ladies comes with graceful mein.
As ſacred volume gives the needle praiſe,
So would my pen attempt its worth to raiſe;
When the fair Princeſs to the King is brought,
Her ſnowy raiment ſhall be needle wrought.
Succeeding ages will your virtues tell,
Your genius *Egypt*'s Nymphs ſhall far excel,
Accompliſh'd Nuns with ſhame their works will hide,
Columbian Daughters' ſkill extends ſo wide.
The virtuous Woman may defy the cold,
She cloathes herſelf in ſcarlet, wrought with gold;
Lives by induſtry in her native land,
With the production of her frugal hand.
Wiſdom with prudence dwells, and daily finds
Witty invention to improve your minds;
Be all attention, like the ſilken worm,
Leſt giddy fancy all your art deform.
The cypreſs texture which with care you view,
Your ſlender ſtate of youth reſembles true;
As lily white will ſoon deſcry a ſoil,
So reptile vice will all your virtues ſpoil.
Your pattern oft you mark with anxious eye,
That criticks may no fault nor blemiſh ſpy;
What panick tremor ſoon invades your frame,
When negligence expoſes you to blame.
The many puzzling turns you have to wind
Are far more ſtrait than your untutor'd mind;
What roving paſſions harbour in the breaſt,
Dear bought experience can the truth atteſt.
If once *Vacuna*'s ſoothing charms you hear,
Her ſiren notes will ſoon inchant your ear;
Drones in the winter are not kept alive,
Leſt they ſhould be a nuiſance in the hive.
Will curling vines, trees, plants, or bloſſoms grow,
Unleſs ſome pains the Gard'ner will beſtow?
Can folded hands their ſweet reſemblance ſpread?
Will dormant needles draw the ſlender thread?
No brilliant rings ſuch fingers ſhould adorn,
Who treat induſtry with apparent ſcorn;
Nature moves on her wheels for your ſupply,
And will you let your talent buried lie?
Exert yourſelves and ſave a ſinking land,
It is by you that we muſt fall or ſtand;
If prudence and diſcretion guide your ways,
Ages to come ſhall ſpeak it to your praiſe.
Inroll'd among the famous and the wiſe,
Your virtues ſhall like precious odours riſe;
In diſtant lands your mem'ries will be bleſt,
Who broke the galling chains that long oppreſt.

Sold next LIBERTY-POLE. 1786.

No. 93

A LINE TO THE MODERN LADIES

BY JOSEPH HOPKINS

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7⅝ by 12¾ inches. There is no certain clue to the date of composition or printing. Nor can the author be identified with certainty. He may have been the Joseph Hopkins mentioned in the *French and Indian War Rolls for Connecticut, 1755–1757*, as serving in the Company of Captain Lee of Farmington in 1757. ("Collections of the Connecticut Historical Society," IX, 210.) This may or may not be the same Joseph Hopkins whose marriage to Ann Smith, Farmington, Connecticut, March 18, 1762, is included in *The Early Marriage Records of the Hopkins Family in the United States* (William Montgomery Clemens, New York, 1916, p. 6). The name also occurs elsewhere. But whoever may have been the author, the verses represent a typical example of the numerous appeals to women to forsake their vanity in the interest of their souls' welfare. The sheet probably belongs to the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

A LINE to the Modern LADIES:

Found among the Writings of

JOSEPH HOPKINS,

Late of *FARMINGTON*, deceaſed.

LADIES, can you in Conſcience ſay,
Your uſeleſs coſtly fine Array,
As Toſſels, Topnots, flow'ry Stuffs,
Jewels and Rings, and heaps of Ruffs:

With Paints, Expence, and ſpending Time,
Can be ſlipt o'er, and thought no Crime?
Can you procure thoſe things of Coſt,
And ſay no Time nor Money's loſt?

Can you ſpend Months to curl your Hair,
And Years to fix the Clothes you wear?
Can you ſpend all the Sabbath Morn,
Your Duſt and Aſhes to adorn!

Nor all the Morning read and pray,
Nor once think 'tis an holy Day?
And think it is no Thing of weight,
That you come into Church ſo late?

At length into the Church you gether,
With here a Toſſel, there a Feather:
With many other Nacks and Nicks,
That I judge took you Hours to fix.

One Practice more among the reſt,
With which you Ladies are poſſeſt;
Pray let me mention juſt this one,
Then I'll diſmiſs you, and will done.

When you together happ' to meet,
Tea for to drink, and Food to eat,
Without a Thought that GOD hath giv'n,
Or thinking all you have's from Heaven.

Heedleſs you ſet yourſelves to eat,
And thus contemptuouſly treat
Him who hath given preſent Food,
Who is the Author of all Good.

And what's more Heaven-daring ſtill,
Is when you've eaten to the full,
You bleſs not God, return no Thanks,
But fall to playing of your Pranks.

By telling Fortunes by an Art,
Which none but Satan could impart,
Pretending by the Dregs of Tea,
To tell of any Deſtiney.

Your Fortune tell in this or that,
Which only youthfûl Luſts excite,
Setting your Paſſions all on Fire,
And rouſing up impure Deſires:

Which ſerve to draw the Mind from good,
In Diſobedience to your GOD.
Ladies, I now to you appeal,
What Spirit doth thoſe Things reveal?

Can you think God who is Moſt High,
Is pleaſed with ſuch Vanity?
And freely to you intimates,
The Thing which in his Heart he hates.

You can't, I'm ſure, then you muſt own
Your Art is from the wicked One.
What! be familiar with the Devil,
It is both wicked and uncivil.

Remember when you eat and drink,
Whatever do, or ever think,
You are oblig'd by Laws of Nature,
To glorify your great Creator.

Conſider well your bold Offences,
And know the dreadful Conſequences;
For Thoughts, Words, and all ſuch Actions
You finally muſt make Retraction.

Sure there's a Day which ſoon will come,
In which all Souls receive their Doom;
See that your Doom is not, *Depart*,
For practiſing the Devil's Art.

No. 94

HOME INDUSTRY, THE MOST DIRECT ROAD TO NATIONAL PROSPERITY [After Oct. 14, 1794]

[*The Boston Public Library*]

SIZE, 9 by 11¼ inches. The margins have been trimmed. These lines present both paraphrase and quotation of selected lines and passages from Colonel David Humphreys' *A Poem on Industry*, Philadelphia, October 14, 1794. The selections are made chiefly from the latter half of the poem. Doubtless many of the newspaper appeals for support of native manufactures during the late nineties likewise had their inspiration from Colonel Humphreys' eloquent arguments, for "Home Industry" was one of the themes of the hour. But it is to be feared that the author of so dignified a volume would scarcely have been pleased with the well-meant efforts of the present compiler, who wisely withheld his name.

What mighty elements advance the plan;
While fire and earth obey the master's call,

Then true utility with taste allied,
Shall make our homespun garbs our nations pride.
See wool the boast of Britain's proudest hour,
Is still the basis of her wealth and power;

In every vale, on every hill, the fleece!
And see the folds with thousands teeming, fills,
With flocks the bleating vales and echoing hills,
Ye harmless people, man your young will tend,

Him nature form'd with curious pride, while bare,
To fence with finery from the piercing air,
This fleece shall draw its azure from the sky,

HOME INDUSTRY.

The moſt direct road to National Proſperity.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

SAGES conven'd from delegating States,
Who bears the charge of unborn millions fates,
From early ſyſtems ſtates their habits take,
And morals more than climes a difference make,
Then give to toil a bias, aid his cauſe
With all the force and majeſty of laws;
While you preſide in uſeful arts direct,
Create new fabrics and the old protect.
Lo! at your word, ſubdu'd for wondering man,
What mighty elements advance the plan;
While fire and [illegible] obey the maſters' call,
And water labours in its forceful fall;
Teach tiny hands with engin'ry to toil,
Cauſe failing age o'er eaſy taſks to ſmile;
Firſt let the loom each liberal thought engage,
Its labours growing with the growing age;
Then true utility with [illegible]llied,
Shall make our ho[illegible]eſpun barbs our nations pride.
See wool the boaſt of Britain's proudeſt hour,
Is ſtill the baſis of [illegible] and power;
From her the nations wail their wint'ry robe,
Round half this idle, poor, dependant globe,
Shall we, who foiled her lions in fields of fame,
In peace add glorious triumph to her name!
Shall we, who dar'd aſſert the rights of man,
Become the vaſſals of her wiſer plan!
Then rous'd from lethargy, up! men! increaſe,
In every vale, on every hill, the fleece!
And [illegible]e the folds with thouſands teeming, fills,
With [illegible]ks the bleating vales and echoing hills,
Ye helpleſs people man your young will tend,
While [illegible]e for him your coats ſuperfluous lend
His [illegible]ures form'd with curious pride while bare,
To [illegible] with [illegible]y from the piercing air,
This fleece ſhall [illegible]w its azure from the ſky,
This drink the purple, that the ſcarlet dye;
Another where immingling hues are given,
Shall mock the bow with colors dipt in heaven;
Not guarded Colchis gave admiring Greece
So rich a treaſure in its golden fleece.
To toil encourag'd, free from tythe and tax,
Ye farmers ſow your fields with hemp and flax,
Let theſe the diſtaff for the web ſupply.
Spin on the ſpool, or with the ſhuttle fly.
But what vile cauſe retards the public plan?
Why fail the fabrics patriot zeal began?
Muſt nought but tombs of induſtry be found,
Proſtrated arts expiring on the ground?
Shall we of gewgaws gleaning half the globe,
Diſgrace our country with a foreign robe?
Forbid it int'reſt, independence, ſhame,
And bluſh that kindles bright at honor's flame!
Should peace, like ſorcery, with her ſpells controul,
Our innate ſprings and energies of ſoul;
To you Columbian dames, my accents call,
Oh, ſave your country from the threatened fall!
Will ye, bleſt fair, adopt from every zone,
Fantaſtic faſhions noxious in your own?
At wintry balls in gauzy garments dreſt,
Admit the dire deſtroyer in your breaſt?
Oft when nocturnal ſports your viſage fluſh,
As gay and heedleſs to the halls ye ruſh.
While tiptoe ſpirits buoy each graceful limb,
See down the dance the lovely fair one ſwim;
Her own neat needle work improves her bloom,
Cloth'd in the labours of Columbia's loom.

Of ſavage life "know ye the bitter fruits,"
'Tis ſavage indolence the man imbrutes,
From induſtry the ſinews ſtrength acquire,
The limbs expand, the boſom feels new fire,
Unwearied induſtry pervades the whole,
Nor lends more force to body than to ſoul;
Hence character is form'd, and hence proceeds
The enlivening heat that fires to daring deeds:
Then animation bids the ſpirit warm,
Soar in the whirlwind and enjoy the ſtorm.
But ſloth begets ſervility of ſoul,
Degrades each part, contaminates the whole;
And taints in torpid veins the thickening blood,
Like the green mantle on a mire of mud.
Where convents deal the poor their daily broth,
See charity herſelf encourage ſloth!
Though helpleſs ſome, more lazy join the troop,
And healthful beggars ſwell the ſhameful group.
Will heaven benignant on thoſe nations ſmile,
Where ſloth and vice are leſs diſgrace than toil?
With opiates drunk, in indolence reclin'd,
Unbrac'd their ſinews, and debauch'd their mind.
Can crowds turn'd cowards, ſelf eſteem retain,
Or long unſpoil'd of freedom's gifts remain?
'Tis by the lofty purpoſe, deſperate deed,
Of men who dare for liberty to bleed,
By long endurance, fields with crimſon ſtain'd,
That independence won, muſt be maintain'd.
What Rome once virtuous was, that give us now,
Statesmen and warriors awful from the plow.
Then ſhall Columbia know at length,
In toil, not GOLD, conſiſts our nation's ſtrength.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

No. 95

A NEW YEAR'S WISH, FROM THE LAD, WHO CARRIES THE *POST-BOY & ADVERTISER*, JAN. 1, 1760

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 6½ by 10½ inches. The *Boston Post-Boy & Advertiser* was established August 22, 1757, as the *Boston Weekly Advertiser*. It was published by Green and Russell, who added their name to the title January 1, 1759. At the time this broadside was issued, the full title of the paper was *Green & Russell's Boston Post-Boy & Advertiser*. Green and Russell's connection with the paper ceased in 1773, and it discontinued publication in 1775.

Led thro' a Scene of Blood, a dreadful Year,

The Siege of Quebec had ended September 18, 1759.

Wolfe lends his Arm

Wolfe had been killed in the battle. Cf. the ballad, p. 129, *supra*.

A

New Year's Wiſh,

from the Lad, who carries

The Poſt-Boy & Advertiſer.

LED thro' a Scene of Blood, a dreadful Year,
What glorious Conqueſts to our View appear?
In Aſpick's ſcorching Plains our Thunder roars,
And *Aſia* trembles for her diſtant Shores:
Gallia's, *Germania's* cluſt'ring Legions preſs,
But *Europe* Wonders at our great Succeſs:
Nor *Britiſh* Valour is to us unknown,
WOLFE lends his Arm, and Conqueſt is our own.
O may the dawning Year full-fraught with Joy,
Bring Peace, bring Health, ſo prays your faithful Boy:
May ev'ry Bleſſing in Succeſſion riſe,
And new Joys bloſſom, when the old One dies;
May happy News by every Wind be blown,
And Heav'n's ſelected Bleſſings deluge down:
May ev'ry Paper cauſe of Joy diſplay,
For this I'll run: But let me humbly pray,
Make by your Bounty, *this my happieſt Day.*

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1760

No. 96

THE NEWS-BOY'S CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S VERSES, HUMBLY ADDRESS'D TO THE GENTLEMEN AND LADIES TO WHOM HE CARRIES THE *BOSTON EVENING-POST*, DEC. 31, 1764

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 7 by 11¼ inches. The *Boston Evening-Post* was a continuation of the *Weekly Rehearsal*, and dated from August, 1735. It was printed by Thomas Fleet, whose two sons continued it after his death in 1758. After 1775 the sign was changed to the Bible and Heart. The Heart and Crown sign dated from 1731.

He search'd the Earth and Air and Skies,
For all the Curiosities,

So did every printer of a newspaper. The eighteenth-century public frankly admitted its interest in the curious and the spectacular, and there is hardly an issue of the press which does not report some marvel of nature, if only a three-foot cucumber, or a calf with two heads.

May the Noise of War henceforth cease,

Peace had not been concluded in the French and Indian Wars until 1763, a year before this date.

THE
NEWS-BOY's
Chriſtmas and *New-Year's* VERSES.

Humbly Addreſs'd

To the Gentlemen and Ladies to whom he carries the *Boſton Evening-Poſt*, publiſhed by T. & J. FLEET.

THE *Boy* who Weekly Pads the Streets,
With all the freſheſt *News* he meets,
His Miſtreſſes and Maſters greets.

The flying Year is *almoſt* paſt:
Unwearied Time, which runs ſo faſt,
Has brought the welcome Day at laſt.

This Time of Joy to all Mankind,
Your *News-Boy* humbly hopes to find,
The Bounty of each generous Mind.

Chriſtmas and *New-Year*, Days of Joy,
The Harveſt of your Carrier Boy,
He hopes you'll not his Hopes deſtroy.

But cheer him as he trips along,
And kindly liſten to his Song,
Which runs ſo ſmooth in Rhime, ding, dong,

He begs you now to re-explore,
His Zeal to pleaſe you heretofore,
That may be never thought of more.

The great Events which mark'd the Year,
Whoſe final Hour approaches near,
Within his *Papers* did appear.

He ſearch'd the Earth and Air and Skies,
For all the Curioſities,
That Time produces as it flies.

How often has he run or flew,
Loaded with all the NEWS he knew,
And given all he had to You.

He ran, he flew from Street to Street,
Thro' Winds, & Storms, & Snow, & Heat,
And never ſpar'd his Shoes nor Feet.

To pleaſe, he ſpar'd no Toil nor Pain,
Now now the Labors of his Brain,
Let him not Toil nor ſing in vain.

He by Experience woful knows,
When Fancy's Current's almoſt froze,
Verſe hardly from low ſpirits flows.

But when the chearful Heart's at Eaſe,
As freely as the Weſtern Breeze
It plays, and never fails to pleaſe.

And 'tis aſſerted by the Wiſe,
That *Wealth* and *Spirits* ſympathize,
And with each other fall and riſe.

If ſo, what pure poetic Fire
His generous Patrons may inſpire,
By filling up his Pockets higher!

And, ſince they can, he hopes they will,
Inſpiring Zeal to pleaſe, and Skill;
With *New-Year's Gifts* his Pockets fill.

This is his only Day of Gain,
To cheer a tedious Year of Pain,
Oh let his Hopes not prove in vain.

Let him who in an humble Sphere,
Has ſtrove to pleaſe you all the Year,
Your *Favor* now and *Bounty* ſhare.

Then will your humble News-Boy ſing,
And pray,---*God bleſs great* George *our King!*
Long from his Reign may Bleſſings ſpring.

May the Noiſe of War henceforth ceaſe,
And Britiſh Realms be hush'd in Peace,
And Wealth and Happineſs increaſe.

May nothing Britain's Peace annoy,
May *New-Year* prove a Year of Joy,
To every honeſt Man---and Boy.

The *News-Boy* hopes you ne'er may know,
The want of *Something* to beſtow,
And richer for your *Gifts* may grow.

December 31. 1764.

No. 97

THE CARRIER OF THE *BOSTON-GAZETTE*, TO HIS CUSTOMERS, JANUARY, 1766

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

SIZE, 5½ by 12¾ inches. This was the *Boston-Gazette and Country Journal*, established April 7, 1755, and continued with various changes of title until September 17, 1798. This sheet was printed until April 20, 1775, by Benjamin Edes and John Gill, and after that time by Benjamin Edes alone, and with his sons. Throughout the Revolution it was identified with the cause of the patriots. Beginning with the issue of January 1, 1770, the vignette of the present heading was altered in accordance with the bolder patriotic sentiment of the hour. The new cut represented the figure of a woman, crowned and equipped with shield and scepter, in the act of liberating from a cage a bird which flies out over a skyline in which there are as many churches as dwellings. This emblem was retained until the sheet discontinued publication in 1798.

'Tis past! 'Tis gone! th' important Day has fled,

The Stamp Act had been passed by Parliament on March 22, 1765, to take effect November 1, 1765. It is this latter date to which the present author refers. The act was not repealed until March 18, 1766. Cf. p. 131, *supra*, for the verses recording the Boston protest of August 14, 1765.

January 1766.

The Carrier of the *Boſton-Gazette*, to his Cuſtomers.

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH.

'TIS paſt! 'Tis gone! th' important Day * has fled,
When *Tyrants* wiſh'd to ſtrike fair FREEDOM dead.

Permit me, then, GOOD SIR, with Heart ſincere,
To wiſh you happy in this welcome Year;
That Men and Buſineſs may be freed from Chains,
And each one happy with his honeſt Gains.
May LIBERTY, and FREEDOM! O bleſt Sound!
Survive the Stab, and heal the deep'ned Wound;
May *Tyrants* tremble! and may *Villains* fear!
And ſpotleſs JUSTICE, crown the happy Year.
May *GEORGE* the Great, with open'd *Ears* and *Eyes*,
Obſerve our *Injuries*, and hear our *Cries*;
Redreſs the Grievance; and vouchſafe to give
Joy to us FREEMEN, who like BRITONS live.
The early News, with haſty Step I'll bring;
And loudly bleſs Great *GEORGE* the Britiſh King.

But——Let me now experience your Regard;
Beſtow ſome Trifle for my paſt Reward;
For in the Year that's gone, I doubly ſtrove,
To *warn* you *timely*, and deſerve your Love.
I told you, *wicked Men (and trembled at the Fact)*
Combin'd to curſe us, with that curſed § Act:
So let my Time be ſpent in Days to come,
To tell AMERICA her threaten'd Doom.
Or otherways! which *Heaven* grant I may,
With *youthful Eyes*, behold the joyful Day
When GOOD, on GOOD, from an almighty Hand,
Shall bleſs each *Briton*, in this happy Land:
Then ſhall my glad'ned Heart with Joy proclaim,
The *Voice* of FREEDOM, FREEDOM's lofty Name.

[N. B. No *Stamp Paper deſired*.]

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* *Nov.* 1, *the Day for the Stamp-Act to take Place.*

§ *The* STAMP *ACT.*

No. 98

VERSES FOR THE YEAR 1790, ADDRESSED TO THE GENEROUS SUBSCRIBERS OF THE *NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM*

[*The New York Historical Society*]

Size, 8½ by 10¾ inches. Issued January 1, 1790. The *New-York Weekly Museum* was a continuation of the *Impartial Gazetteer and Saturday Evening Post*, which had been established May 17, 1788, by Harrison & Purdy. They changed the name September 20 of that year. This sheet is an excellent illustration of the New Year's greeting as a challenge to the printer's originality and neatness of workmanship.

VERSES *for the* YEAR *1790.*

Addreſſed to the *Generous Subſcribers* of the

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,

Wiſhing them a Happy New Year.

ONCE more awake the ſtrain of grateful praiſe,
Accept your votary's humble annual lays;
To you my Patrons—I'm in duty bound,
To ſerve while life runs its continual round,
Collecting every ſubject worth a ſingle line,
Apollo's notes—ſung by the ſacred nine.
What's done in foreign climes freſh come to hand,
Array'd in order—in the MUSEUM ſtand.
From Heſper's ſilver flood-gates (from the ſtar,
That ſhoots its pale and glimmering rays afar)
To old Oceanus off I ſend the muſe,
To bring the cream—the beſt of all the news;
Swift-footed Hermes, trips acroſs the main,
Viſits the cabinets of France and Spain;
From thence to China, where he leaps the wall,
That's fifty cubits high, nor dreads the fall.
He viſits Pekin—peeps into their ſchemes,
And finds ſome more abſurd than madmen's dreams.
With twiſted rod he cleaves the nether ſkies,
And ſwift to London and St. James's flies;
Next to the Houſe of Commons—reads the bill,
Where ſullen Juſtice ſat with ſtumpy quill—
Inebriate Faction, hoodwink'd reel'd along,
And leering Folly ſang Deception's ſong.
Hermes returns, and brings the pond'rous mail,
And bids fair Freedom's preſs the truth reveal.

No doubt you've wonder'd whence we had our news,
While you our WEEKLY MUSEUM did peruſe;
Therefore to ſatisfy my Patron's anxious thought,
I aroſe this morning—and the muſe I ſought,
Long e'er the ſun awoke the new born day,
I ſtood prepar'd to ſtrike th' accuſtom'd lay.
I rang'd the types, ſtraightway to work I went,
To pleaſe my Patrons—was my chief intent;
And now preſent the offering of my muſe,
Though ſmall the gift—pray don't the ſame refuſe.
With it I wiſh you all an *Happy Year,*
Content of *mind,* with plenty of *good cheer;*
And as the year rolls on its annual round,
May *Health* and *Peace* within your doors be found.
May ſmiling *Fortune* all your ſteps attend—
May *Heaven* all your wiſhes ſtill befriend—
May conſcious *Virtue* in your boſom blaze,
And ſweet *Contentment* crown your *happy days.*

With due ſubmiſſion now I take my leave,
Soon as your GENEROUS BOUNTY I receive,
For which with grateful heart I'll thank moſt fervent,
And am with due reſpect—
your humble ſervant.

The PRINTER's DEVIL.

No. 99

THE VERSES OF THE NEWS-CARRIER, OF THE *DAILY ADVERTISER*, TO HIS CUSTOMERS, ON THE NEW YEAR, 1790

[*The New York Historical Society*]

SIZE, 8⅛ by 12⅞ inches, with edges trimmed. Included as another example of the elaborate decoration common to verses of this sort late in the century. The *New York Daily Advertiser* was first issued April 6, 1785. Under various titles it continued to be published throughout the century.

Chapel

Apparently the name of the "news-carrier."

Yet like a cert[ain] bard of Britain's isle,
A Laureat call'd,

Thomas Warton was poet laureate at this time. He died May 20, 1790.

Had clos'd my ey[es]—t[hen] lo! I 'gan to nod,
And in a dream [meth]ou[ght] a form drew near,

Remind the friends of [great] Columbia's cause,
That still my name s[hould cl]aim their just applause,
The first e'er [jo]in'd to happy fed'ral laws:

carman

A man who drives a car; a carter, carrier.

Nor tea, no[r toast,] nor dainties could avail,
Before you [hea]rd my Advertising t[a]le.

THE

VERSES

Of the NEWS-CARRIER,

OF THE DAILY ADVERTISER,

To his CUSTOMERS,

On the NEW YEAR, 1790.

POETS invoke their muse for inspiration,
But CHAPEL rhymes by dint of inclination:
To please his customers, he strives to pay
An homage due, on this auspicious day!
Yet like a certain bard of Britain's isle,
A Laureat called, on whom the muses smile,
'Tis thought he'd not possess such bright invention,
Should you neglect to pay his yearly pension.
Your humble drudge—the meanest type of fame
Is no Philosopher—OLD CHAPEL is his name;
But sage experience, and his Advertiser,
Convince him, that he ne'er can make you wiser,
By observations on the flight of time,
And all those trite remarks of hackney'd rhyme.
Perhaps you'd say with [illegible] sneer,
What! moralizing to begin the year:
Instead of news, which is the fellow's trade,
Then drive, *old fool*, those ravings from thy head.
And so I shall—O may propitious deign
To favor CHAPEL, while he tries a strain:—
The other night when a[illegible]k to rest,
Thoughts of New Year were crowding in my breast,
'Till Morpheus, who [illegible] deep's downy God,
Had clos'd my eyes—[illegible]! I got to nod,
And in a dream [illegible], at a form drew near,
Of noble port, by name the good old year:
His snowy locks, and reverential air
Inspir'd respect; at once he seem'd to flatter:
Then slow retiring, said, news-boy, arise,
'Tis thine to raise my glory to the skies;
Remind the friends of Columbia's cause,
That still my name [illegible] claim their just applause,
The first e'er join'd to happy federal laws:
The rest thou know'st—thy learned page contains
The various labours of some studious brains.
So spoke the *shade*, and shrinking into night,
Ordain'd his offspring to restore the light.
The phantom gone, I dreamt of mugs of beer,
And pyes and tarts to grace the coming year.
Methought a cobler came with new made shoes;
A taylor next presents my winter clothes;
A carman with a load of wood drawn nigh,
And the bleak horrors of the winter fly:
But straight I woke, and all these visions fled,
I found myself—just as I went to bed.
Yet not unmindful of my dream I rose,
Then rubb'd my eyes, and fed my greedy nose;
Pleas'd with the hint, I snatch'd a worn out pen,
To tell my annual story o'er again.
That fleetest change, and moments quickly pass,
And life resembles an hour-telling glass;
That time still poking on his bold career,
Has whirl'd us round the first of this New Year,
You know full well—of other themes I sing,
And with my notes let all your parlours ring.
Say, who in frost, and snow, and dismal rains,
In bowing storms, has stamper'd o'er the plains
Eager, tho' shiv'ring in the piercing cold,
To tell his patrons all that had been told!
Who, e'er the morning [illegible] rays display'd,
Through chink or crack his budget has convey'd!
'Twas I, while sage the wisest heads perplex,
When neither Pope nor Milton can amuse,
Oh! think, when Betty brought your toast and tea,
How oft you've questioned her concerning me;
Nor ire, nor [illegible], nor dunning could avail,
Before you cast my Advertising eye.
Such wond'rous things my motley sheets disclose,
Of days and schools, as much in verse as prose,
That all who read, must great instruction find,
And love my precious head, of musical kind.
I, from the patriots of our happy land,
Have deal't out patriotic with a lavish hand;
From me you've learn'd the ebb and end of plays,
And how a christian ought to pass his days;
I've taught you further, how you ought to speak,
Whether in English, Latin, or in Greek.
Nor these alone, to distant worlds I rang'd,
And told how France, in laws and manners chang'd,
Had from [illegible] caught a nobler flame,
That gives [illegible] to extend her fame.
But, could you think, I tell it with a tear!
My generous *Friends!* I have but little cheer;
With ragged shoes, and tatter'd coat I roam,
And meagre want distresses me at home
Yet from my own account of rarest merit,
One would suppose I might some wealth inherit.
This proves how true—that, Genius's repine,
To garret perch'd, tho' favor'd by the Nine.
But shocks are rife! the News-Boy need not fear
Your hearts are open'd with the opening year;
Now drain the bowl, and count the flowing ore
But don't forget OLD CHAPEL at the door;
Nor that, e'er Ninety shall have done its reign,
He must return three hundred times again.
POOR CHAPEL could tell of many a dreary hint
He must endure, before cold winter's past.
Then his kind readers, warm in bed repose,
While the winds whistle and the tempest blows!
But he shall trudge, unmindful of his ease,
O'er fields of ice, still studious how to please;
Soft raise the knocker, and with curious care,
Shall under-fix his Advertiser there:
CHAPEL is not amongst the gaudy number,
That break your rest, or interrupt your slumber.
And as to news, he has behind a screen,
Fresh stores of wit, the world has never seen;
For folks are grown so very learned now,
He really has some funny ways in tow,
That can, without a scruple, if they please,
Demonstrate clearly, that the moon is cheese.
So to conclude, in terms the best sincere,
I wish my *Customers* a good NEW YEAR.—
And may the nation's choicest sweets befriend,
On all who please OLD CHAPEL to befriend;
Oh! may they long in peace and plenty smile,
Joys hover round them, and each care beguile;
But health! thou fruitest of every pleasure,
Be not the smallest portion of their treasure.
And till another year return, depend on't,
CHAPEL remains, their most obedient Servant.

New-York, January 1, 1790.

No. 100

PETER JARVIS, TO HIS FRIENDS AND PATRONS, WISHING THEM A HAPPY NEW YEAR

[*The Pennsylvania Historical Society*]

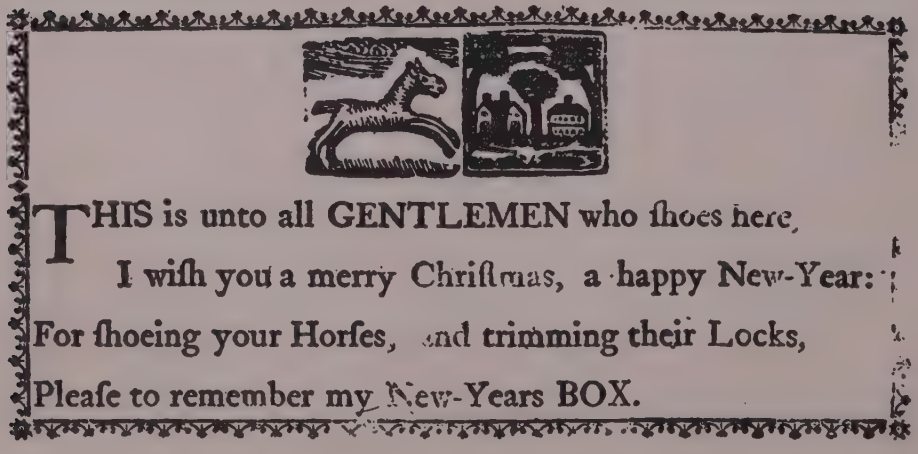
Size, 7½ by 13⅜ inches. Three other issues are extant for Peter Jarvis, cabinet maker of 76 Newbury Street, Boston. The first, issued in 1787, announces his wares. The second, issued in 1798, and entitled "The Supplications of Peter Jarvis," details his increasing infirmities, and politely asks "a mite for aged Peter." At that time he gave his age as "verging on threescore and ten." The present issue is undated, but since Peter makes less of his infirmities, the sheet may be earlier than 1798. For the two other Jarvis issues, cf. Ford, 2496, 2857.

The blacksmith's greeting may serve as another example of the newsboy's appeal for donations extended to other callings. The few such specimens which survive display amusing incongruities in their increasing elaborateness from year to year. There is, for example, in the John Hay Library of Providence, a neat Boston imprint of 1832, adorned with a heavy border of medallions and entitled "The Scavenger's Address to his Employers." The sheet is further adorned with a cut showing the scavenger's wagon drawn by two horses, and the scavenger and his assistant in action. The last stanza reads,

> Now hand us out a little cash,
> And we will come and take your trash—
> And wish you free from ev'ry pain,
> Till a NEW YEAR comes round again.

So enterprising a scavenger might possibly have chosen for himself a less humble calling.

No. 101


THIS is unto all GENTLEMEN who ſhoes here,
I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas, a happy New-Year:
For ſhoeing your Horſes, and trimming their Locks,
Pleaſe to remember my New-Years BOX.

PETER JARVIS,

TO HIS FRIENDS AND PATRONS,

WISHING THEM

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

YE who, around the ſocial winter fire,
Participate in all your hearts' deſire :
Who find in all your dealings, profit, clear,
With bleſſing upon bleſſing ev'ry year :
To whom, connexions, friends, and fortune's given,
And all the kindly legacies of heaven.

Around in little groups, your little bairns
Share the enjoyments, which your labour earns ;
In cheerly paſtime, pleaſant chat and glee,
Dancing the little prattlers on your knee ;
You who through all the ſeaſon's "changing ſcenes,"
Thus find true pleaſure in your ways and means ;
You who thus know what feelings to afford,
To you my heart appeals, and to your God !

Think of the aged, the infirm, and poor,
Nor drive the helpleſs ſtranger from your door ;
Hear his petition !—give him a relief,
Prevent misfortune, and inhibit grief ;
Strengthen his hopes with lenient, lib'ral good,
And be your recompence, his gratitude.

Accept all HONEST PETER can impart,
The warmeſt wiſhes of his grateful heart ;
That yours may ever be, without alloy—
Peace, Friendſhip, Profit, Pleaſure, Love, and Joy.

Yours, moſt affectionately,

PETER JARVIS.

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